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Frontier Times

September, 1968

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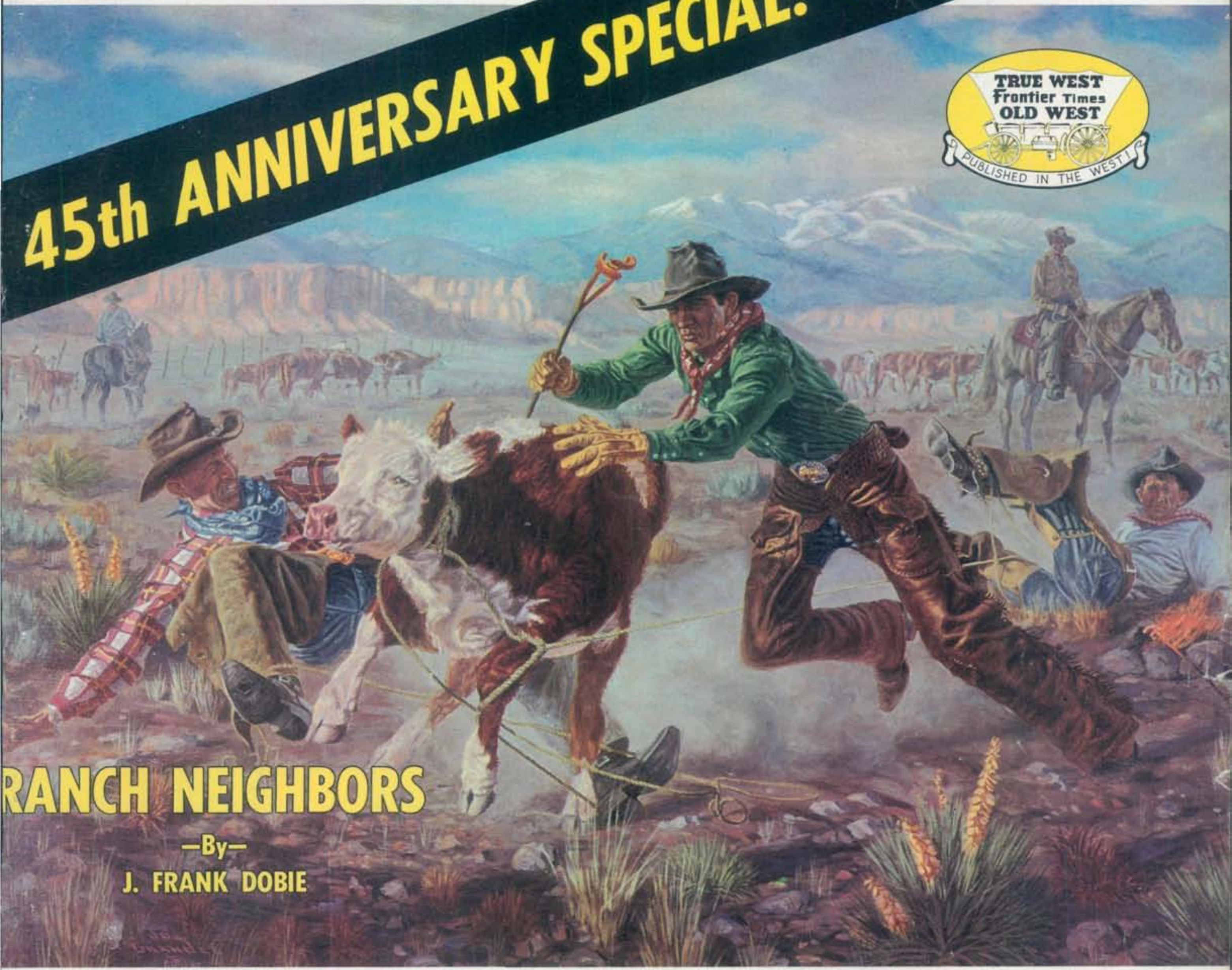


RANCH NEIGHBORS

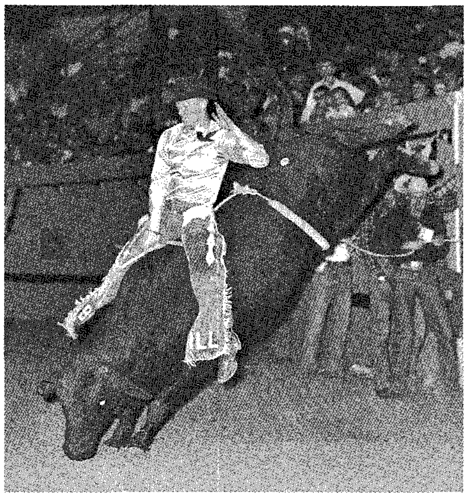
—By—
J. FRANK DOBIE

EXCLUSIVE! TOM MIX'S LAST SUNDOWN

WALT COBURN describes the evening he spent with his friend —just hours away from Mix's tragic death in a [illegible]ng automobile

INNING OR LOSING By HINKLE • FIRST WHITE MAN ON DEVILS TOWER • MEGARGEE—MAVERICK PAINTER

NTITLED TO KILL • THE GREAT ELECTRIC TRAIN WRECK • AN ESCORT OF WOLVES



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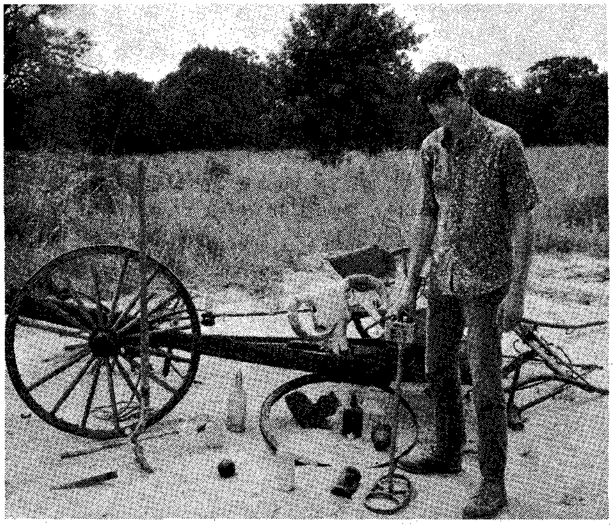

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FRONTIER TIMES

A JOE SMALL PUBLICATION

August-September, 1968
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"The files of TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES are going to be of great historical value and should be preserved in all the libraries of the country."—Walter Prescott Webb, former President, American Historical Association.

In This Issue—

45th ANNIVERSARY! 3
FRONTIER POST 4
TOM MIX'S LAST SUNDOWN .... By Walt Coburn 6
RANCH NEIGHBORS .... By J. Frank Dobie 12
REVENGE OF RANCHERIA .... By William B. Secrest 16
PANNING THE RIVER FOR A WINTER'S GRUB ..... By Tom Bailey 20
IRONSMITH TO THE FRONTIER .... By Charles McAdams 22
WINNING OR LOSING .... By Milt Hinkle 26
THE FIRST WHITE MEN ON DEVILS TOWER By Raymond McIntyre 29
NO HEADLIGHT IN SIGHT .... By Arizona Bob Kubista 30
AN ESCORT OF WOLVES 34
By Byron Goodrich as told to Robert Goodrich
THE MAN WHO STOLE THE HARNESS 36
By Pete Kness as told to F. W. Copeland
LON MEGARGEE—MAVERICK PAINTER .... By Eve Ball 38
NEVADA'S CREEPIEST GHOST TOWN By Lambert Florin 42
NUGGETS 44
ENTITLED TO KILL .... By Raymond Thorp 47
THE OLD .45 PEACEMAKER .... By H. Cody Blake 49
THE GREAT ELECTRIC TRAIN WRECK . . By Mary Pease Lashbrook 50
TRAILS GROWN DIM 53
WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP 77
TUMBLEWEEDS .... By Tom K. Ryan 80

Cover: Joe Grandee
"Bolting Loose"

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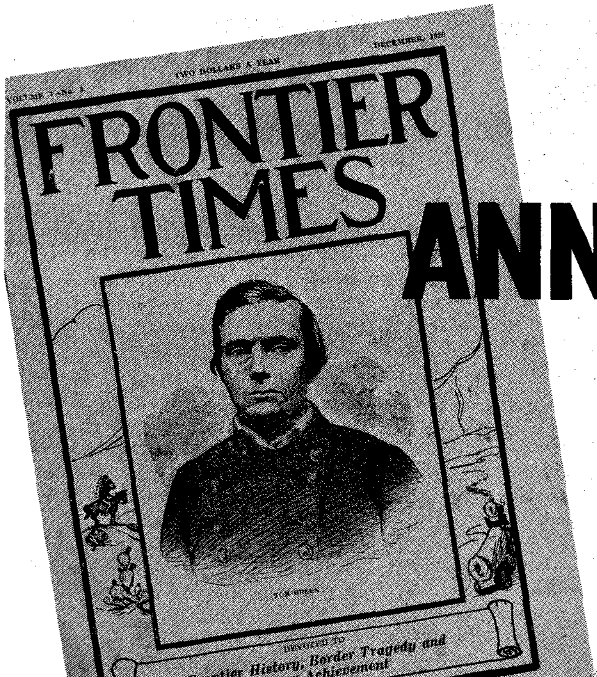
45th ANNIVERSARY!



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FRONTIER TIMES
BADMEN • RANGE WARS • GOLD RUSH • INDIAN FIGHTS • GHOST TOWNS • FRONTIER LIFE • BURIED TREASURE
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TRUE WEST

Left, early issue of *Frontier Times*. Right, Volume 1, Number 1 of *Frontier Times*, New Series.

COMMERCIAL PRINTING

First home of *Frontier Times*, Carlsbad, Texas.

NOT MINE—but I sure wish it was! Birthday, that is. I'm talking about FRONTIER TIMES. Actually, it is fifty-eight years old—but that needs some explaining. 'Way back in 1910, J. Marvin Hunter, Sr. and John Warren Hunter began publishing HUNTER'S MAGAZINE. It was established first at Carlsbad, Texas and later moved to Ozona. In 1915 J. Marvin Hunter began the publication of HUNTER'S FRONTIER MAGAZINE at Melvin, Texas, and a short time later moved it to San Antonio. After twelve issues had been printed, he sort of reshuffled the dominoes and started all over again in 1923 with Volume 1, Number 1 of FRONTIER TIMES at Bandera. He and J. Marvin Hunter, Jr. had published this monthly magazine for nearly thirty-five years—not even missing an issue during the Depression—when he asked if we didn't want to have a stab at it. We came out as a quarterly, the first issue under our management being Winter, 1957-'58.

The magazine, with Mr. Hunter as editor, was an exciting report of the life and times. What was so unique about this magazine was that most of the articles had been written at the very time some particular event happened—or shortly thereafter. In many cases it was a reprint of a newspaper article, carrying an on-the-spot report. Some of these articles are so dad-blamed good that we run them from time to time in all three of our cussed westerns.

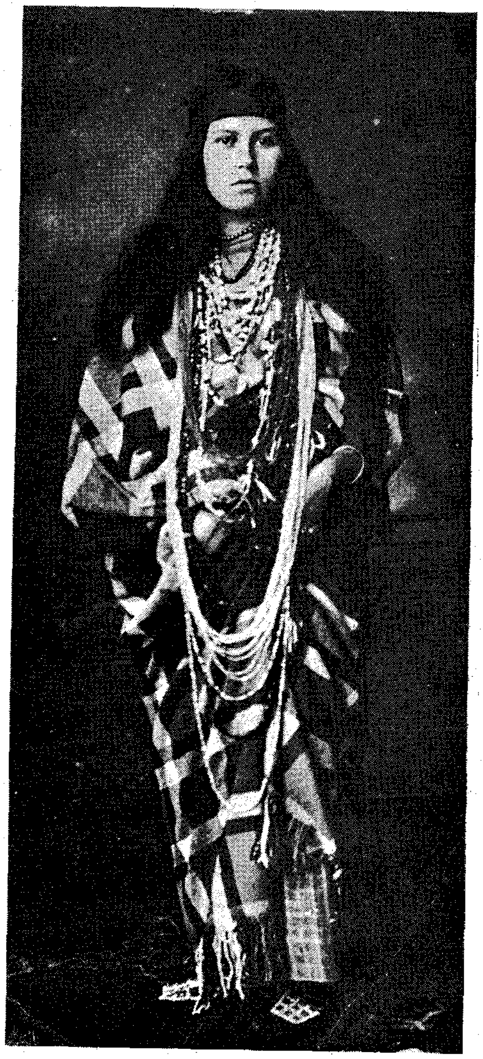
Forty-five years is one dickens of a long haul for anything to last in the publishing field. Come to think of it, I am surprised that *I* have lasted that long! Do you know that we are working on the *90th* issue of TRUE WEST? When you get to thinking that it started off as a quarterly, then went to a bi-monthly (six issues a year), you won't be surprised if you ever meet me and see the peaked look of my cheeks and that sad, watery expression in my eyes. I can remember putting the first issue together—seems like yesterday. How tired my friends and the Western Publicationers must be of hearing me say, "How time flies!" Since that is such an original expression, I thought I would sort of throw it in . . .

BACK TO FRONTIER TIMES, maybe you will notice that we flat scoured the country for talent. The cover is by Joe Grandee, whose fame has soared in the past few years. Also, if you have read even a few copies of any magazines devoted to Western Americana, you will know that J. Frank Dobie, Walt Coburn, William Secrest, Charles McAdams, Tom Bailey, Milt Hinkle, Eve Ball, Lambert Florin, Arizona Bob Kubista, Raymond Thorp, and the whole cottonpicking kaboodle in this issue ain't exactly strangers to the truth about the West. There are many more writers we would like to have included but there was just so much space—and besides, we've got to save somebody to carry the ball for the rest of the '68 issues!

I guess, after all this build-up, some of you will write in and say, "Your September FRONTIER TIMES (special?) is undoubtedly the stinkingest issue you have ever put out!" Or something like that. Fact is, after we get through with the thing we may even *agree* with you! We've had anniversary parties rained out before!

I just had a thought (no cracks, please!) —if anybody is still reading this they may pass on of old age and won't get to see whether this issue is something special or not unless I kind of shut up and say, "See you later."—Hosstail.

FRONTIER POST



Attention—**Some Reader in Tyler!** **Not long ago we received a request to run two pictures in letters column for possible identification. The person who sent them failed to give his name. If you read this issue, fellow, please get in touch with us—we'd like to get your old photos back to you safely. If any of our other readers have any clues about the people in the pictures, send your information to Mr. Anonymous, Western Publications, Inc., P. O. Box 3668, Austin, Texas 78704 and if we ever find out where to forward the letters, we'll sure do it. Here's his letter:**

Dear Editor:

Can anyone identify this Indian maiden or the men in the Peoples' Drug Store at Point, Texas?—(Anonymous) Tyler, Texas

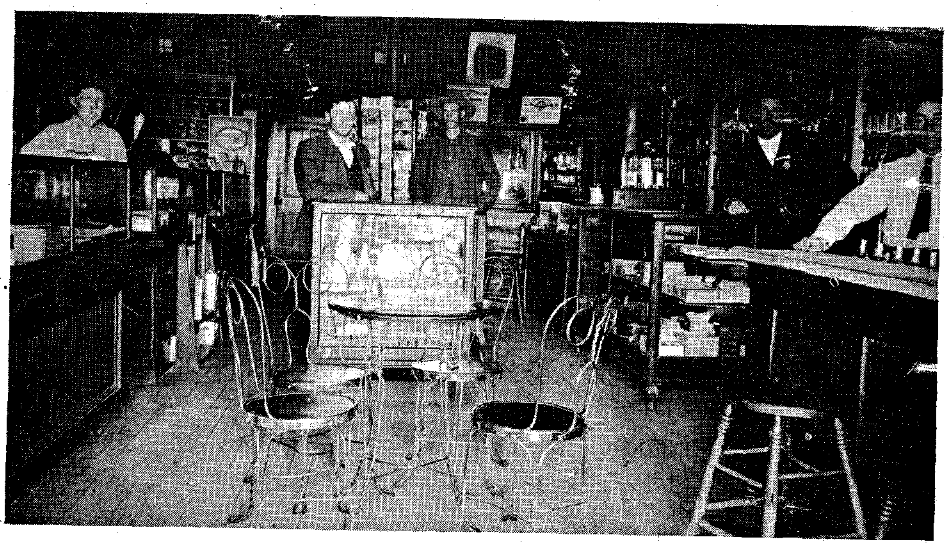
The Lucky Thirteen

Friends of Mine:

There isn't any particular reason for sending you folks this letter, with this exception—the human interest in it. And who knows—there might be a moral.

My mother came from a big family. She often told us kids that her stepfather was the bravest man in the world, for he married her mother when she already had thirteen children. Soon after the marriage, he called all the children into the front room of the two-story, rambling, old farmhouse. He had thirteen willows in his hands. He broke one of them in two over his knee. Then he took the rest and put them together. He couldn't break them over his knee.

He explained to the thirteen kids that the one who strays is easily broken, but "If we stick together not anything can break us." — S. H. Berry, Box 2122, Boise Idaho 83701



Peoples' Drug Store at Point, Texas.

Our May Issue

Dear Pat:

The May FRONTIER TIMES jogged old memories. I saw Queen Marie when she arrived in Denver. The Colorado Southern—a subsidiary of the Burlington Lines—pulled her special train into town. Our office was on the third floor of the Denver Union Depot and we had a good view of Her Royal Highness as she passed through on the red carpet that had been rolled out for her. While in Cheyenne, a spicy piece of gossip leaked out concerning a romance between the Queen and an American on the train. No doubt it accounted for the discord among the official party.

Another item was the characterization of Wyatt Earp in the published letter from Pink Simms to Jay J. Kalez. As a feller says, "That's exactly the way I heerd it."

Then there's that one about Chauncey Thomas, the self-styled mountain man. When I knew him, he was just a despondent old fellow and hard-up financially. He had some friends in the Colorado Authors' League and once in a while one would bring him as a guest to a league luncheon or dinner. The only time I ever talked to him was when he tried to tell me there were cow ponies and cowboys in Georgia just as good as those in Texas. He talked with a traditional Cracker accent and called the state "Jauja."

One day at a League luncheon, an associate editor from *The Saturday Evening Post* made a talk. Chauncey Thomas was there. The speaker explained the *Post's* method of handling manuscripts. The first team of two readers were girls who rejected the manuscripts that they thought were unsuitable and passed the others to another team of readers who culled the scripts still deeper. They were passed on and on until just a few articles remained.

Chauncey Thomas raised up and asked, "Do you mean to say that some manuscripts are turned down by women and that a man never reads them?"

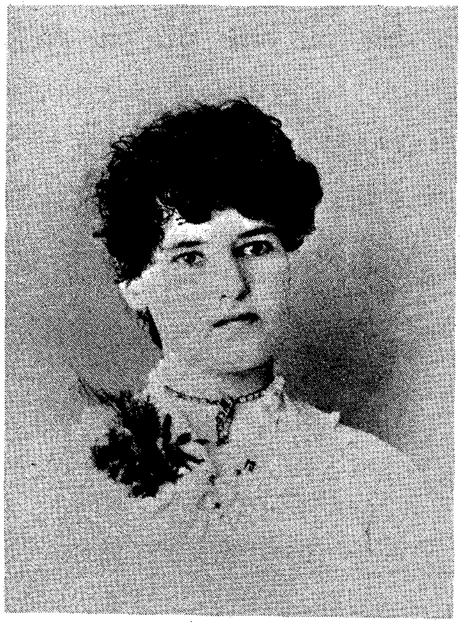
"Yes, that's correct," the speaker replied.

"Well," Chauncey replied in a sarcastic tone, "That explains a lot to me!" —Walter Gann, 31662 Scenic Drive, South Laguna, California 92677

Plunkett's Drums

Dear Editor:

I was surprised to see a picture and story of my grandfather in "Nuggets" in the January FRONTIER TIMES. The drums in the picture were kept by my father, Henry Plunkett, for years. I pounded on them many times as a child. I was very small when my grandfather James passed away but I remember him quite well. Thanks to Ben Maxwell for writing the story. I know if Father were alive today, he would thank Ben, too.—Mrs. Martie (Plunkett) Taylor, Box 176, Conde, South Dakota 57434



Mr. Robinson's Family

Dear Editor:

Some time ago I came into possession of the personal papers and photograph collection of J. Walter Durbin, an old-time Texas Ranger. Among the pictures is one of an unidentified young lady. The photo is by F. Chapman of Austin and bears the handwritten notation, "My best girl, J. R. Robinson."

Jim Robinson, Durbin's close friend, was also a Ranger. I haven't been able to locate any of Mr. Robinson's family although I understand he was from the South Texas area.

Possibly Jim Robinson married this young lady. If so, their descendants might like to have the photo. If any relative of either Jim Robinson or the "best girl" will contact me, I'll send the photo to them.—Bob Stephens, 2709 Amherst Street, Dallas, Texas 75225

Basye Admirer

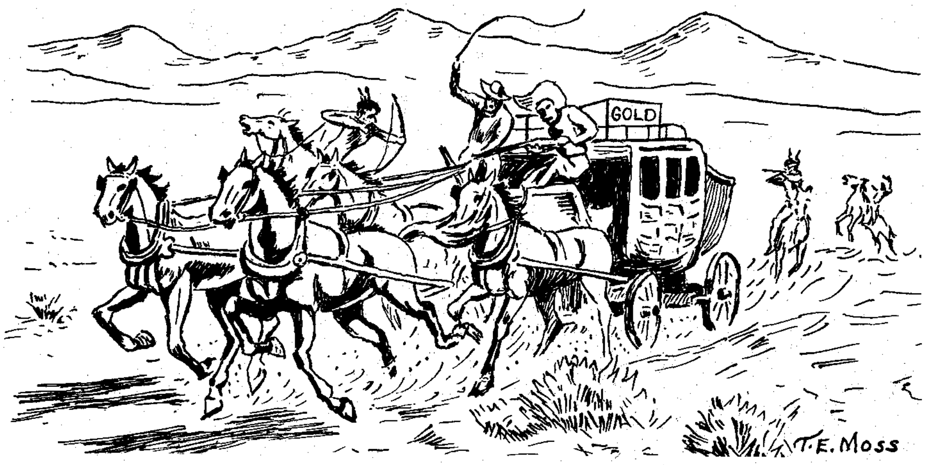
Sirs:

Just a line to tell you how much I enjoyed the story by W. F. Basye. I know him well and he is one of the best cowboys in the country, a good hunting guide and dude wrangler. He has had a colorful life and has a gift of words. We hope to see more of his stories in print. In fact, we enjoyed the whole magazine. Don't change it.—Clyde Kranenberg, Box 127, Jackson, Wyoming 83001

Pendleton's Block, Duluth

Dear Editor:

Here are two photos taken from my grandfather's album. He would be well over 100 years old if he were still living. He lived in Maine, but his brothers went west when they were young men—I never could find out where. I think these photos were sent back to Maine from Duluth, Minnesota. They are marked on the back: "CASWELL & DAVY, Photographers. Pendleton's Block, Opposite Clark House." They are not dated. Can anyone tell me anything about them?—Sherman E. Cram, Box 186, RFD #1, Livermore Falls, Maine 04254



Illustrated by Tumbleweed Tom Moss

Just Whittlin'

Howdy:

The May issue of FRONTIER TIMES brings back memories of the old days when the West was still not completely tamed. I have been in the places that are settings for some of your stories and I knew some of the people.

It is said that the Old West was all gone by the turn of the century, but that *isn't* true. I know because I was around then in various parts of it and saw the changes taking place and the conflict between the old and the new. *In many parts of the West and Southwest*, there were still wild old days.

I was born in Galveston, Texas in 1887. Galveston was a busy seaport then and had its seamy side. When just a young fellow I rode yonderly to see what was on the other side of the hill. Some folks might have thought of me as another fiddle-footed Texan just riding to admire my own shadow, but I did want to see what lay beyond the far horizon and I saw it.

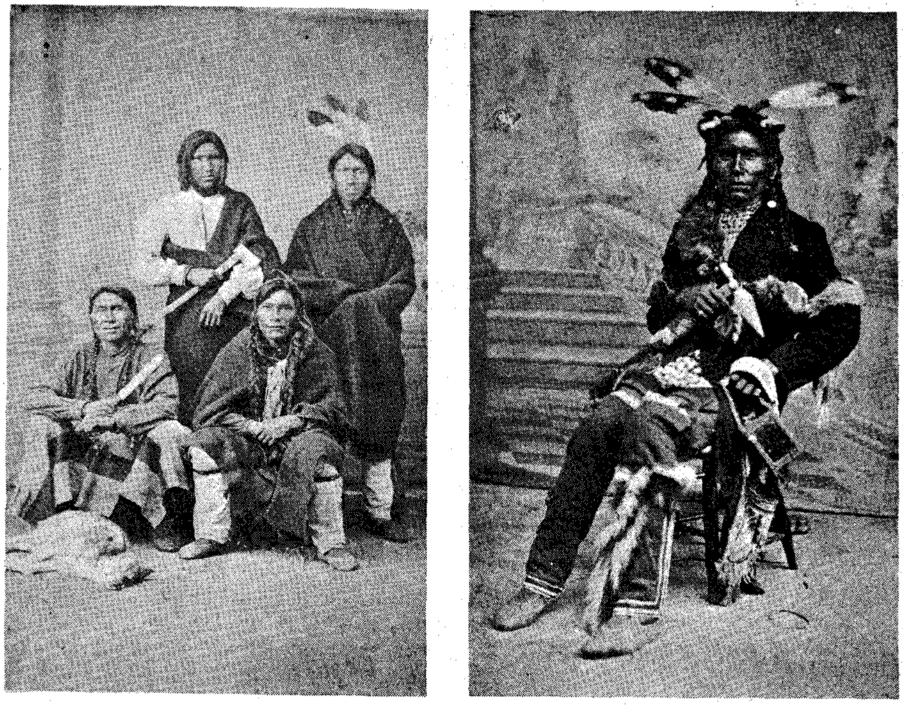
I punched cows, drove stage, packed mules, drove a fire team and worked in livery stables. When I was out of a job and broke I even rode the grub line. I suppose that more than one man became a saddle tramp that way, but I never went quite that far. I worked at various occupations in many places long enough to get a grubstake. I even herded dudes at a mountain resort.

The story of Wong Sing brought back old memories. I have been in Fort Duchesne. Once I was over in that country with a horse buyer and we trailed the horses out to the railroad for shipment to the East. I knew Chief McCook and Chief Atchee. Chief McCook was the brother of the widow of the famous Chief Ouray. The man I was with in the Indian country had been a city marshal, undersheriff and sheriff in western Colorado. He was a good lawman, courageous and fair.

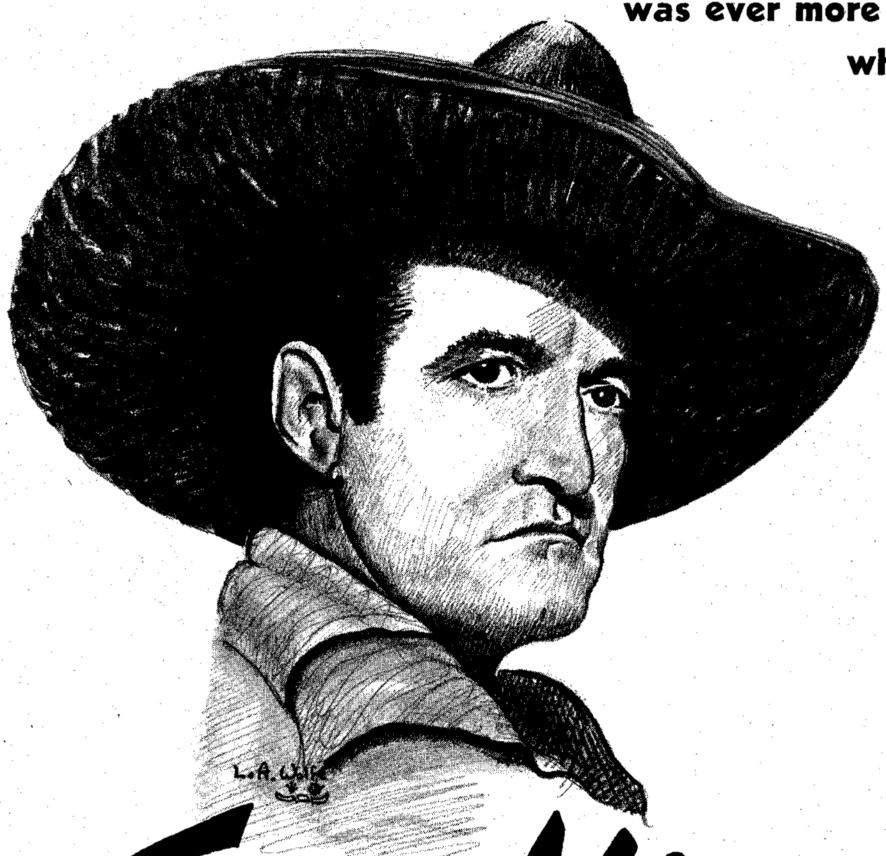
I have known several lawmen who were just as brave as any of the publicized Kansas cow town lawmen, but they are almost forgotten now. They

(Continued on page 72)

Photos by Caswell & Davy, Photographers, Duluth, Minnesota.



This idol of millions spent his last evening on earth with old friends, old memories—but new hopes. And no Hollywood premiere was ever more dazzling than the Arizona sky which was his final backdrop . . .



By WALT COBURN

Photos Courtesy Author

Illustrated by L. A. Wolfe

Tom Mix's LAST SUNDOWN

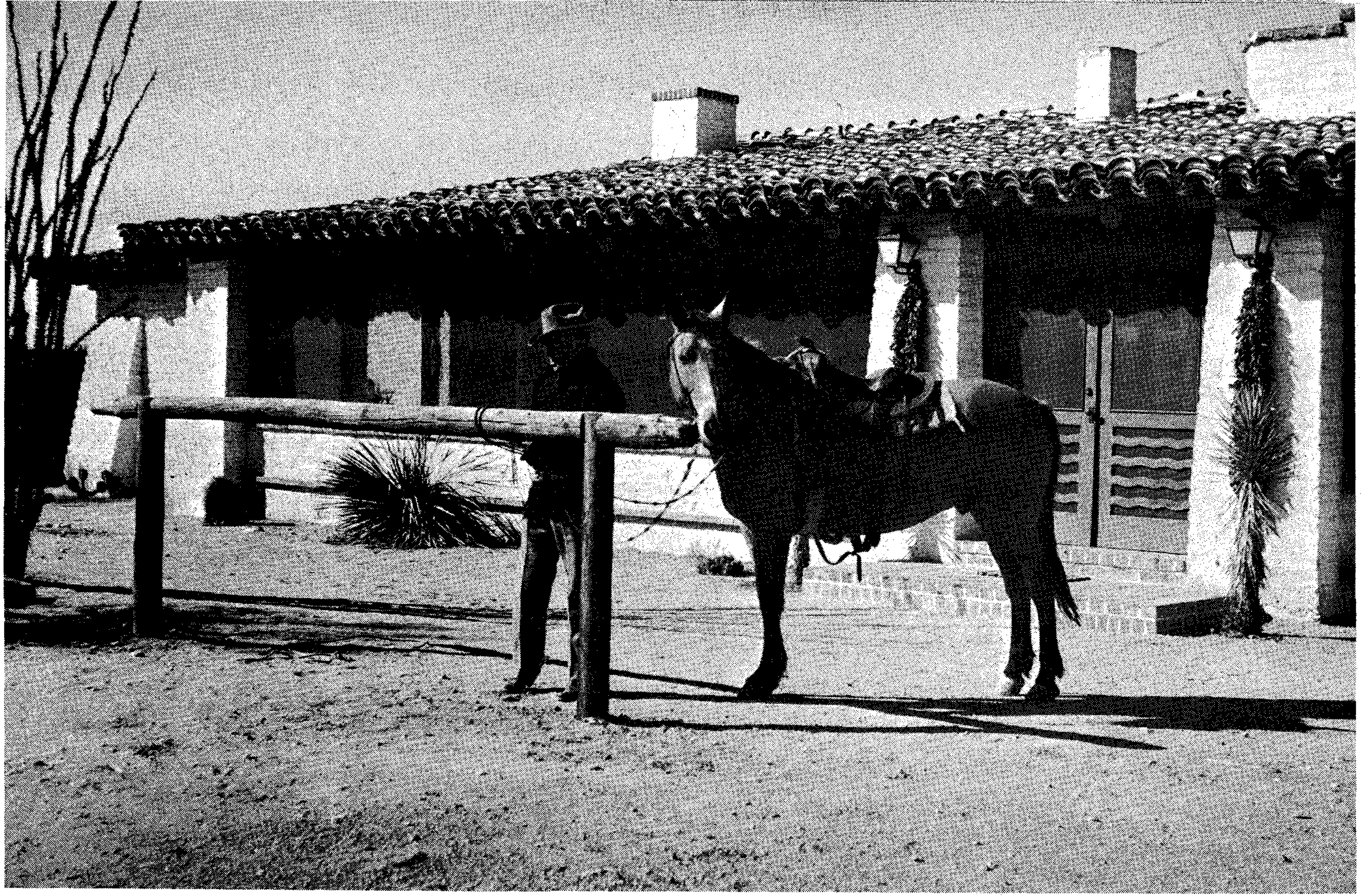
I WAS SHORE RIDING the old gravy train writing Western stories for the pulp paper magazines, getting high rates per word and averaging two and three thousand words a day, keeping my blunt nose to the grindstone six days a week, getting up at sunrise and working four or five hours before calling it a day, and never missing a deadline. A far cry from punching cows for forty dollars a month and beans.

I was living high on the hog, spending money like a cowboy in town, always bearing in mind the trite old saying that there're no pockets in a shroud. Most mebbe I had a mild case of what the cowboys call Stetson Fever. Buying drinks for the house and enjoying life to the hilt. As the feller says, spending my money on houses and lots. The houses being saloons and lots of booze.

It was my thrifty wife who saved enough money to buy a tract of land in the Catalina Foothills Estates in Tucson, Arizona. Sixteen acres on a hill that commanded a view from all compass points of five mountain ranges, the Santa Catalinas, the Rincons, the Tucson Mountains, the Santa Ritas and the Tortillas, and on a clear day you could see plumb into Old Mexico. We contracted for the building of a Spanish-type house constructed of burnt adobe, and by the time it was completed by builder John W. Murphey and architect Joseph Jossler, it was really a show place. The glassed and screened front porch was sixty-six feet long, with the master bedroom on the east end and a guest room on the west. The living room, game room and den were in between, with servants quarters and laundry and storeroom in the rear.

We furnished the entire house with black walnut furniture, hand-made and hand-carved by a master craftsman, E. Garrett Anderson of California. Each piece of furniture was made separately and it took almost five years to complete the furnishings. The switch plates throughout the house were made of hand-hammered Arizona copper; the doors were all hand-carved by a Mexican wood carver and decorated with antique iron hinges and locks. The floors were of polished tile from Mexico, the drapes hand-woven and hand-painted by local artists. The patio in the rear was flagstone with a large sunken firepit and a three-foot burnt adobe wall around it. Giant saguaros and other cacti and native shrubbery covered the sixteen acres, and below and out of sight from the main house, was my one-roomed adobe workshop with a large picture window that offered a view of the Santa Catalina Mountains to the north.

There was a corner fireplace, flagstone floor, and a small porch facing south, and the door was a divided stable-type, so that during warm weather the top part of the door could be opened to let the sun in. There were no electric lights, no bothersome telephone, thus affording the privacy I needed. Plumb out of sight and beyond earshot of any visitors who might drive up of a morning. Anyone who tried to reach me by telephone could leave a message for me to call back when I came up to the house for lunch, the day's work done and the



Walt ties his horse "Tex" to the hitchrack in front of the Coburn residence in the Santa Catalina foothills near Tucson, Arizona.

stable door of my shack closed. The word "studio" I never used in connection with my workshop. I called it my shack and that went as she laid. All this gives the reader a sort of background for the story that follows.

THAT warm sunny day in October 1940 when I closed the stable-type door of my shack and came up to the house about noon was destined to remain branded in my memory for all time.

My wife had gone to town and had left a message on the telephone pad in the den. The message was from Sheriff Ed Echols saying that he was bringing Tom Mix out that afternoon for a drink. As a rule when I'd finished work and had lunch I headed for Bill Coleman's barn where I kept the buckskin cowpony Tex that Bill had given me. I would saddle up and ride until supper time. Once I rode into the foothills I could relax and forget the story I carried inside my boneheaded skull. Tex was strictly a one-man horse and always those yellow eyes were watching for something to spook at, with his short black ears cocked forward to listen. When a flock of quail would wing off with a whirring sound a few feet ahead, Tex would whirl and jump sideways and charge off through the mesquite and catclaw brush. You shore as hell had to keep awake when you forked old Tex. It had gotten to be a game we played, me'n Tex, and both of us enjoyed every minute of it. Tex had a keen eye and if he saw a bunch of stray cattle grazing he'd head for them, expecting me to rope a calf just for the hell of it.

But with company due to show up I would have to miss that afternoon ride. I took a shower and shaved and got dressed in my town gabardine riding pants and new pair of alligator boots, and then went to the kitchen to grab a ham sandwich.

I had just finished eating when the front doorbell rang, and when I got out on the screen porch there stood Sheriff Ed Echols and Tom Mix, and the sheriff's car was parked on the gravel driveway in front of the long hitchrack.

The bell was originally an altar bell from some old mission in Mexico, and it was attached to a coiled spring with a rawhide rope for a pull. Tom kept giving the rope a little yank and listening to the deep tone of the bell and its soft echo. He'd cock his head sideways, his white Stetson at a jackdeuce angle, a sort of half smile on his lips as he kept ringing the bell. Years of erosion had almost obliterated the date of 1780 on the rough bronze casting.

"If you ever take a notion to sell that old bell," Tom said as I opened the door and let them in, "I'd like to have it. Where the hell did you ever get it?"

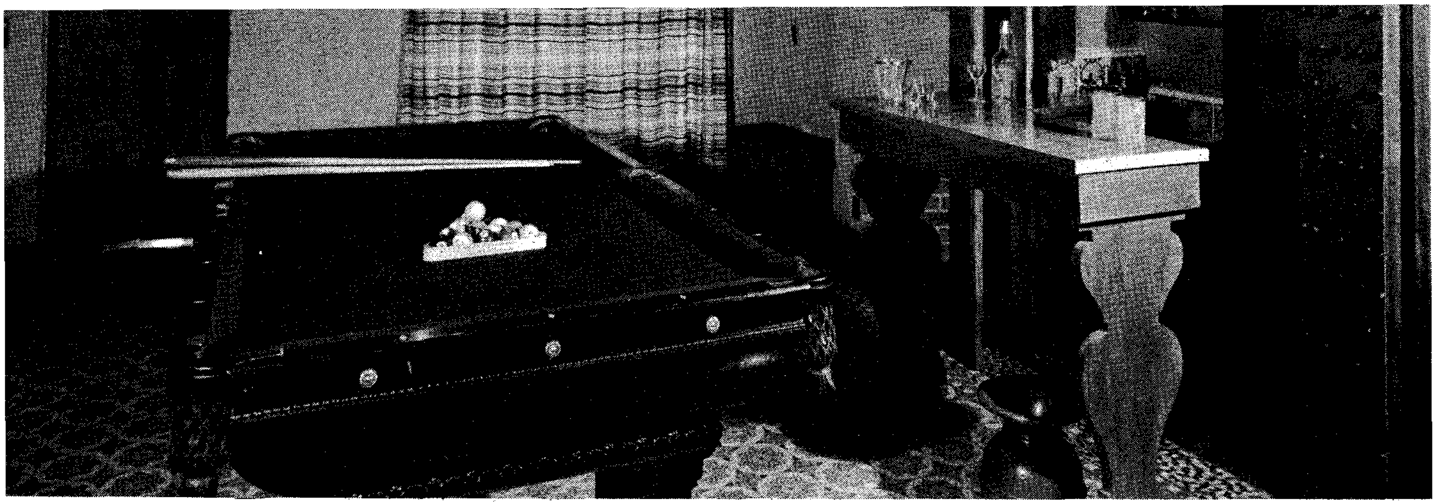
"My wife brought it back from Sonora, Mexico," I explained. "When all Catholic churches and missions in Mexico were closed and the priests and nuns were run out, some of the faithful Mexicans took all the santos and priest's robes, all bells and bronze baptismal fonts, and buried them in the ground. My wife gave it to me as an anniversary present, so it isn't for sale, Tom, for sentimental reasons. Or I'd give it to you."

"When a man's been married half a dozen times," Tom Mix smiled sardonically, "any sentiment about wedding anniversaries is cold as the ashes of last year's campfire. Payin' all them alimonies sorta drowns out the romance."

I led the way into the bar and the three of us had a drink. Again Tom Mix's attention was fixed on a genuine old oxbow complete with wooden hoops that once fitted over the necks of oxen. I explained that it was a present from Tex Wheeler, the sculptor and artist. Wheeler was born and raised on his father's ranch in Florida, and he and our neighbor, Rubin Jelks, who bred racing quarter horses, had gone to Florida for a visit and had brought the oxbow back tied to the front bumper of their car. I'd had the electrician convert a couple of old railroad lanterns to electric lights and they now hung from the oxbow over the pool table in the game room.

Tom was also interested in the small disappearing bar behind doors which were covered with cowhide and studded with hand-hammered Arizona copper nails. He insisted on a guided tour of the whole house and my shack, which took about an hour.

Back on the porch we made ourselves comfortable, with our drinks resting on the broad arms of rawhide-laced and cushioned chairs. We rolled our own cigarettes, not with Bull Durham but from a caddy of English Three Castles tobacco I ordered from the London Pipe Shop in Los Angeles.



The den with disappearing bar and oxbow light fixture which Tom Mix admired.

WITH cigarettes lit—and warmed by good whiskey—Tom Mix and Sheriff Ed Echols began swapping yarns. Ed had the cowpuncher brand of dry humor that had won fame and big monied glory for the one and only Will Rogers, an old-time friend of the three of us. Ed Echols had operated a cow outfit in Arizona before he became sheriff of Pima County. Both Mix and Ed had worked as cowhands and Mix had won the bulldogging at the Seattle, Washington rodeo in 1909, and Ed had won the steer roping at the Calgary Stampede in 1912.

Ed and Tom got to telling about traveling with the Zack Miller 101 Wild West Show, and about all the cowhands who rode broncs and roped steers and bulldogged—men such as Bill Pickett, Neal Hart and Henry Grammer.

"I worked on the spring roundup," Tom Mix said, "up in your part of the Montana cow country, Walt. Punched cows for forty-a-month for the Circle Diamond when Johnny Survant was the wagon boss, along about 1904-1905. Me'n Henry Grammer hired out to work for the outfit." Tom sloshed some whiskey into his tall glass to cover the ice cubes. "You recollect the time Grammer shot that sheepshearer in a saloon ruckus in Malta?" he asked me.

I said I was at the Circle C ranch at the time and had heard the story from Jake Myers, the Circle C wagon boss who had been born and raised in Oklahoma where Grammer came from. Jake claimed Henry Grammer was a good cowhand and one of the best ropers in any man's cow country—that Grammer was on the wild side and tough as a boot. Jake said that the spring roundup was just over with and the Circle Diamond outfit had just pulled in at the home ranch. Henry Grammer had gone to Malta and had killed some sheepshearer who had been bothering some old sheepherder. The sheepshearer, tough in his own right, had pulled a knife and made a pass or two at Grammer. Grammer was unarmed, having left his six-shooter on his bed at the ranch on Milk River. The sheepshearer's knife had slashed the front of Grammer's shirt across the belly and he had cussed out the Oklahoma cowpuncher, telling him that he was going to spill his guts out. Henry Grammer then jumped over the bar and grabbed the bartender's gun and killed the sheepshearer.

Grammer, still armed with the bartender's six-shooter, was buying drinks for the house when the constable at Malta came in to arrest him. Grammer told the deputy that nobody but Sheriff Puck Powell was going to put him under arrest. (At that time Puck Powell was sheriff of Valley County and stationed at Glasgow, the county seat.) Grammer told the constable to get in touch with Powell and tell him that he (Henry Grammer) would be at the Circle Diamond ranch on Milk River, a few miles from Malta, where he would give himself up without any trouble. And that's what happened.

Johnny Survant, the Circle Diamond wagon boss, foreman and ramrod for the Bloom Cattle Company who owned the Circle Diamond outfit, hired the best criminal attorney in Montana and laid cash on the line for bail bond money.

At the trial Henry Grammer's plea was self-defense, and he was sentenced to three years in the state penitentiary at Deer Lodge. He served out his sentence, with time off for good behavior.

So I was familiar with the story of that shooting scrape of Grammer's, although I was a kid at the time. I remembered there had been many different versions of the killing. One was that instead of a knife, the sheepshearer packed a heavy railroad spike sharpened to razor's edge on a grindstone—that the husky, tough sheepshearer had cut and slashed the unarmed Oklahoma cowpuncher until he had hollered quits.

"I'm going out to get my gun," Grammer was said to have told the sheepshearer. "I'll be back directly and you'd better have a gun in your hand, because I aim to gut shoot you."

As the three of us sat on the porch I told them of the different versions I had heard. Tom Mix said he wasn't there when Henry Grammer killed the sheepshearer who had abused an old sheepherder and Grammer had played out the old man's hand with a six-shooter. Mix said that when Grammer had served his time in the pen he had headed south to Oklahoma to join his roping pardner, Clay McGonigal—that at one time or another both these men had held steer roping records, as well as team tying records, at all the big rodoes.

I WAS CONTENT to just sit back and listen while Tom and Ed talked about rodeos, with humorous anecdotes about different bronc riders, ropers and bulldoggers who had hired out to the Wild West Show. Then they went on to talk about the big rodeos and the Calgary Stampede, from the time of the first cowboy contest, claimed by Prescott, Arizona in 1888, up to the present era.

One of Tom Mix's daughters had married Harry Knight from Calgary, Alberta, one of the top bronc riders of all time. Harry Knight was then living at Florence, Arizona, where he was in the cattle ranching business with Twain and Bill Clemens (descendants of Mark Twain). Despite the fact that the champion bronc rider and Mix's daughter had agreed to split the blankets, Tom Mix and Harry Knight were close friends, and Tom said that he was going to stop at Florence to see Harry on his way to California.

Tom had presented me with a small paperbound book he had written about himself. It was titled *Ropin' A Million* and there was a head-and-shoulders sketch of Mix on the cover, with his long rope outlined around the sketch and fastened to a sack marked $1,000,000. The story had been reprinted from *Photoplay Magazine*. I still have in my possession the book he autographed on that October day in 1940.

Tom said he had had it made to make a million, and he'd got the job done and had had a hell of a good time spending a lot of the money.

In the book Tom said he had made over 370 moving pictures. Never used a double or stand-in for the dangerous stunts he performed. As a result he had over a hundred and fifty stitches taken in his hide, plus suffering twenty-three broken bones and cracked ribs.

"I never claimed to be an actor," Tom said. "But some newspaper writer claimed I was the best showman on earth, even better than Buffalo Bill Cody who never made a movie in his life. From the start when I made my first starring picture for Fox, I made it a rule to never smoke a cigarette, take a drink, or gamble in any picture I ever made. A lot of youngsters made up a big part of the audience and I aimed to set a good example for them. Instead of using a six-shooter and doing a lot of shooting, I used my fists or a ketch rope, and I kept my pictures clean." His pictures had made more than five million bucks.

Tom Mix changed the subject to Hollywood script writers. "You'd never believe some of the scripts those white-collared screen writers handed me. Some of the scenes were plumb ridiculous. The motion picture studio conferences were a big joke. All those dude writers ever did was to increase the overhead of the five-reel pictures."

The following is taken from Tom Mix's *Ropin' A Million.*

"These story conferences are usually run off somethin' like thisaway:

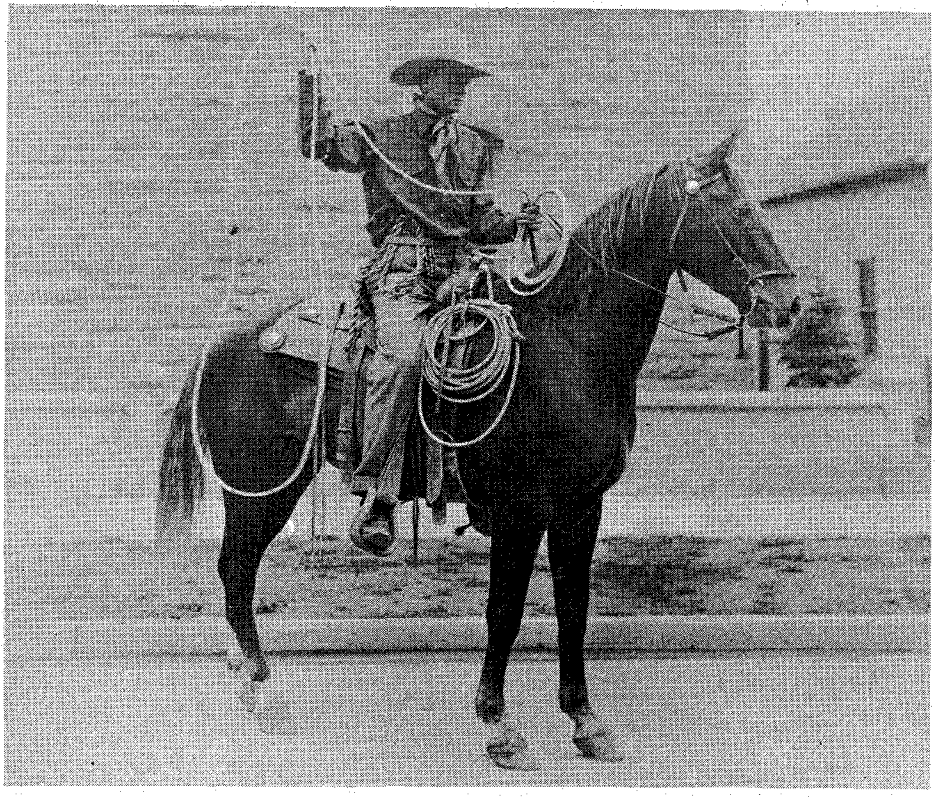
"Around a long mahogany table, a heap better than Napoleon ever ate off'n, an' in a room with more furniture than John D. Rockefeller and Henry Ford have got in their offices, gather the star, the chief scenarist and three or four of his assistants. This head bird is likely to be drawin' $1,000. a week; first assistant gettin' not less than $650. an' the remainin' three $500., $350. and $200.

"The $500. an' $350. a week birds probably were former song an' dance men, and the $200. man a young chap who wrote an' achieved doubtful fame as an author of that popular melody 'Missouri Blues' or 'A Lonesome Bird in a Cottonwood Tree.' Personal, these here scenario writers ain't never been much help to me because I don't read music.

"But to get back to the story conference. Any conference lastin' less than three hours ain't no good. Not that anythin' is decided upon that gets in the picture but it fills in the day until time to go out and shoot a few holes of golf, the latter bein' a by-product of the movin' picture business.

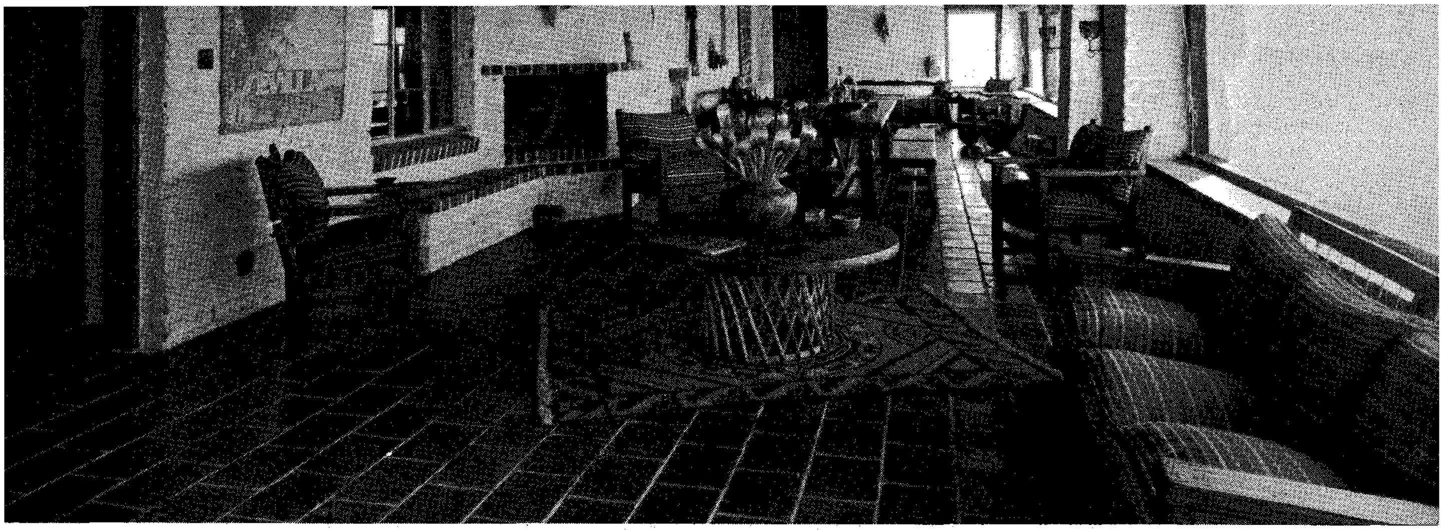
"At these here story conferences all of 'em talk an' talk an' talk, but none of 'em says anything. They seem to get nowhere. Any suggestions that I may make an' me a-knowin' the West, is properly squelched as bein' out of order. Anytime I talk I am a-speakin' out of my turn. About the second hour I give up, fix myself comfortable in the big overstuffed leather chair an' snooze it out, leavin' them to themselves an' their own vacuum."

So TOM MIX finally decided to write his own script, direct his own pictures, and furnish his own horse for $1,000 a week. Then came the day when the era of silent pictures was out like Nellie's



Ed Echols on his roping horse "Ribbon" at Calgary Stampede in 1912.

Walt's adobe "shack" workshop.



The enclosed porch where Coburn, Echols and Mix sat and talked of the days of bulldogging, the Zack Miller 101 Wild West Show, the Circle Diamond outfit and silent movies.

eye. Replaced by talking pictures, Tom Mix, the King of Western movie stars, was over and done with. And for Tom Mix, the cowboy hero of clean, silent pictures, it was a heavy blow.

Tom Mix had spent the million dollars he'd made with the same reckless, carefree prodigality of a forty-a-month cowpuncher on a town drunk.

In a sort of roundabout, lesser manner, the career of Tom Mix, star of the silent Westerns, and my own career as a writer of pulp Western yarns had something in common. Both of us had come up the hard way from a common cowhand, and at that time I was making more money than I could spend. Tom Mix had pointed out when he was getting a guided tour of the house, that it was a mighty fancy bunkhouse for a cowhand.

It was Sheriff Ed Echols who made the comparison, telling Tom that a month or two before there had been in a local newspaper a picture of me and my horse Tex at the hitchrack in front of our house in the Catalina Foothills Estates, declaring me the King of Western Story Writers.

"There's times when this young feller goes hawg wild," Sheriff Ed told Tom Mix. "When him and cowhands like Roy Adams and Buckshot Sorrels and some others take the notion to head for Nogales across the border, it's always up to me to ride herd on him. Walt and me has made a deal. When he's likkered up he calls me up and I dispatch a sheriff's car and a deputy to take him in tow. In a lot of ways you two are alike, Tom, wild and careless."

All the time Sheriff Ed Echols was talking in his habitual soft tone of voice, there was a sort of grin on his face and a twinkle in his eyes.

"There was a time, Ed," Tom Mix reminded the sheriff, "when you sowed a goodly crop of wild oats yourself. When you were wild and reckless and didn't give a damn."

Sheriff Ed chuckled softly. "Shore thing, Tom. But wearin' a sheriff's badge sawed my horns off. I had to slow down. But a cowpuncher wearin' a sheriff's badge takes care of his own kind, regardless."

That summed it up in a nutshell, and in my book and Tom Mix's book Ed Echols was the best sheriff Tucson ever had, and we so declared ourselves and it called for another drink.

After we were again comfortably settled in our chairs on the porch, Ed Echols told us that in April 1907, he had hired out to Miller Brothers 101 Wild West Show. Tom Mix was with the show at the time. It was there that Ed met Will Rogers and they got to be mighty good friends. It was years afterwards, when Will Rogers was making pictures in Hollywood and Ed was running the first time for sheriff of Pima County, that Will wired Ed that he'd take a day off and fly over to Arizona to do a little stump-speeching in Ed's behalf. Which he did.

Will had his pilot set him down in what he thought was a likely town to gather votes for Ed and he made the kind of speech that only Will Rogers knew how to make. Then he flew back to Hollywood where he was in the middle of a picture.

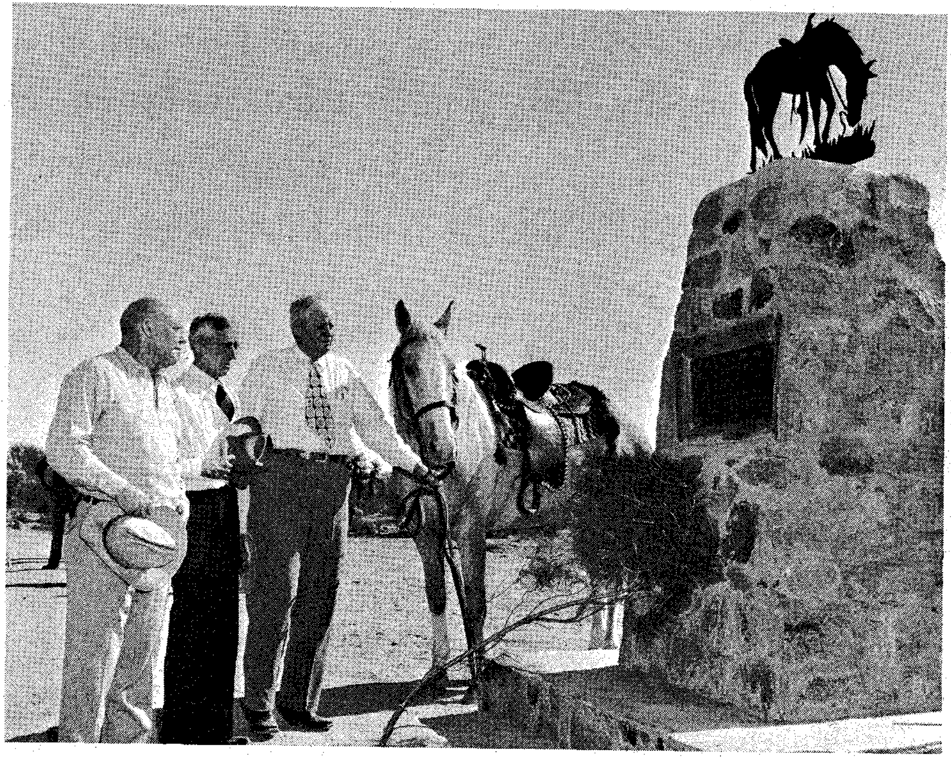
Ed wrote and thanked Will. "But the hell of it was, Will," Ed wound up his letter, "they throwed out all them votes you corralled for me. You landed in Cochise County instead of Pima!"

We all got a chuckle out of Ed's story and after fixing another drink, we were back on the porch talking this and that.

Tom said that he had for a while vanished from the familiar stomping ground of Hollywood to put on his own Wild West Show. For three years "Tom Mix's Wild Animal Show" had been a smash hit. He had played 220 stands throughout the country in ten months, still doing his own riding. Now he was returning to Hollywood and the movies.

Tom said that during those same years he had been involved in expensive lawsuits. Zack Miller of 101 fame was suing him for a breach of contract. He was also involved in lawsuits over alimony. And as Tom talked, a note of bitterness crept into his rambling. Once a man was beset by troubles, some men he had once called friends were trying to tromp his guts out. But Tom Mix was never a man to call quits. The image Tom Mix had built up throughout the years as a cowboy hero was still intact.

THAT MEMORABLE late afternoon of October 11, 1940 was destined to have one of those rare southwest sundowns that artists depict on canvas. The setting sun was a fire colored crimson in a war painted sky. The distant mountain ranges were a deep purple, the desert haze lingering with the last heat waves stretching into Old Mexico. There was a hushed silence except for the call of the quail



The Tom Mix monument near Florence, Arizona. Left to right: Walt Coburn, John Adams (highway employe who attempted to flag Mix's car to a stop before it plunged into the wash) and Ed Echols, sheriff of Pima County. The empty saddle on the horse belonged to Tom Mix.

as they came from the brush to feed on the grain I had scattered on the feeding ground. Mourning doves came to feed, and cottontail and jackrabbits came to join the quail and doves. Kit foxes would soon appear at the feeding grounds, as well as chipmunks who chirped and chased one another. The birds would come for their evening meal. The kit foxes, timid by nature, seemed to sense that all animals and birds were protected on our land and they would eat their fill of scraps thrown out, drink at the scattered Mexican clay dishes, then stretch out in the cool shade of the mesquites before they left for their den in the foothills.

The three of us sat for the most part in the hushed silence of the sunset—three cowpunchers who knew how to enjoy the quiet, each man lost in his own thoughts and dreams of yesterdays. I was the youngest in years, but we were all young at heart. Big, soft-spoken Ed Echols, with a generous sprinkling of gray in his hair. The black-haired Tom Mix, who had retained his prideful youth.

It was late dusk when my two visitors finally took their departure. The last drink, one for the road, had been drunk. Ed Echols had promised to bring Tom out next day for lunch, so because we were to meet the following day there were no handshakes or words of farewell.

"So long, Walt. See you tomorrow." Tom Mix called back as they drove away.

I stood there at the hitchrack and answered, "So long, until tomorrow."

I'm glad I didn't know at that moment that I would never see my good friend Tom Mix again.

THE FOLLOWING DAY I quit work early and came up to the house to put the mesquite charcoal in the outside patio fireplace and set the grill in place. We were to have thick tenderloin steaks, and I had a case of Mexican Carta Blanca *cerveza* that was rated better than American beer.

I had invited the jovial Nick Hall, manager of the Santa Rita Hotel, an old-time friend of Tom's, to join us for lunch. One o'clock came and went and no sign of Sheriff Ed or Tom Mix. Nary a sign of Nick Hall. Two o'clock went by. It was along about three when the telephone rang. It was Nick and I could tell by the tone of his voice that perhaps Tom Mix had suddenly decided to head for Florence to see his former son-in-law before going on to Hollywood. And I was right. Tom had done just that, leaving word with the day clerk on duty at the hotel to telephone me that he couldn't make it for lunch, but the clerk had forgotten to give me the message. I was disappointed, naturally, and I decided to head for Coleman's barn, saddle up and ride into the hills.

I was just going out the door when the telephone began ringing. It was Nick Hall again, informing me that news had just come in that Tom Mix had been killed in his car. It was later that I got the whole story.

Tom Mix owned a flashy looking Cord that he drove with the top down. The rear seat held his luggage, including a locker trunk. A highway crew was working on the Florence highway and they had put up a barrier with a detour sign. Tom Mix, traveling eighty miles an hour, had smashed through the barrier, turning the Cord over in a dry wash. The heavy trunk had been dislodged with the sudden impact, striking Tom on the back of the head and breaking his neck. He was killed instantly.

Sheriff Ed Echols had immediately gone to the scene of the wreck, midway between Oracle Junction and Florence. A coroner and an ambulance followed Ed. Nick Hall had been busy on the long distance telephone to Hollywood, to notify Mix's daughters and the studios.

When we were finished talking and I'd hung up, I went into the game room. The folding bar had long since been set up. I poured a big shot of Bushmill's Irish whiskey and took my drink out on the porch where we had sat the day before. The shock of Tom's sudden death left me sort of numb and bewildered, and I wanted to be alone for awhile. My wife had already left for town, so I was alone with my grief.

The October afternoon was warm and a few scattered clouds were in the sky, but the sun had lost something of its warmth as I took my drink outside to the long hitchrack. My thoughts were of yesterday when Tom Mix was alive. So very much alive.

There was a strange magnetism about Tom, hero of countless Western movies, which had endeared him to youths throughout the nation. Knowing him as I did in real life, I'd been proud to claim his friendship. Now there was an aching lump in my throat that no amount of good whiskey could dissolve. When I rolled and lit a cigarette, the good tobacco smoke had an acrid taste. I took another drag and stubbed out the half-smoked stub on the hitchrack. Then I got in the car and headed for Coleman's barn. I saddled Tex and rode off into the foothills.

I remembered a bit of the conversation of the day before. I'd said that I always rode Tex of an afternoon, regardless of the weather, to get rid of the nervous tension left from my morning's work. And Tom Mix had said he felt the same way when he rode Old Blue or Tony. Ride off alone and an hour or so in the saddle and our worries were gone.

There is a strange sort of understanding between an old-time cowhand and his favorite horse. That understanding was there between me and Tex. It was as if that yellow-tiger-eyed buckskin cowpony had an instinctive understanding of the grief that was in my heart. Maybe it had been in the tone of my voice as I talked while I was saddling him. Because that day Tex wasn't looking for something to spook at. When a jackrabbit jumped from the brush a few feet ahead on the trail he kept on traveling at his fast running walk, keeping steady along the winding trail through the mesquite and catclaw and cholla cactus.

I kept talking to Tex, low toned, as I untangled a witch's knot in the long black mane, telling him how my old friend Tom Mix had died a tragic death that day. I figured Tom was crowding sixty and was past the prime of his life. His career as a star of Western movies was over and done with. Far worse things could have happened to Tom Mix than sudden death. Old age and being broke would have been his ultimate future, and the prideful man could not

(Continued on page 48)

Nowadays "neighboring" has sort of gone out of style. But in the old-time Brush Country, folks were as thorny, as tender, as homely, as beautiful as the wild things around them—
and they were noticed and appreciated!

RANCH NEIGHBORS

By J. FRANK DOBIE

From SOME PART OF MYSELF by J. Frank Dobie.
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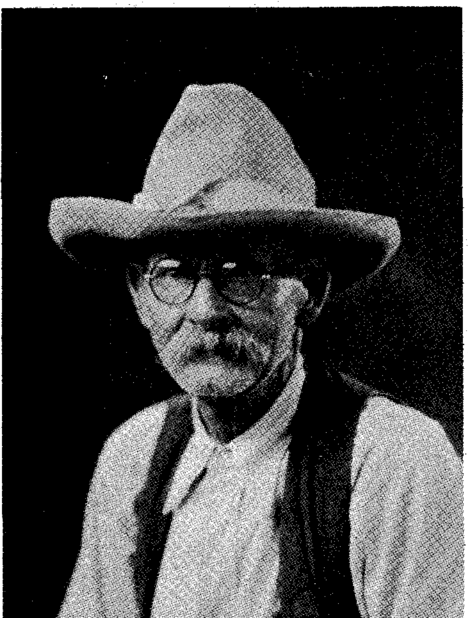


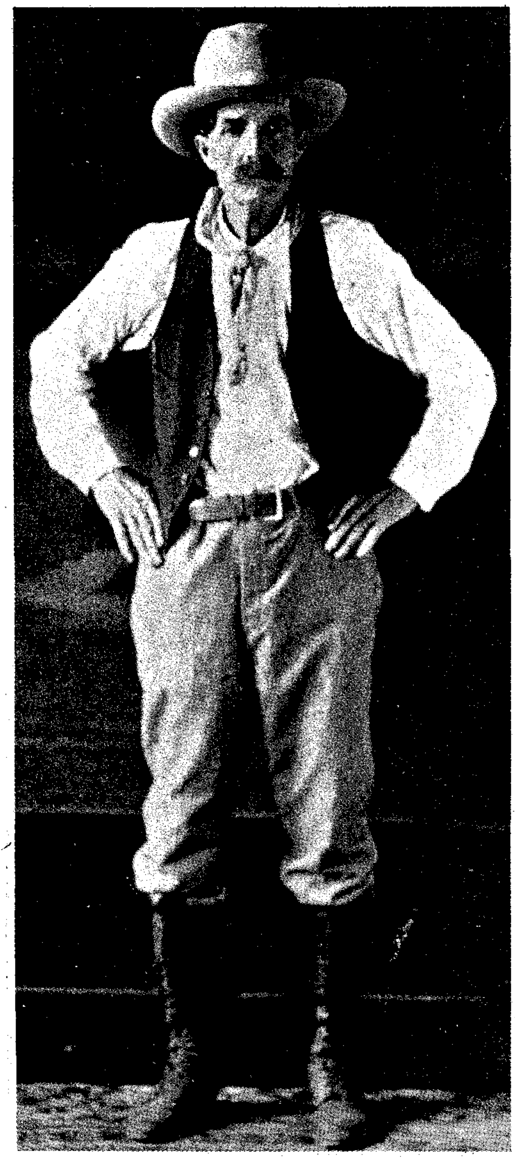
Left, Julie Moody, once trail boss for the R2 outfit, shown here at the age of 76 in 1932. Below, Bev Greenwood.

Above, Jacinto de los Santos who worked on the J. M. Dobie ranch.

Photos from the J. Frank Dobie Collection, University of Texas, Austin. Courtesy Mrs. J. Frank Dobie.

THEY ARE all gone now, these people I knew as the last century was dying. I do not sketch them with any thought of rescuing them from universal oblivion. I sketch them because they keep coming before me and also because I have to try "to make a thing" in order to rest. If some readers of the sketches be interested, I should be pleased.

Our ranch house was about seven miles west of Barlow's Ferry on the Nueces



Ike Fridge, died in 1926.

River (Texas). While I was a child a suspension bridge took the place of the ferry. Near it a post office in the back end of a store to which a rider brought mail from Beeville, twenty miles on east, was called Dinero. About eight miles on west of our ranch house an Englishman named Hughes kept a store with a post office in the back end, the contents of which would not fill a fair-sized dry-goods box. This was Ramirenia. Everybody called it La Posta, for it had been a stage stand where horses were changed. About six miles south of us, on the south bank of Lagarto Creek, an older, much better known and more populous center was called Lagarto. *Lagarto* means alligator.

A railroad built ten miles away had killed Lagarto. In my boyhood several families with backyards opening into small pastures still lived on the perimeter. Perimeter, besides a store, a schoolhouse, and a church was about all left of the town. Uncle Frank Byler lived on the perimeter and operated a ranch beyond.

My father's mother, Grandma White, lived in Lagarto. Her house had the coolest hallway for a summer nap after a midday dinner that I knew. Two of her sons would let nothing interfere with their naps, but my father and Uncle Jim napped only when they had nothing pressing to do. Grandma White had the first bathroom I ever saw. It was a room built into a tower holding up a large cypress cistern into which a windmill pumped water. This bathroom was known all over the countryside. I remember Grandma White as very large, very serene, and very cheerful. She did not move about much. When she came to see us at the ranch she drove her buggy and had along a Mexican girl to open gates. I was eleven years old when she died.

The inhabitants of the Lagarto community were worldly, urbane, and cosmopolitan compared with those of the Ramirenia settlement and on up the creek. The Lagarto people had dances for which my father had played the fiddle before he married and became adamant against dancing. The Ramirenia crowd had *bailes*, the Mexican name for dances. My parents hoped their sons would never debase themselves by living with Mexican women. My father went so far as to disapprove of our acquiring much Spanish. I didn't, but Elrich, the brother next to me, dreamed in Spanish.

When I was a small child my mother's mother and step-father lived on a ranch to the southwest of Lagarto. We hauled groceries by the wagonload from Beeville, but we also did a good deal of trading at the Beall store in Lagarto. I never heard the matter discussed by my parents and so can't be sure why we went to church at Ramirenia. It may be because there was a more religious atmosphere up the Ramirenia; it may be because my father wanted to be free of some entangling alliances. The Methodist Church was weaker in Lagarto than the Campbellite Church, and my mother and father were both strong Methodists.

Anyhow, they helped build a church at Ramirenia. It always galled Papa that Hughes kept his store open on Sunday, though Peruna was the only form of alcohol dispensed. Peruna was a noted tonic and some people bought it by the case. A few young men would hang around Hughes' store on Sunday not going to church hardly a six-shooter shot away. Occasionally one of the young men would take up for a while with a Mexican woman. Mexican Jim, as one of these young men was called, was a cousin of my father's. Hughes himself was a "squaw man"; that is, he had a common-law Mexican wife. I don't imagine the morals in sex behavior at Lagarto differed much from those at Ramirenia—or at London, Paris or other centers—but there weren't as many squaw men in the Lagarto district.

The preacher lived at Oakville, the county seat, in the northern part of the county, and came to Ramirenia only once a month. He usually drove a two-horse buggy. Sometimes he came to our house on Saturday and stayed all night, going on to Ramirenia the next morning. Every family who went to church took a big cooked dinner. There was always more than enough for any visitors who didn't bring their own provisions. Fried chicken, potato salad, lightbread and biscuits, lemon pies, coconut and chocolate cakes, with coffee boiled on the ground, were always plenteous.

THE TALLEST MAN in the Ramirenia settlement was Mr. Perry Williams. I won't say that his legs were disproportionately long, but the bottoms of his trousers did not come down to his shoe tops. He wore cotton socks. His shoes were brogans. While most men wore long drawers that came down to the ankles, Mr. Perry Williams' drawers, if he wore any, were not visible between his shoe tops and the bottoms of his breeches. I can see him standing there now at the organ singing. He wore a moustache and had a strong voice, more whangy than musical. In order to read the hymns—I'm sure he couldn't read the notes—he wore horn-rimmed spectacles, but he wasn't used to reading anything, and he read so slowly that he was always behind a few notes and a few words on the singing. My father was a good singer and a very good leader, but nobody on earth could do anything with a song when Perry Williams was whanging out his lines away behind the others. He didn't seem to know that he wasn't in time.

He had just a little ranch and a big family. Mr. Perry Williams on occasion freighted. I think he hauled the merchandise Hughes sold from Beeville. When my brother Elrich was five or six years old, Mr. Perry Williams drove his big freight wagon to our ranch one night on the way from Beeville to Ramirenia, having turned off the public road in order to have a good lodging place for himself and his horses. He made a mighty appearance riding on the near wheelhorse and bringing the leaders around to a halt under a live oak tree near the barn. After that for a long time my brother Elrich's ambition was to be a freighter like Mr. Perry Williams. He was upright in his dealings.

Somewhat of the peasant type were Mr. Dinn and his wife. He was a meek little gray man and she was a large-framed woman, capable of suckling each of the fourteen children they had and of taking care of the house, washing clothes and cooking unaided until some of the children got old enough to work. Most of the girls married well—indicating that they had attractions. One of them, a little older than I, gave me my first attack of puppy love. One married Harry Reynolds, bachelor heir to a good ranch on which oil was struck after Mr. Harry died. He built a good house in which to lodge his bride. The day before he was to be married he celebrated by taking two or three extra toddies. Then he had one of his Mexicans go down to the pen and saddle Old Sorrel and bring him up and tie him to the front gate of the yard. When he saw his favorite horse out by the gate, ears pointed in his direction, he said, "By God, Old Sorrel's coming in this house before any woman does." He poured a little whiskey on the threshold and led the horse up on the front gallery and then through the front door clear through the bedroom and into the kitchen and around and out again.

This young southwestern cowboy and his horse decked out especially for a San Antonio photographer in the late 1880s.

The Cleggs bought steers from Papa. It seems to me that they had the old Vantana ranch leased. Anyhow I know we were driving a small herd of steers to the Reynolds ranch and didn't have a canteen of water along. We stopped and ate lunch under the shade of a mesquite tree. Lunch consisted of sardines and crackers. We were already thirsty. Away along late in the day, maybe five o'clock, we came to a big cypress cistern and troughs at a windmill. If I live to be a hundred I'll never forget how good that water was.

Uncle Jim Dobie ranched on west of Ramirenia. Mama didn't like it when he gave only $100 toward building the church. Early in this century he sold out and moved to La Salle County.

THE BRUSH was thicker and taller and thornier in the Ramirenia country than in the Lagarto country. Some people lived away back in the brush. The Lathams had only a small tract of land. The only one of them who ever made any impression on me was Al. The only thing I remember about Al was an illustration of how often human ambition exceeds potency. Al Latham inherited something—not over a section of land—about the time Uncle Jim was giving up leases on several big pastures. One of them was the Buena Vista of eight or ten thousand acres. Al Latham mortgaged his land to borrow enough money to lease the Buena Vista for a year. He probably didn't have to pay more than a bit an acre on the lease. His idea was to stock it with big steers. After he got control of the pasture, he had no collateral for borrowing money to buy steers; so there the poor devil was with all he had sunk in a lease that would do him no good. It was a very dry year and nobody wanted to take it off his hands.

About halfway between La Posta, or Ramirenia, and Uncle Jim's Kintuck headquarters a small, low frame house stood off a little bit from the road. By the house was a patch in which watermelons and roasting ears grew when it rained. The owner made a living, such as it was, on a few hundred acres of land, raising a few calves and a few horses. He was John Western, a Negro. Many a person stopped there to get a drink of water and to sit in the shade of a *ramada,* an open shed with a dirt floor. Anybody who stopped was content to linger. There were two girls—young women when I knew them—and two sons, who were among the most noted brush hands in southwest Texas. Their names were Atlee and Nob. They worked for Uncle Jim. I heard him say that he didn't believe a more powerful man ever got on a horse and rode through the brush than Atlee or Nob Western. It took something bigger than little Mexican horses to hold up under them. Either could literally tear a hole through a thicket. Atlee drowned crossing cattle on the Nueces River while it was on a big rise. These were the only Negro cowhands in Live Oak County. In McMullen County, adjoining Live Oak, there was another noted Negro cowhand.

On out in the brush was the Lyne ranch. At church, the only place I saw him, Mr. Lyne always addressed married women as "sister" and men as "brother"; thus for my parents it was Sister Dobie and Brother Dobie. He was probably older than anybody else on the grounds. He sat with his eyes closed but wasn't so humble as his appearance might indicate. I've often wondered about the backgrounds of Mr. Lyne and his wife.

Not very long after the University of Texas was established at Austin, they sent their son Tom to study civil engineering. Tom got his Bachelor of Science degree about 1900. He worked for some time with the Southern Pacific Railroad but went back to ranching. When I came to know him, and I knew him quite well, he'd married a very enlightened woman and they had two children. He taught himself geology. He traced out a fault line halfway across Live Oak County and was always expecting leasehounds for oil companies to come to his conclusions; namely, that one or more big pools were under the surface of his land. Almost the last time I saw him was following Franklin D. Roosevelt's second election. With all the solemnity of a conclave of cardinals assembled to entomb the Pope he announced: "Mark my words. This is the last election that the United States of America will ever see. We've doomed ourselves to dictatorship." Tom Lyne used to laugh, but after he went to hating Roosevelt he knew no more happiness. I think he had gone to school to my mother. He always called her "Miss Ella."

He had four thousand acres of land that came to him in a rather unusual way. He grew up knowing old Don Victoriano Chapa and the son Don Prisciliano Chapa. They had a fair-sized ranch, a grant from the King of Spain or maybe it was the Mexican government. Don Victoriano had been a captive of the Comanches. Papa used to buy steers from them. One time I went with him. The only concession they had made to what is called progress was to have a barbed wire fence around their land. They still raised Mexican cattle; that is, of every color. Judging from how gaunt the steers and yearlings looked, half of them had been roped. They were as wild as javelinas. They had plenty of brush to hide in. The dirt watertank had been scraped out with scrapers against the pens. I saw a cow that was going to die from screwworms standing in the water for hours, the only remedy she knew. The Chapa way was to let nature take its course. The steers Papa bought were of all ages from one to ten. After we got them to our pens a big old josca (brown) line-backed steer jumped over a gate and me, too. I was by the gate trying to shoo him back.

Old Victoriano lived until he was a hundred or more. His son was an old man before Don Victoriano died. He wanted Tom Lyne to be responsible for the son. He sold him four thousand acres of land at $1.00 an acre, with forty years to pay for it at four per cent interest. Then he willed the note to Tom Lyne.

The Stonewall Jackson Wright family usually attended services at Ramirenia. Everybody called him "Bud." His ranch joined ours. His brother, born during the Civil War, had been named Braxton Bragg Wright, but Bud was a bigger bragger than Bragg was. I remember my mother's repeating once after he left an old proverb: "Brag's a good dog, but Hold Fast is a better."

Bud liked to imagine himself a big cowman. He over-borrowed and went bankrupt. He and his wife had good hearts. Nearly everybody had a good heart. Maybe nearly everybody still has. The Wrights had a niece living with them who committed an indiscretion, but they stood by her after her baby was born. I remember going up to the ranch not long afterward, finding nobody there but the mother and the infant. I wasn't more than ten or twelve years old and was embarrassed. I didn't know why. I don't think she was embarrassed at all.

On west of Bud Wright's ranch was the Sealey ranch. Sealey sold out when I was quite young and moved to Arizona, where one of the boys got into a difficulty that forced him to kill somebody. Uncle Frank Byler bought the Sealey ranch but lived in Lagarto and ran the Barbon ranch also, leased from Nueces County. That's where my mother's stepfather, Friendly Dubose, and his wife had gone broke.

SWINGING ON back east toward the Nueces to the north of us, our neighbors were Sam Watson and family, Lou Gorbett and family, Ed McWhorter and Freeman McWhorter and the Shipps. Sam Watson was a very solemn man. When I was sixteen or seventeen years old he and I rode west to buy a few steer yearlings. He didn't see anything he thought was worth the money. Not long after this I sold my horse stock out to his son Irving and helped Irving drive the stock, mares and colts, to their ranch. When we got there Mr. Watson said to him, "You ought to know better than to trade with a Dobie." So far as I know that's the only compliment I've ever had on my trading ability, and it wasn't deserved.

Mr. Gorbett was a kind of mystery man. He was small and he had a black look. People said he beat his horses. One time he came to our ranch with a heavy well rope on the neck of his horse, and after getting down he doubled it and tied the rope to a tree out in front of the yard. I was looking for the horse to explode but he didn't do a thing all the time he was tied there with a double well rope.

Uncle Jim Dobie, about 1900.

Ed McWhorter and Freeman were soft-spoken. Mr. Ed had gone up the trail with Papa and Uncle Jim. They were straight ranchers. I don't know how some of the other people I've mentioned made a living. One time I heard Mr. Ed tell about hard times soon after the Civil War. He was just a boy. The family had mighty little to eat. They'd sold out their stock, range delivery, everything in the brand, to a ranchman named Henderson Williams. Not long after that Cal Wright came along about dinnertime. Of course, he was made welcome, but when he sat down and saw there wasn't any meat he said, "What! How's this? Living in cow country and no meat!" Mr. McWhorter told him that he'd sold out his brand and no longer had any range rights.

"Well, I'll give you range rights to all the meat you can eat right now," Cal Wright thundered. "I represent my own brands and the Bluntzer brands and the Henderson Williams brands. If you can't find a fat cow or calf or heifer or something handy in one of those brands, take another brand. The idea of living out here with all these wild cattle, unbranded as some of them are, and not having meat! Why, dammit, Bluntzer has advertised that anybody who's hungry can eat his beef provided it's not wasted and provided the hide's saved. That's the way we all feel."

My education was neglected by my not listening more to Mr. Ed McWhorter.

The biggest ranch between us and the Nueces was the Shipp. The Shipps had been there in open range days. They sold out their horses in the early '80s to the Dobie brothers and the Dobie brothers drove the horses to Kansas. Then they went to raising cattle, but they didn't put down enough windmills to take advantage of the land miles back from the river. On one of the occasions when I went north with Papa to Oakville, going through the Shipp ranch he pointed off up a hollow and told me that tree up there at one time had two men hanging from it. My chief recollection of the Shipp ranch house is of peacocks. They were the only people in the country who kept peacocks. They also kept old Ped Shelton, who was feeble-minded but no trouble. Ped made rhymes. He'd say in his very soft voice, "Gimme a little time and I'll make you a rhyme."

JOINING Shipp's were Mat Givens and his wife, whom a lot of people called "Aunt Mary." Mat had been in the Civil War. He must have been along in years before the War. I remember when his strength faded out Aunt Mary would get on her sidesaddle and rope calves or sheep and doctor them. She could throw down a calf, castrate and brand it. She

(Continued on page 57)

By WILLIAM B. SECREST

Photos Courtesy Author

REVENGE OF RANCHERIA

BOB COSNER and his companion rode into the small mining village of Rancheria, California, and were immediately struck by the silence. Lights blazed from Francis' store and the Rancheria House hotel, but all other shacks, tents and even the Spanish fandango hall were dark. It was about 11 o'clock in the evening, but hardly late enough for the town to be this deathly quiet. Silence hung in the air and seemed to envelop the two horsemen.

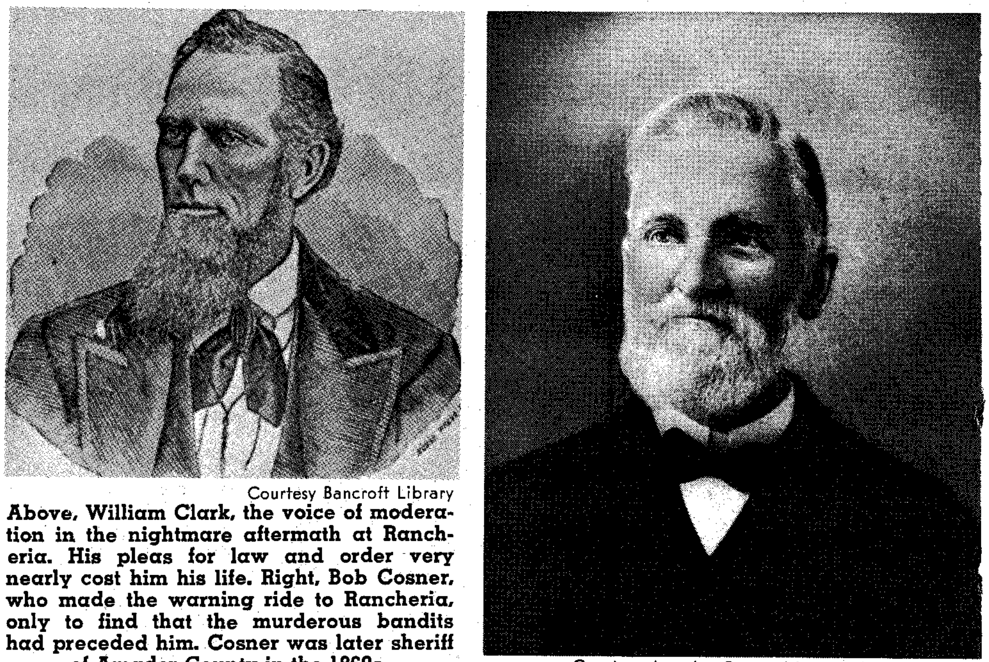
"Hello," shouted Cosner. "Is anyone about?" He exchanged glances with his companion before calling out several more times.

Suddenly a figure darted out of a nearby ditch and ran toward them. Hardly knowing what to expect, Cosner was reaching for his rifle when the running figure began shouting.

"My God," screamed Dave Wilson, "the whole town is slaughtered! My brother Sam is killed and I don't know how many more!"

The two men at first couldn't comprehend what Wilson was saying. They sprinted after him as he ran over to the hotel and disappeared inside. Stepping through the door, Cosner was struck dumb by the scene of carnage that greeted him. Two men lay in puddles of blood alongside a table, while the wounded owner of the hotel crouched by his dead wife who lay by a window. Another dazed survivor crawled out from under a table and soon the townspeople began leaving their darkened homes and gathering on the street. Francis was found in back of his store severely wounded. Nearby an Indian lay dead. In the store, the clerk was dead and the safe broken open.

After spending most of the night trying to help out, Cosner and his partner mounted their horses and rode back toward Drytown. Theirs had been a mission of mercy and warning, but they had been too late.



Courtesy Bancroft Library

Courtesy Amador County Museum, Jackson

Above, William Clark, the voice of moderation in the nightmare aftermath at Rancheria. His pleas for law and order very nearly cost him his life. Right, Bob Cosner, who made the warning ride to Rancheria, only to find that the murderous bandits had preceded him. Cosner was later sheriff of Amador County in the 1860s.

THE EARLIEST ARRIVALS in the California gold fields had worked side by side in a spirit of harmonious cooperation. Crime, in those first years, was practically nonexistent. Then the never ending stream of immigrants began flooding in from all over the world. Suddenly good paying claims were not so easy to come by and later arrivals began looking around at the more substantial holdings of their neighbors. Americans resented the fact that many rich mines were owned by foreigners and often this resentment led to violence. Time and again, on one pretext or another, Frenchmen, Chinese, Mexican and other racial groups were driven from their claims by mobs of disgruntled American miners.

The most frequently abused were the Mexicans. California had only recently been acquired from Mexico through war, and perhaps it was only natural that Americans should feel a resentment toward their southern neighbors.

Mexicans were often driven from their claims on some trumped up charge of wrongdoing, and if no charge seemed applicable, they were just run off on general principles. To further minimize foreign interference in the mines, pressure was brought to bear on the legislature which resulted in the Foreign Miners Tax Law of 1850. This law required that all foreign miners pay a monthly tax of $20 or forfeit their mining claims. The oppressive tax and ill-treatment caused many Mexican miners to turn to banditry and subsequently the state was to suffer a decade of violence, pillage and murder.

It was the 6th of August, 1855, and very hot in the foothills of Amador County. George Durham, the Foreign Miners Tax collector, was traveling between Jackson and Drytown and the heat added to his already bad disposition. Some of the Chinamen at Milton's ranch had dodged him that morning and now as he approached another Chinese mining camp, he expected they would disappear also.

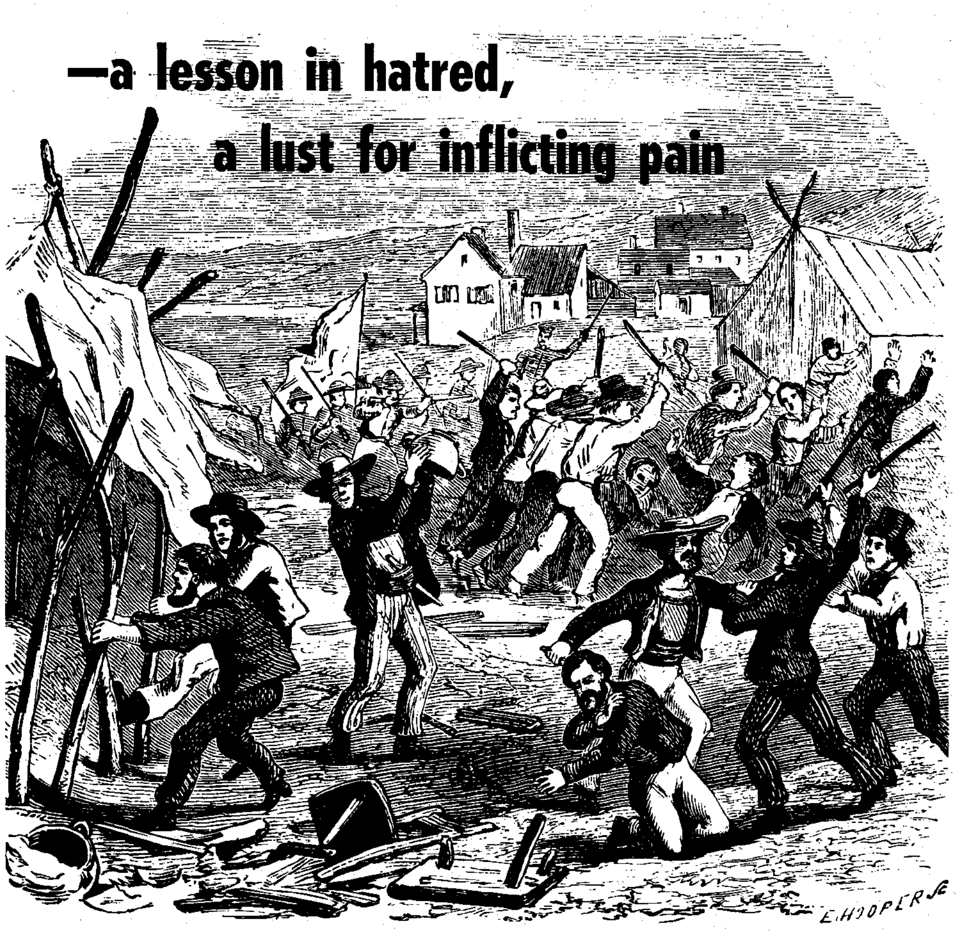
As he rode into the cluster of ragged tents and huts, Durham was surprised to find the Chinese miners running up to him from all directions. He was able to make out that they had been robbed by a group of Mexican bandits who had left the camp only a short time before. From what he could gather, there were between eight and twelve outlaws, including one American and possibly a Negro. Traveling on, Durham came upon several other plundered Chinese camps and by the time he reached the village of Rancheria, he had a fairly good description of the bandit party.

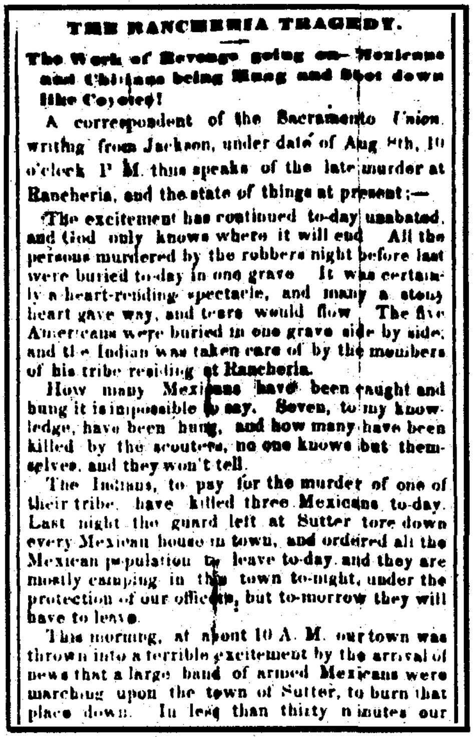
Dismounting in front of Francis' store, Durham told the proprietor what had happened that morning and warned him to be on guard. He told Francis that a group answering the bandits' descriptions was camped outside of town and that he was likely to be robbed.

Leaving town a short time later, Durham passed by the suspected robbers' camp and noticed that there seemed to be a dispute among them. Two of the Mexicans were stripped to the waist and looked ready to fight, but a tall man who appeared to be in command stepped between them. As Durham rode on he noticed that two of the men followed him for a time, but eventually dropped back.

UPON ARRIVING in Drytown, Durham looked up the local constable and gained his assistance in collecting taxes from some of the Chinamen who had dodged him earlier. The two men didn't get back to town till after dark. They had no sooner stepped into Mizener's store when Judge Curtis came in looking for Cross, the constable. A Spanish woman had told the judge that the town was full of bandits and Curtis repeated the woman's fears that they were all to be robbed. Durham had told Cross of his experience with the Chinamen and

—a lesson in hatred, a lust for inflicting pain





THE RANCHERIA TRAGEDY.

The Work of Revenge going on—Mexicans and Chilians being Hung and Shot down like Coyotes!

A correspondent of the Sacramento *Union*, writing from Jackson, under date of Aug 8th, 10 o'clock P M. thus speaks of the late murder at Rancheria, and the state of things at present;—

The excitement has continued to-day unabated, and God only knows where it will end All the persons murdered by the robbers night before last were buried to-day in one grave It was certainly a heart-rending spectacle, and many a stony heart gave way, and tears would flow The five Americans were buried in one grave side by side, and the Indian was taken care of by the members of his tribe residing at Rancheria.

How many Mexicans have been caught and hung it is impossible to say. Seven, to my knowledge, have been hung, and how many have been killed by the scouters, no one knows but themselves, and they won't tell.

The Indians, to pay for the murder of one of their tribe, have killed three Mexicans to-day. Last night the guard left at Sutter tore down every Mexican house in town, and ordered all the Mexican population to leave to-day and they are mostly camping in this town to-night, under the protection of our officers, but to-morrow they will have to leave.

This morning, at about 10 A. M. our town was thrown into a terrible excitement by the arrival of news that a large band of armed Mexicans were marching upon the town of Sutter, to burn that place down. In less than thirty minutes our

Courtesy California State Library

Above, a contemporary newspaper article from the San Francisco *Alta California* telling of the mob violence following the Rancheria murders. Left, for nearly a month, Mexicans were lynched, shot, and driven from their homes as lawless mobs ruled Amador County. Illustration from Soule's *Annals* of *San Francisco*.

from the woman's description, it sounded like the same party.

The Mexicans were reportedly having dinner at a house in Chile Flat, the Spanish section of town, and Cross set out to investigate the situation. A local justice of the peace volunteered to assist Cross and together with Durham, the three men walked over to the suspected house. It was after 10 o'clock in the evening and the Mexicans were just leaving the house as Cross' party came up.

As if by a prearranged signal, both parties commenced firing. Some twenty or thirty shots were exchanged before the Mexicans retired to their camp about a half mile away. No one was injured in the shooting but there were numerous bullet holes in nearby buildings. Cross and his men immediately returned to the American part of town where they told their story to excited groups gathered in the streets.

News of the gunbattle spread quickly and rumors of a Mexican attack on the town grew wilder by the moment. Despite the darkness and late hour, an armed posse quickly rode over to the bandits' reported camp, but the quarry had already departed.

Not sure whether the departure of the Mexicans was a ruse to draw the posse away from town, the inhabitants decided the safest course was to stay close to home and send out a warning messenger. It was noted that the bandits had fled toward Rancheria, and Robert Cosner and one other man volunteered to go there and alert the residents. The two men avoided the road and cut across country up Rattlesnake Gulch, riding into Rancheria around 11 o'clock. Before Cosner returned to Drytown, reports of the bloodbath at Rancheria had already set in motion events which were to overshadow even this monstrous tragedy.

Determining just what happened at Rancheria and later is difficult because of the swiftness of action, the rumors, and the extreme excitement and agitation of the people. It's clear, however, that after the shooting scrape with Cross' party at Drytown, the Mexicans went straight to Rancheria and launched an attack on the town. Possibly Drytown had been their first intended victim, but they quickly chose an alternate and savagely set about their work. Moving swiftly, the bandits stationed themselves at strategic points about town, principally at the Rancheria House and the Francis store. When a bandit ran from the Mexican fandango hall and shouted, "Hurrah for Mexico!" the outlaws rushed into the hotel and store.

Dave and Sam Wilson, Foster, and another man were playing cards in the hotel when the bandits burst through the doors. All were unarmed. Mrs. Dynan amused her three children across the room while her husband occupied himself with bookkeeping. In a moment the room was a pandemonium of shouts, curses, and screams mixed with the roar of pistol shots and clouds of smoke. Sam Wilson was shot out of his chair as his brother scrambled madly for the back door. As the other card player collapsed and died, Foster dived under the table and saved himself in the confusion. One of the outlaws rushed at Dynan, firing as he came. Although severely wounded, the proprietor managed to dash up the stairs and jump out a window, in his panic forgetting his family. Mrs. Dynan immediately began putting her children out the window, but a bandit's bullet tore through her body and she slumped to the floor.

At the Francis store another murderous scene was being enacted. Here again, without any warning, the bandits had rushed through the door and begun shooting. Dan Hutchinson was shot down behind his counter, dead before he hit the floor. Francis, although wounded, grappled furiously with his attackers. One of the Mexicans seized an ax and slashed the storekeeper's legs, but although both limbs were broken he somehow managed to run out the back door. He collapsed after a few steps and the murderous bandit nearly severed his backbone with a final chop of the ax. A curious Indian, one of the local inhabitants, arrived just in time to see Francis receive his last blow of the ax. Pulling his pistol again, the Mexican shot the Indian down where he stood, then returned to the store.

Working swiftly, the murderers battered the store safe open and took out an estimated $7,000. Then joining forces with the group from the hotel, all proceeded to a stable where they stole horses and equipment and rode south. They had just left Rancheria when Cosner

Today, Rancheria is a quiet little stream but in August 1855, it was the scene of incredible violence. The small mining village of Rancheria was located along its banks, but the town has long since disappeared.

and his companion came into town at the opposite end.

FOUR MEN and a woman were dead, and Francis was fatally wounded. Dynan, who was in serious condition, Foster and David Wilson were the only adult survivors of the multiple murder. One of Francis' legs was amputated in an effort to save his life, but his other wounds caused his death the following day.

A messenger was immediately dispatched to Jackson, the nearby county seat, and Sheriff Phoenix and a large posse soon galloped into Rancheria. Many people from surrounding towns also hurried to the scene of the tragedy, including a correspondent of the Sacramento *State Journal* who lived in Drytown. His on-the-spot reporting of the reign of terror is perhaps the best contemporary account of the situation.

"About five o'clock (in the morning, August 7th) a messenger arrived from Rancheria, two miles and a half from here, who informed us that last night, about 11 o'clock, four Americans, one lady and one Indian were murdered by the Mexicans. Your informant, with a great many others, proceeded to the place. On arriving there upwards of 1500 persons had collected and a coroner's inquest was being held. Here a horrible spectacle was presented—the like I have never seen before.

". . . After the coroner's inquest was held, the mob, who had by this time arrested about 36 Mexicans, proceeded with them about 100 yards east of the town, to an oak tree, and here a motion was made to hang all 36 of them, but through the exertions of several gentlemen, a jury of twelve men was selected from the crowd and three Mexicans, who gave their names respectively as Pertervice (Port Wine), Trancolino and Jose were found guilty of murder, and after half an hour's time being allowed to prepare themselves, they were hung on the tree under whose shade their trial had been conducted.

"The testimony elicited was strong against them. One citizen swore that he (witness) saw defendents run from the Spanish dance house to the store and saw them about the store at the time the murders were committed, and that they (defendents) joined in the chorus of 'Hurrah for Mexico.' One of the defendents convicted was identified as being connected with the late, notorious Joaquin. Many thefts have been committed in this neighborhood, too numerous to mention, and no woman feels safe from this desperate band of murderers.

"While the trial was being conducted, the outraged community turned out en masse and burned the Spanish dance house and every Spanish house in the place. The flames made much headway, and it was at one time feared the whole town would go to ashes. A large body of men, your informant, a fireman of your city, included, by great exertions stopped the progress of the flames. I must not forget to mention that one of the parties named in this communication as being two strangers who were stopping at the public house, was still alive this morning at 1 o'clock and Doctors Kasme and Fox did all in their power to save him, but of no avail, as he died in one hour afterwards.

"After the three were hung up, the citizens of Rancheria passed a resolution that no Mexican shall hereafter reside at the above place and every Mexican who shall be found at Rancheria after seven o'clock this evening should be required to leave and receive one hundred and fifty lashes in the bargain."

The revenge of Rancheria had begun.

OTHER DETAILS of the proceedings the day after the massacre were brought to light later. There was little that could be done to control the mob of people at Rancheria since crowds were continually coming and going. The thirty-six Mexicans were herded within a makeshift rope corral during the day's proceedings. Just how fair a trial was accorded the three who were hanged is difficult to determine. Judge Curtis, William Clark and other substantial citizens were present but despite their earnest pleadings, the crowd would settle for nothing less than Mexican blood. The principal witness against the three condemned men was one James Johnson who claimed to have seen the three men taking part in the raid through the slightly ajar door of his cabin. Port Wine was said to have been of such a low mentality that he was hardly capable of committing a crime. He died begging for his life. It was recalled in later years that Port Wine had a good mining claim and that Johnson took possession of it right after the hanging. Whether or not any of the three were guilty was never clearly established.

William Clark made an impassioned speech in which he appealed that the law be allowed to take its course. A Mrs. Ketchum and others cried out that Clark should be hanged, too, for defending the Mexicans, ignoring the fact that Mrs. Clark had taken the three Dynan children into her home and was caring for them.

Numerous other sidelights dramatized the terrible passions of that day. A man named Robinson demanded that another prisoner be put to death. When he was voted down, he grabbed a pistol and said he would settle things himself, but in his haste he accidentally shot and fatally wounded himself.

The man whom Robinson had tried to shoot was a completely innocent and educated Spaniard named Borquitas who happened to be in Drytown on business. When he heard of the murders, he volunteered to go to Rancheria in the hope that he could help to ferret out the criminals since he spoke fluent English as well as Spanish. Arriving on the scene he suddenly found himself herded into the corral with the thirty-six suspects. In conversing with his fellow captives, Borquitas became convinced of their innocence and spoke out to the mob, whereupon Robinson tried to shoot him. In the confusion of the shooting, Borquitas was able to get away.

The victims of the massacre were buried in a common grave on August 8, but the tragic moment created only a brief pause in the bloody vendetta which was taking place. A dispatch from Jackson to the Sacramento *Union* gave some idea of the state of affairs.

"The excitement has continued today unabated, and God only knows where it will end. . . .

"How many Mexicans have been caught and hung it is impossible to say. Seven, to my knowledge, have been hung, and how many have been killed by the scouters, no one knows but themselves, and they won't tell.

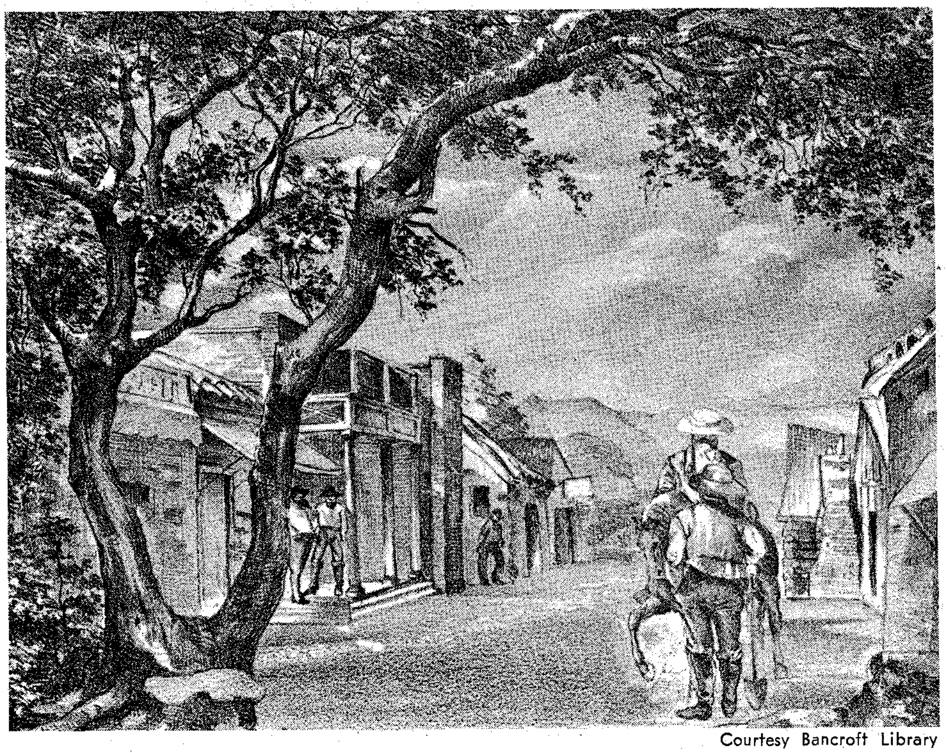
"The Indians, to pay for the murder of one of their tribe, have killed three Mexicans today. Last night the guard left at Sutter tore down every Mexican house in town, and ordered all the Mexican population to leave today, and they are mostly camping in this town tonight under the protection of our officers, but tomorrow they will have to leave."

THE NEWSPAPERS only gave the superficial aspects of the terrible scenes which followed the Rancheria tragedy. Later, participants revealed the true extent of the horror which now exceeded the crime which was the cause of it all. After the lynching of Port Wine and his two accused accomplices, all Mexicans were driven from Rancheria and took refuge in Mile Gulch until they could decide what to do. The fugitives scarcely had time to catch their breath before they were pounced on by a lawless mob which shot without mercy into the crowd of expelled Mexicans. Local Indians, anxious to avenge their fellow tribesman at Rancheria, were encouraged to slaughter the helpless refugees who had been disarmed the day after the tragedy. The scene was a nightmare as the cries of women and children mingled with gunfire and the screams of the excited Indians. As the Mexicans fled the gulch, a trunk full of clothes fell from the back of a refugee's donkey. The Indians broke it open and began putting on the clothes and this alone prevented even more slaughter. When asked later how many they killed, the Indians replied eight, although there was no way of knowing in all the excitement. Bodies were found in mining shafts and at waterholes where the victims had dragged themselves after being wounded. Hogs were seen devouring some of the slain and there is no record of just how many died that day.

Rumors, fanned by the terror-charged atmosphere, grew wilder and wilder. At Sutter Creek the town was thrown into a panic by news that a Mexican insurrection was imminent and bandits were marching on the town. Every able-bodied man in Jackson shouldered arms and marched to Sutter, but the attack never came.

Some fifty or sixty Mexican miners on Gopher Flat were arrested and it was learned that one of the suspected killers was in camp. The alleged bandit was traced to a hut and found under a pile of clothes. He was immediately hanged from a scaffold formed by two wagon tongues. All of the Mexican population in the area was driven out with passports provided and escorts to insure their safety. All weapons of the fugitives were confiscated and their homes were torn down or burned.

Sheriff Phoenix and his men had visited Rancheria the morning after the massacre and had vigorously pressed the pursuit of the outlaws. After a false trail had led them north, the sheriff's party had returned to Jackson where they heard the bandits had crossed the Mokelumne River at Diamond Bar. They rode over to Mokelumne Hill that night and learned that Sheriff Clark of Calaveras County and two other man had attacked the murderers at Texas Bar on the Calaveras River. The Mexicans had escaped, but after a sharp battle Clark and his men had succeeded in wounding and capturing one of them.



Courtesy Bancroft Library

The goldrush town of Jackson as it looked in its heyday. The hanging tree, which many times "bore it s peculiar type of fruit," is in the foreground.

The wounded bandit, who gave his name as Manuel Castro, had been shot in the small of the back. He readily confessed to being present at the Rancheria massacre, but of course maintained that he had not done any shooting. He confirmed that an American had been with his party, describing him as having red hair and going by the name of Gregorio. Other members of the group were named as Bonito, Waro, Rafael, Macemanio, Trinidad and two others, making a total of nine bandits.

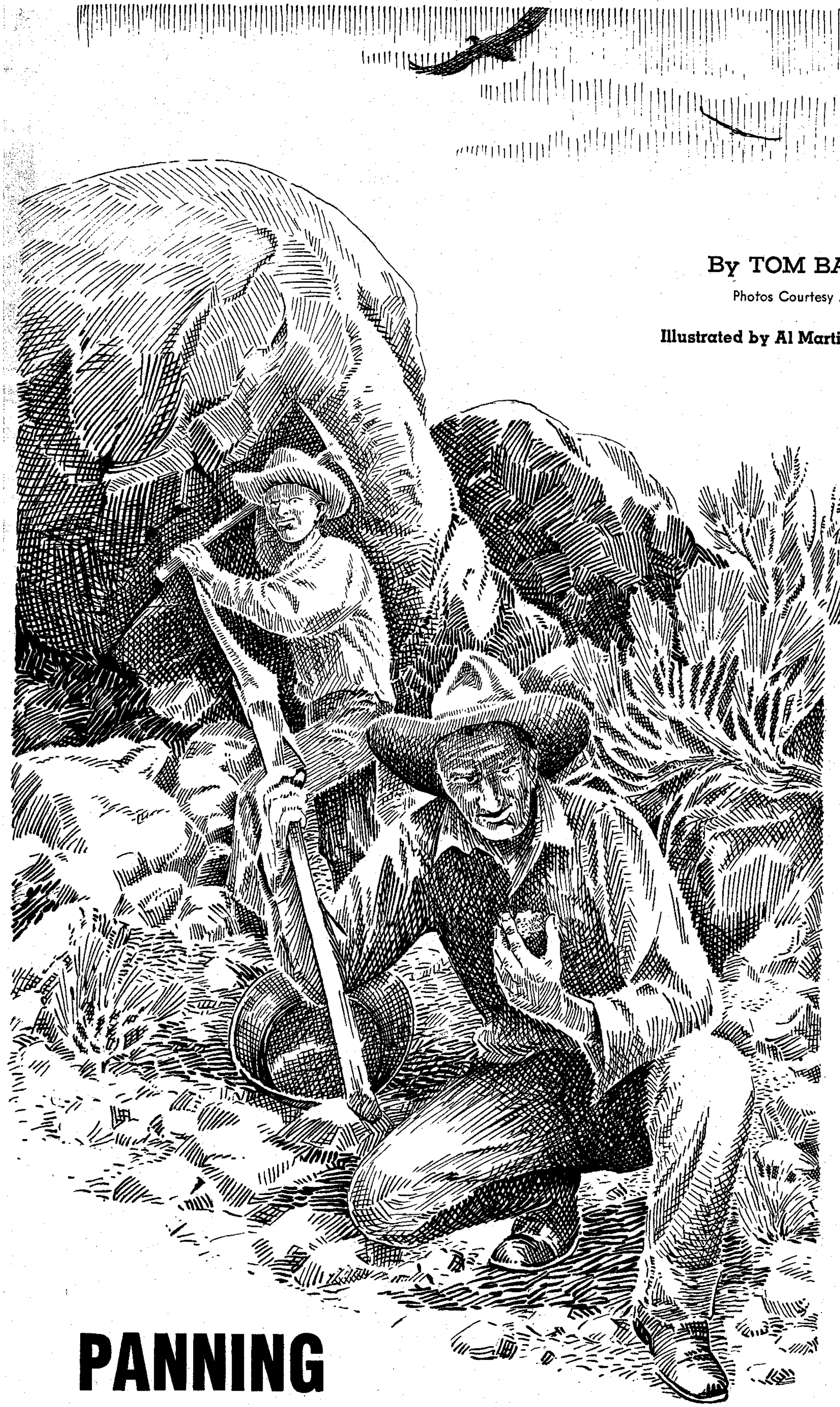
Two of Phoenix's men escorted Castro back to Jackson, while the sheriff, George Durham and the rest of the posse joined forces with the Calaveras party. Castro was being driven down the main street of Jackson in a buggy when a mob seized and hanged him on the spot.

CLARK AND Phoenix's party received information on the bandits' whereabouts, but two days of hunting yielded no results. They pressed on to Jenny Lind where they heard their quarry was camped on the Stanislaus River. Again they were too late, and after stationing a guard at the ferry they scoured the area around Tuttletown, Sonora, and Campo Seco. At Jamestown they came across some of the horses stolen in the Rancheria raid. The animals were dying from exhaustion and the posse knew then they were pressing the outlaws hard. Tracking was extremely difficult at that time of year and the party resolved to ride over to the small camp of El Safrudo in Tuolumne County. It was a Mexican camp and they knew better than to ask any questions, but it was thought they could keep their eyes open and maybe a lead would turn up. Besides they were tired and needed something to wash down the trail dust.

Leaving their horses in front of a Mexican saloon and dance hall, the two sheriffs led their men inside and sojourned to the bar. The men were drinking and enjoying the company of the *señoritas* when Phoenix suddenly noticed one of the girls making signals at the door. Durham pushed the girl aside and found himself face to face with their quarry. As pistols were drawn, Phoenix rushed up and was cut down by an outlaw's bullet through the heart. Almost simultaneously the sheriff's slayer dropped severely wounded, and when he would not surrender he was killed with the blow of an ax. Firing became general as the posse held its ground and the outlaws retreated to their horses. In a moment it was over and a pall of pistol smoke hung over the dead sheriff. Two of the posse had been wounded, but they were sure that some of the enemy were carrying lead also.

A young boy came running up and told the officers that one of the bandits had crawled into a nearby tent. A trail of blood seemed to bear out the boy's statement and the men surrounded the tent and called out for the outlaw's surrender. In no mood for nonsense, the tent was set on fire and the results awaited by the grim-faced officers. In a few moments an apparition appeared, bursting through the flaming tent flap. His hair and clothes were on fire and he was screaming as he charged his tormentors with a pistol in each hand, shooting as he came. In a moment he was riddled with pistol balls and lay thrashing in the dirt as the posse put out the fire which enveloped him. It was a Sunday evening, August 12, and at least two of the Rancheria killers were accounted for. Sheriff Phoenix was greatly mourned and he was buried by the Masonic Order in Sonora.

(Continued on page 59)



By TOM BAILEY

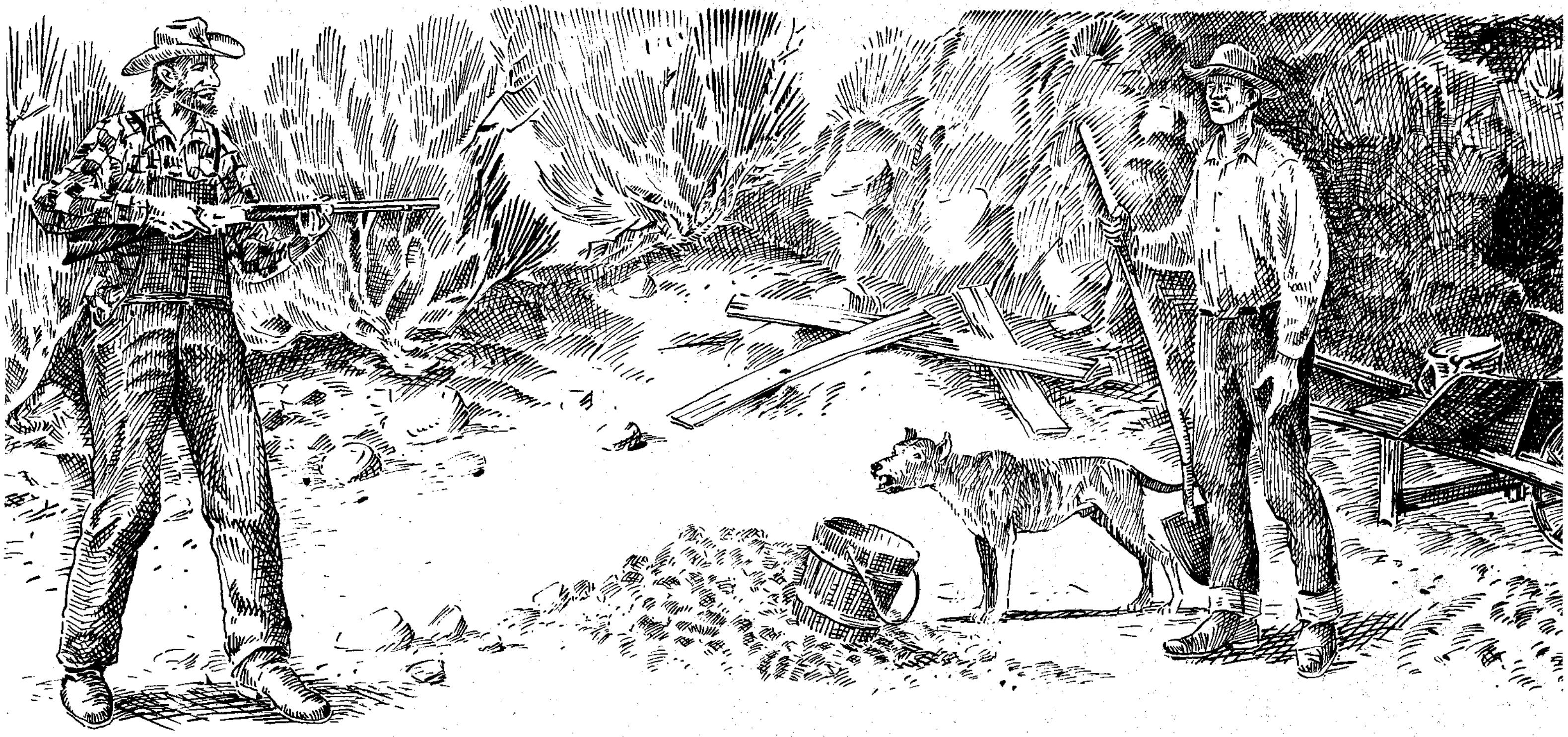
Photos Courtesy Author

Illustrated by Al Martin Napoletano

PANNING the RIVER for a WINTER'S GRUB

Tom Bailey at age 18 and about the time he took to the big city, thus ending his prospecting days with his father.

WE HAD STAYED with the gold trace until it was too dark to see to pan. The last sample I'd washed from the stream bed had shown more and brighter color than any we'd panned that day. But we couldn't stay longer, with a mile-and-a-quarter to walk and night approaching. We would have to hurry out of the woods. There was only a mile of trail; the rest was thick brush.



Many of you will remember Tom Bailey. We still get fan mail to forward even though Tom has been dead several years. Here's one of the last stories he wrote and it's about himself and his prospector father

A short distance from the spot we had picked up the color, my mongrel, Spareribs, dashed off into the timber.

"I guess he smelled a bear," my father said. "Saw one's track in the creek today."

When the dog came back to join us, the hair along his neck and back was standing almost straight up. I knew it wasn't a bear or a cougar, because he wasn't afraid of either and he would have barked to let us know he had contacted game.

"From the way he's acting," I told Dad, "it's more like he jumped a two-legged bear."

Dad didn't say anything for a while, but I could tell he was thinking about something. On Jump-Off-Joe Creek some time back, an old prospector had been found murdered in his cabin. He had just dug out a pocket and someone had shot him and taken his gold. But we hadn't found gold yet; we simply were on a fine trace and still had to run it down.

"Don't tell your mother about the way the dog acted tonight," my father said. "It would only worry her and there's no need of that."

Father was a miner. He had spent most of his adult life roaming the southern Oregon hills in search of that elusive yellow metal. Every year, as far back as I could remember, he had managed to find three or four pockets, the largest of which had produced $1,500. It had fallen in one lump into my father's gold pan when he held it against the wall of an old shaft and made one stroke with his pick. It had been missed by the original prospectors who had sunk their shaft about eight inches too far to the left. But windfalls like that are rare.

At fifteen, when not in school, I was my father's helper, washing pans of dirt and doing my share of the labor. I considered myself an expert with a gold pan.

When we came home that April night with the news that we were on another trace, there was rejoicing around the supper table. Every time we found a pocket it was like Christmas at our house. I wanted a .25-35 Winchester carbine in the worst way and my mother wanted a new kitchen stove.

As a backwoods family, we did not do badly. We had a cow, chickens, a few pigs and a garden. Father's mining claim produced $25-a-ton ore and there was a five-stamp mill on it. By steady work he could produce and mill a couple of tons a month but it seemed he could never work a whole month without getting the fever to go prospecting. I usually went with him. If our luck was bad he'd come back and work the mine for a spell.

WHEN WE pulled out for our prospect the next morning it was drizzling. I was leading the way when suddenly I stopped and looked down. In the path, so fresh that muddy water was still oozing out of it, was the print of a hobnailed boot.

"Likely a hunter," Father remarked.

"But this was made this morning," I said. "And remember the way the dog acted last night?"

"Probably got his deer and came back this morning to pack it in."

"But who? Who do we know who might be killing deer on the creek?"

Dad didn't act as if he knew. So far as he was concerned, it could be most anybody, and he didn't seem a bit perturbed by it. I, being only fifteen, had to accept his theory over one which was buzzing around in my head. My theory was that someone was following us to learn if we had made a strike.

We found everything just as we had left it at the prospect. A line of pan holes across the east side of the gulch served to confine the color flow and another line of holes a few feet above it narrowed the location of the pocket considerably. Eventually we came to the apex of the V; beyond it, the pan revealed nothing. So we knew just where to dig to get at the pocket.

By the end of the day we were ready to start an exploration trench. We were pretty sure we were directly over the deposit but again darkness caught up with us and we headed for home.

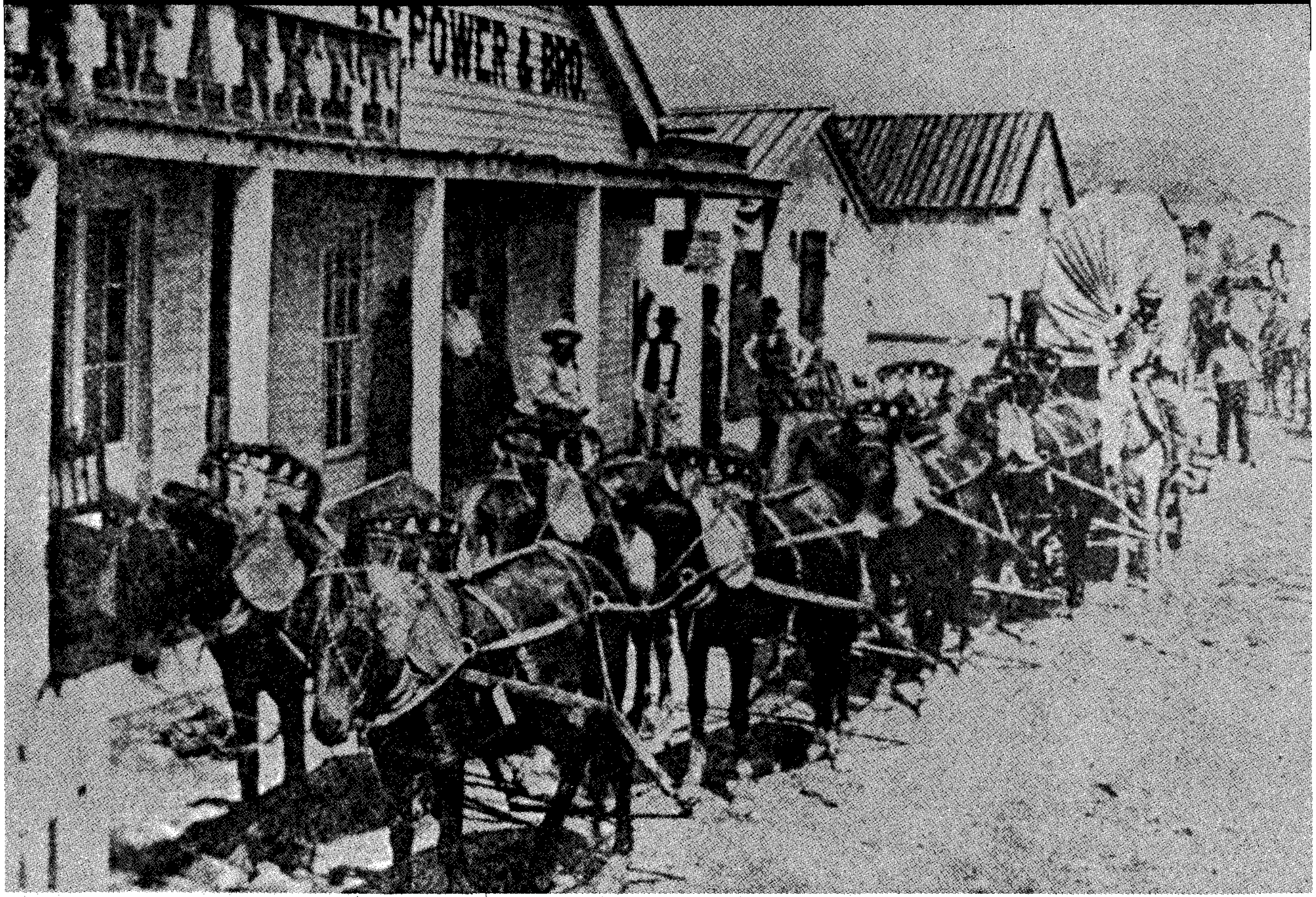
Dad hadn't said anything all day about the boot print we had seen that morning. When we were out of the thick brush, I kept my eyes peeled for tracks but saw only those we ourselves had made. The dog showed no signs of the nervousness he had shown the day before.

At home, neither my father nor I mentioned the possibility that we were being watched but when we left the house the next morning we each carried a rifle. Again the dog went with us. I told Mother we'd come upon a cougar trail.

This time, at the scene of our labors, we found the tracks of hobnailed boots

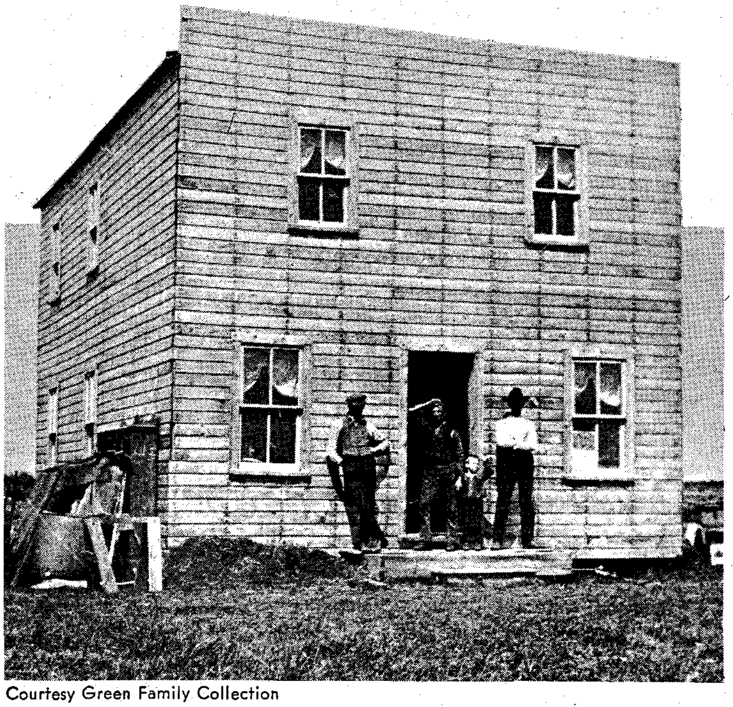
(Continued on page 54)

IRONSMITH to the FRONTIER



Courtesy Montana Historical Society

Freight outfit at Fort Benton in Green's time.



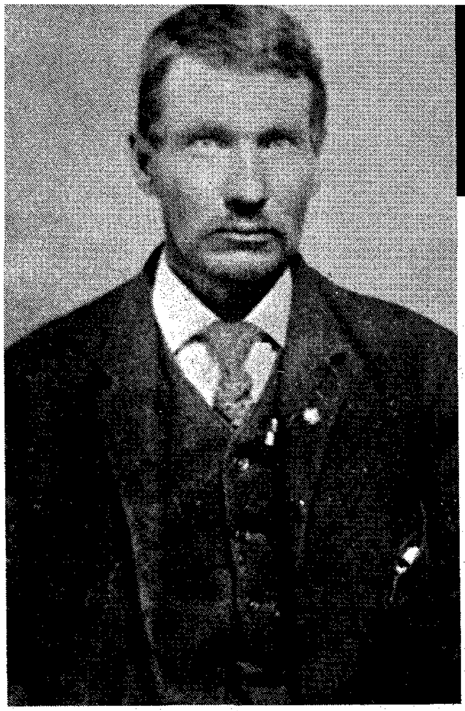
Courtesy Green Family Collection

By CHARLES McADAMS

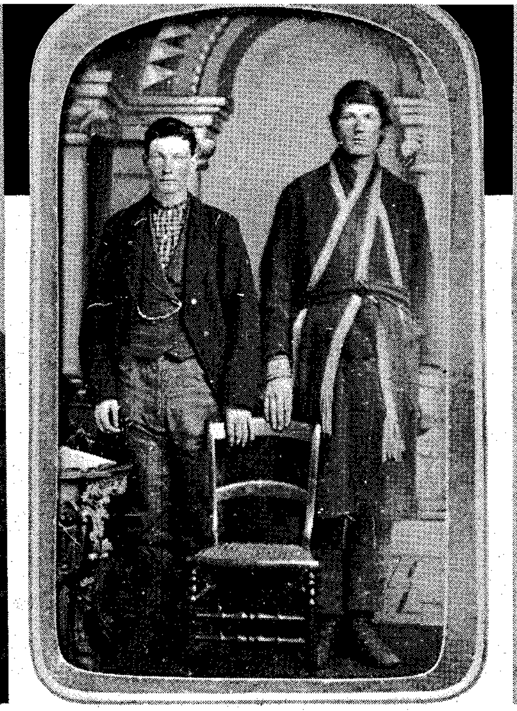
Photos Courtesy Author

Probably the youngest civilian of his profession ever to serve with the Indian fighting army, Green spent the rest of his life fleeing the "civilization" he had helped bring about

Left, the first hotel in Valparaiso, built by Lemuel Green, shown here standing in the doorway with son Jack.



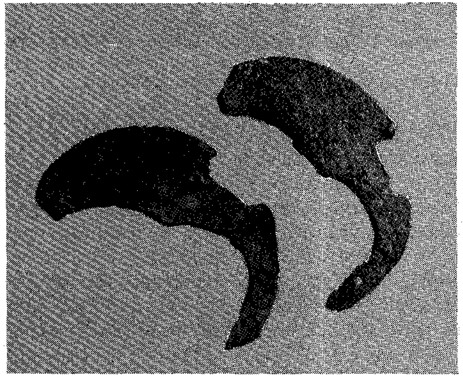
Courtesy Green Family Collection



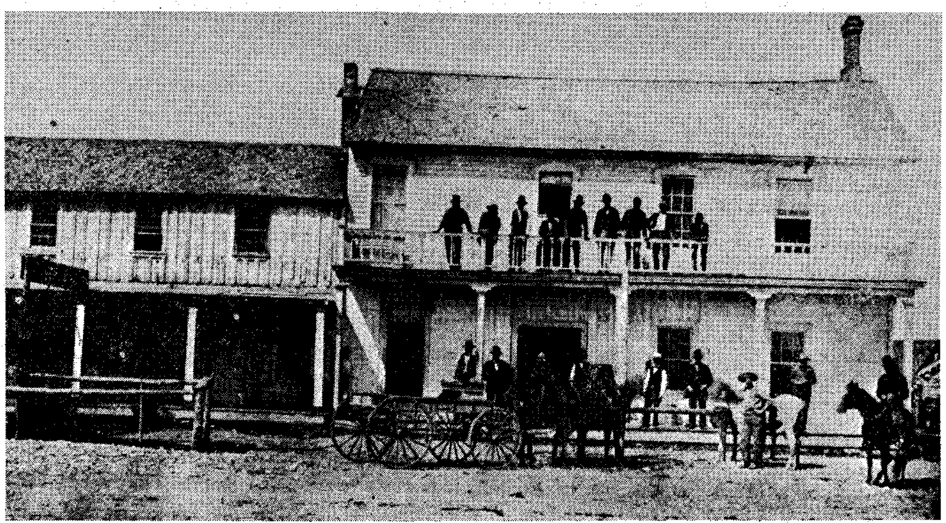
Courtesy Green Family Collection

Courtesy Green Family Collection

Left, George E. Green at age 40. Center, George on his 16th birthday at Fort Shaw. The unidentified man standing at right was said to be 6'8" tall. Right, George's father Samuel Green.



The iron objects are sawteeth found on the site of an 1882 sawmill. They were hand forged by ironsmiths of the skill of George E. Green, who spent a lot of his time in wood camps making similar teeth. By tempering in quicklime, the teeth were made harder than usual handmade tools. The saw was circular and the teeth were fitted fast by being driven in with a punch.



Courtesy Montana Historical Society

The hotel in Sun River, Montana, where troopers from Fort Shaw brawled. Lower floor, H. A. Minot's saloon and billiard parlor, with the hotel upstairs.

THE BARRACKS BAND played stirringly and people lining Fort Shaw's main exit cheered Colonel John Gibbon's command as it streamed out at ten o'clock on the morning of March 17, 1876. Eighteen-year-old George Edmund Green neither waved them on their way nor listened to the martial music.

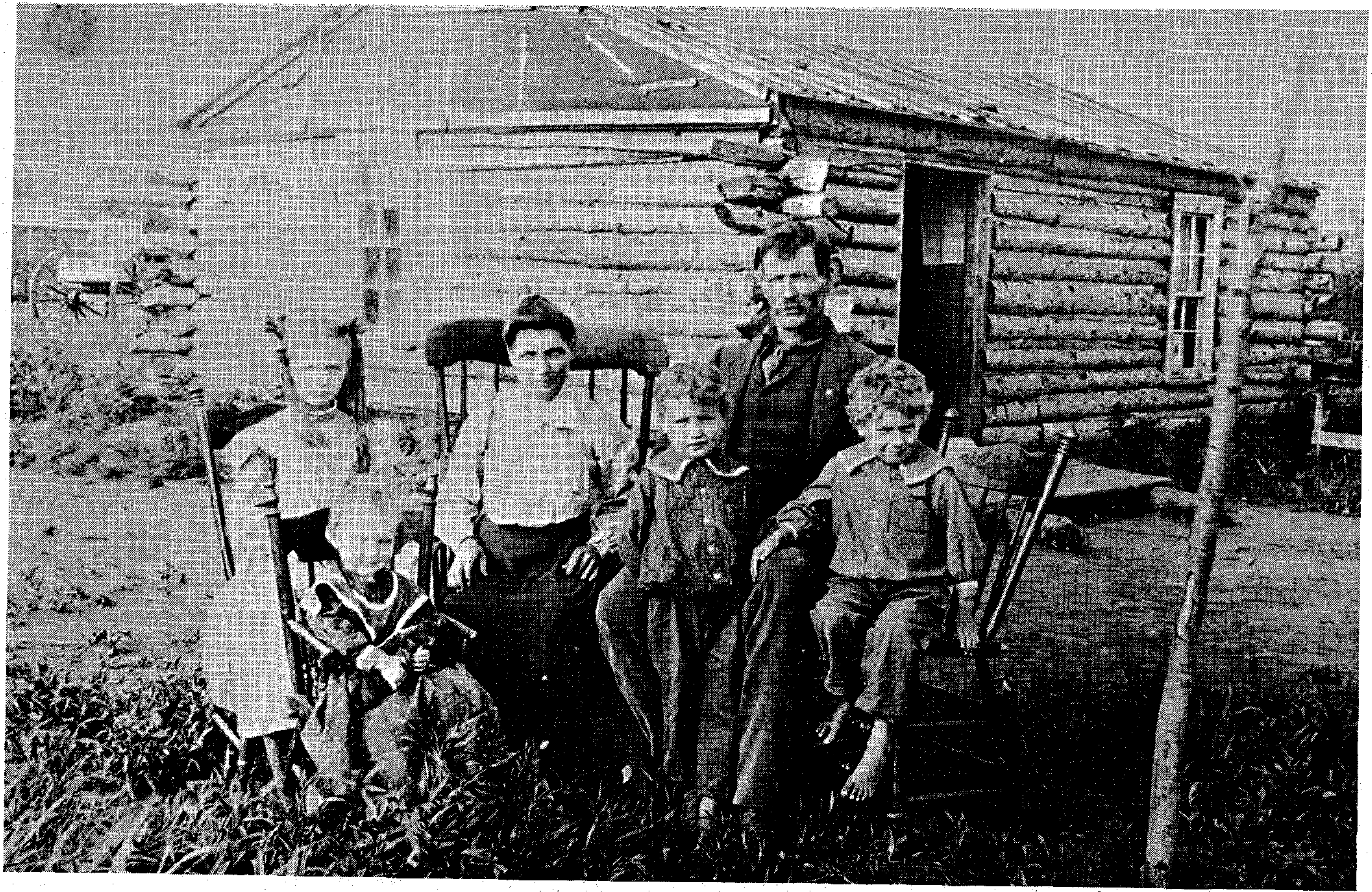
With the five companies of the 7th Infantry and a mounted detachment were ten heavily laden wagons with trailers. Green's eyes never left the cumbersome, wide-tired vehicles, each drawn by eight big mules. It had been his skill that put them in super-operating condition for the troops' hurried departure. As wagonmaster he had assured Gibbon not one would break down on the 200-mile march to Fort Ellis in southeastern Montana Territory to join the Sioux Indian struggle. None of the wagons would young Green ever see again, and not all of the soldiers.

The first important news to reach Fort Shaw of Gibbon's force concerned the fateful June 25, 1876 when General George A. Custer and his valiant troopers had been wiped out on the Little Big Horn. The other columns of troops were badly mauled, too—then and in the days following.

Fort Shaw had been stripped of all the sinews of war for the campaign, especially of wagons and iron. Green started east for Fort Benton with a small patrol to requisition more. Twenty miles east of Sun River on Mullan Road, Blackfeet swarmed over them in the grass hills. Two troopers were killed in the initial ambush. Using his Henry rifle to good advantage, Green took refuge with the three survivors on a hilltop. Digging in desperately, they repelled charge after charge of wild yelling Indians. Two troopers were slightly wounded. In late afternoon when expert marksmanship forced the attackers aside for the last time, the Blackfeet rode off with the white men's horses and equipment.

Traveling by night, Green and the troopers walked back to Sun River where they obtained a ride to Fort Shaw five miles upstream. Two weeks later he finally got through to Fort Benton, after standing off two Indian surprise attacks en route.

When the extra and badly needed wagons and iron were received at Fort Shaw, Green soon put the vehicles in first class condition. But a bullying sergeant in the post command visited the shop mouthing obscene complaints about



Courtesy Green Family Collection

The Greens at their first Saskatchewan home. Violet, Millicent Margaret, Mrs. Green, James, George Green and Edmund.

them. In the ensuing argument the sergeant foolishly rushed the youthful wagonmaster. Two blows were struck; Green hit the sergeant and the non-com hit the ground unconscious.

After reviving, the sergeant, who had licked every likely man in the fort, claimed a foul blow. That gave the soldiers an idea. Jubilant about the bully's come-uppance, they insisted on a showdown battle the next payday. Most of their money went on Green, a man allegedly strong as Samson who had never been whipped.

The bare knuckles fight which ensued ended with the second knockdown of the sergeant. He had no strength left to get back on his feet. That night the soldiers celebrated in H. A. Minot's Sun River saloon and billiard parlor.

GREEN was probably the youngest civilian ironsmith to serve with the frontier Indian fighting U. S. Army. At Fort Shaw on his sixteenth birthday he had filled out to two hundred pounds and stood six feet two inches tall. Yet the brawny, muscular boy was of quiet good-nature and always ready to rush to the aid of a friend in distress.

Christopher Green's store and home in Valparaiso.

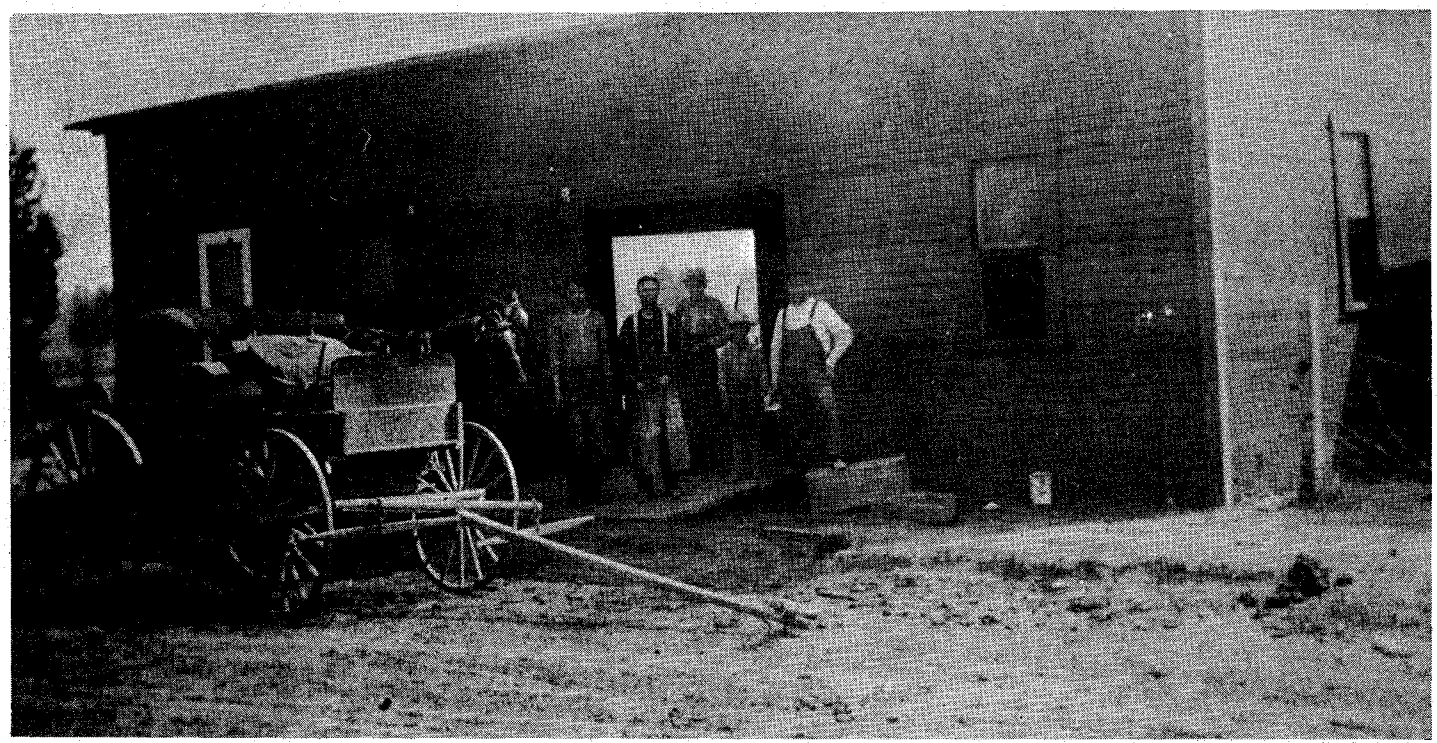
Courtesy Green Family Collection

His parents were Samuel Green, a Quaker from Maine, and Susan Kirk. According to War Department records in the National Archives, George was born April 8, 1858, after the Greens moved to East Templeton, Quebec, Canada. Attending a French operated grade school, he learned that language fluently.

George was the oldest child of the numerous Green progeny. At the age of ten he was apprenticed to a German ironsmith, only recently over from the Fatherland, Otto von Blocker. Von Blocker not only sent him to a better school but taught him personally during their later wanderings. Big for his age, Green was intelligent and industriously inclined. The childless German couple took a liking to him and treated him as a son. When they decided to go to Fort Benton, Montana, instead of releasing him they took the boy along to further his training.

From Yankton, South Dakota, they completed the trip to Fort Benton by riverboat. To his dying day Green remembered one startling incident on the muddy Missouri. At a point where the stream widened out between shallow banks, probably below the mouth of Poplar River, tens of thousands of buffaloes were swimming across. The boat was held up eight hours before it was able to proceed.

Green signed on as apprentice iron-



Courtesy Green Family Collection

Green's blacksmith shop at Redmond, Oregon, 1910. Left to right: Three blacksmith employes, James and his father George Green.

smith with the army, January 14, 1871. Although it cannot be substantiated by official records, most likely von Blocker insisted on the boy's being his assistant when he became the army's ironsmith and wagonmaster at rough and tough old Fort Benton. In those days the two jobs were considered one. Necessary repairs of wagons included both iron work and carpentry.

The following June von Blocker and Green were dispatched to Fort Shaw on Sun River. So well had the boy learned his trade under his indulgent tutor that the next year he was advanced to ironsmith's status and pay. Then due to Mrs. von Blocker's failing health in that climate, the couple left Montana in 1874. They soon returned to Germany and Green never saw his benefactors again.

Both ironsmith and wagonmaster now, Green's shop helpers were wanderers off Mullan Road or prospectors from the goldfields seeking a stake to return. In after years he often said that in the Montana he came to love and always regretted leaving, not once did he have a desire to go hunting the elusive yellow metal. An ironsmith, skilled far better than most, he could always obtain a well paid job or run his own business.

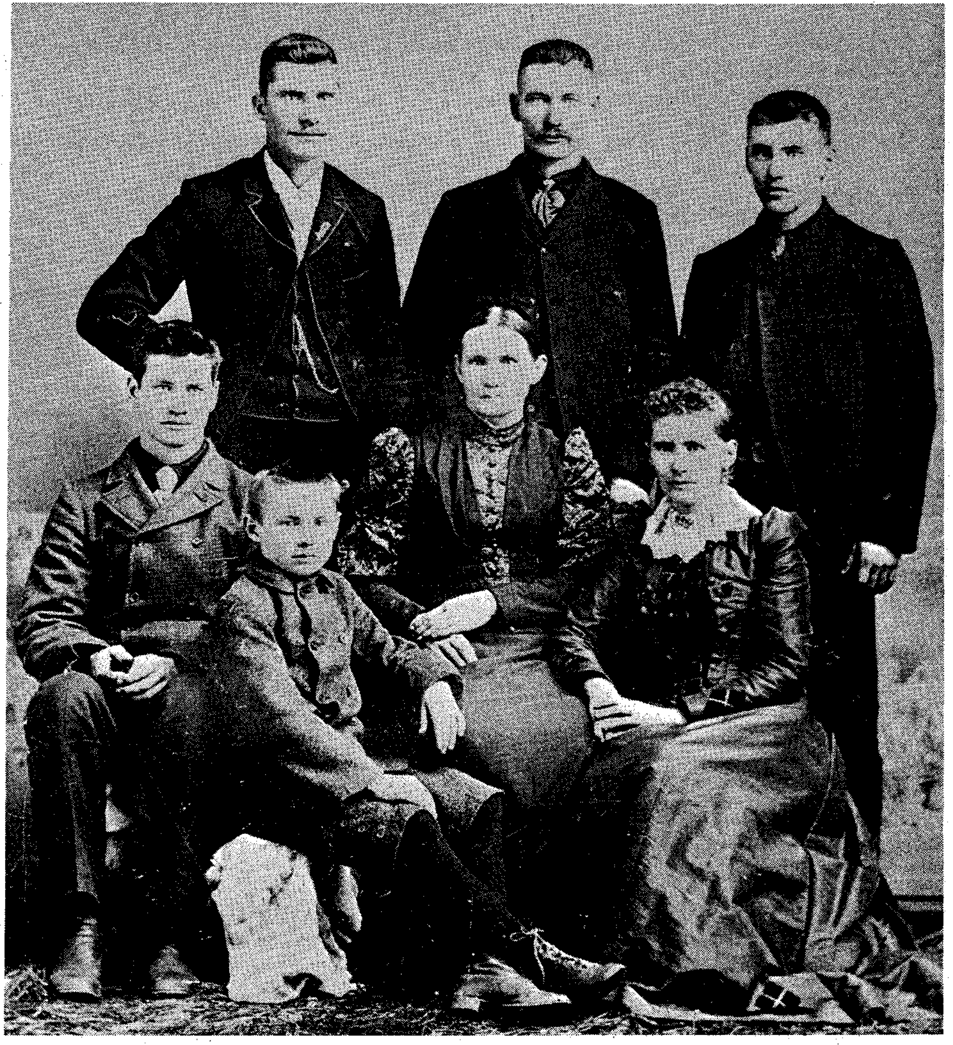
During his last years at Fort Shaw he branched out into the cattle business, running a small bunch on shares. He built a ranch cabin in the coulee country, and by staying there nights and week ends, managed to accomplish the necessary supervision. Three times—and alone—he fought off red thieves; and twice, white outlaws. These brushes brought on gun play. Fortunately, as in all his Indian fights, Green escaped unwounded.

To protect his cattle interests he joined the Sun River Rangers. This outfit, organized by R. S. Ford, was one of the

(Continued on page 62)

The Green family at Park River, North Dakota, about 1893. Standing, left to right: The Greens' cousin Archie Boyes, George and Cyrus Green. Seated, left to right: Lemuel and Christopher Green, their grandmother Susan Kirk Green and Mary Green.

Courtesy Green Family Collection



Rodeo is the poker game of the arena—and to a cowboy on his favorite horse it's a whale of a lot of fun whether he's

WINNING or LOSING

By MILT HINKLE

Photos Courtesy Author

Mildred Hinkle

Milt Hinkle

CONTESTANTS owning their own horses would usually chip in and buy railroad tickets, as twenty-five such fares would transport twenty-five people plus a car loaded with stock free. That is the way we used to move from one roundup or rodeo to another. On these moves some of the biggest poker and crap games ever, took place in the baggage car, not to say anything about who could drink who down.

On a trip to Garden City, Kansas, the train stopped at a little cowtown in the southwestern part of the state. We had to wait until a freight train switched off on the siding so our train could pass. It was here near this town that Clay McGonigal, one of the greatest steer ropers of all time, lived. Some of the boys got off the train to stretch their legs. Tied to the hitch rail on the street was a good team and buggy filled with groceries. It so happened this belonged to Clay, who had come in for supplies from the ranch he was running. When he saw us he wanted to join up.

Joe Gardner, who owned old Skunk, the greatest steer roping horse around, said, "Clay, go with us, you can ride Skunk."

Just as the whistle sounded and the train started moving, Clay jumped up on the steps and shouted to a man to see that his buckboard and horses got back to the ranch and to tell his wife he had gone to Garden City.

Johnny Burnside furnished the stock, some real top bucking horses and the kind of steers that I liked for bulldogging. Big ones, 900 pounds, with good horns. It was a good contest, not because I won the bulldogging but because you had to be good to win there.

Cliff King of Garden City won the steer roping and bucking horse riding. Bill Hale, known as Big Bill Hale, was one of the judges.

Mildred McConnell won the girl's bucking horse contest, but not until after a little trouble. It all started from the ride Mildred made the second day. The man on the snubbing horse, when he turned the rope loose from the saddle horn, let it get caught in the halter reins, pulling the reins from her hands. Mildred knew the rules was not to touch the leather, so she threw both hands up in the air. When I saw this, I said, "Keep 'em up, honey, ride him to the gun!" In those days they shot a pistol instead of blowing a whistle.

The horse bucked good. I looked for him to step on the reins but he didn't. The pickup man caught her horse and the crowd gave her a big hand. Bill Hale placed her first over the other girls. On the first day Mildred placed third; Jessey Roberts, first; Dorothy Morell second. The next day when the grand finals were held, Mildred placed first.

Jessey Roberts was a real rider and a good girl, her husband Johnny Roberts a real bulldogger. He was quite a man (5 feet 10 inches) and about 185 pounds of bone and muscle. Jessey jumped Mildred in a hair-pulling contest. Both had long, beautiful hair. I stood by and watched it. It looked like Jessey was winning by a lot of points. I asked Mildred if she'd had enough.

"No! I did not start this!" she answered.

Then Johnny Roberts said to me, "You big s-o-b, you stay out of this. I'm tired of hearing the names of Milt and Mildred always winning first money. You must be a good fixer with the judges, or have them all buffaloed!"

Neither he, nor any other man, could say one word about my queen, so I took him on for a short round. Jessey saw him laid out on the office floor, his nose bleeding like a stuck hog and she let Mildred loose. Oklahoma Curly Roberts then stepped in and when Johnny came to, Curly had us shake hands, which we did, and from then on we were the best of friends until he died in St. Louis a few years later.

RUBE ROBERTS was the brother of the popular Oklahoma Curly. He was a great cowboy. I was at Indianapolis, Indiana when he won the steer riding at Tex Austin's Roundup at the age of sixteen. Rube was also one of the greatest bulldoggers of all times. A big man, he won the London, England Rodeo in 1924; World's Championship Rodeo at Chicago, Illinois in 1925; New York Madison Square Garden Rodeo in 1926, and many others. Rube and I split money at lots of rodeos. He died at his home in Fort Worth, Texas.

Oklahoma Curly was a mighty man at bulldogging, riding a bad horse or as a fighter. He feared no one. He won first in bucking horse riding at Fort Worth, Texas in 1917. It was Fort Worth's first

Tad Lucas and the trophies she won for staying aboard many a bucking horse.

rodeo. (In 1916 the 101 Ranch was there, and in 1915 Homer Wilson and Lucille Mulhall put on a show with Slim Cassidy and me giving a bulldogging exhibition.) In 1921 at Cheyenne, Wyoming, Curly won second riding. In 1920-1923 and 1924 he took first money at Belle Fourche, South Dakota and in the Chicago, Illinois, Championship Rodeo in 1921. He repeated in Madison Square Garden, New York City in 1923. I could go on telling the different contests he won. Yes, the Roberts brothers were quite a pair of boys.

At Garden City that year, Louis Isler had his big carnival uptown on the streets. There were no lights at the fairgrounds for night rodeo. Louis had the best string of top wrestlers in the game on his athletic show—Ray Zimmerman, Joe Catrera, Cyclone Robbins Fisher out of Chicago, and Johnny Kollins, all good wrestlers.

At Garden City I was mounted on Cliff King's bulldogging horse, and paid one-fourth of my winnings to King. The horse was a good one, and this was one contest that I was happy to win, as all the top bulldoggers of that time were there. Cliff King was a good contestant, winning both the steer roping and bucking horse riding. I made well over $1,200 contesting and working the athletic show.

From Kansas, we headed for the first contest to be held at Gordon, Nebraska, a cowtown at the edge of the sand hills. The prize was not much, but Milt and Mildred, as Johnny Roberts said, were winners. Mildred won the girl's bucking horse riding; I won first in bulldogging. They gave all winners ribbons just as they did at horse shows. I won the blue ribbon for bulldogging and white for third at bucking horse riding.

Gordon was the home of a big 190-pound hunk of a man who was the Navy's champion wrestler. He was on furlough. What luck for me! We worked two nights and drew big crowds, but he was a winner—not me. Nebraska was —and is—full of the best wrestlers in the world.

In Iowa, I clowned the rodeo. On the second day of the show a pretty little seventeen-year-old girl from the nearby town of Cody was making her debut in the rodeo arena. She had on a pair of bib overalls. She was to ride, with a surcingle, one of the long-horned, white-faced Nebraska steers. Two mounted ropers pulled the animal out of the corral, one rope on head, one on heels or hindlegs. Her brother, Pretty Dog Barnes, helped her on with a foot boost. Fred Cox was holding the steer's head and horns while the ropes were removed. I was standing close by dressed as a clown with a suitcase.

The steer did a good job bucking and the little girl made a wonderful ride. Then the steer stopped bucking and started to run. There was a heavy wire oil field cable about four feet high across the back end of the arena. The steer started under the wire, but I got him by the head and horns and pulled him to one side, giving her a chance to get off. Why the pickup men did not try to help her I will never know, unless they were dumbfounded over her ride. The girl was Tad Barnes.

The second year after this she started making the rodeo circuits, became the wife of Buck Lucas, a well-known cowboy, and grew famous. Tad Lucas was without a doubt the world's champion cowgirl bucking rider.

AT THE CLOSE of the 1918 season Mildred wanted to go east to see her father and brother and get a divorce. The girl I married in Canada had already married again, so I was free.

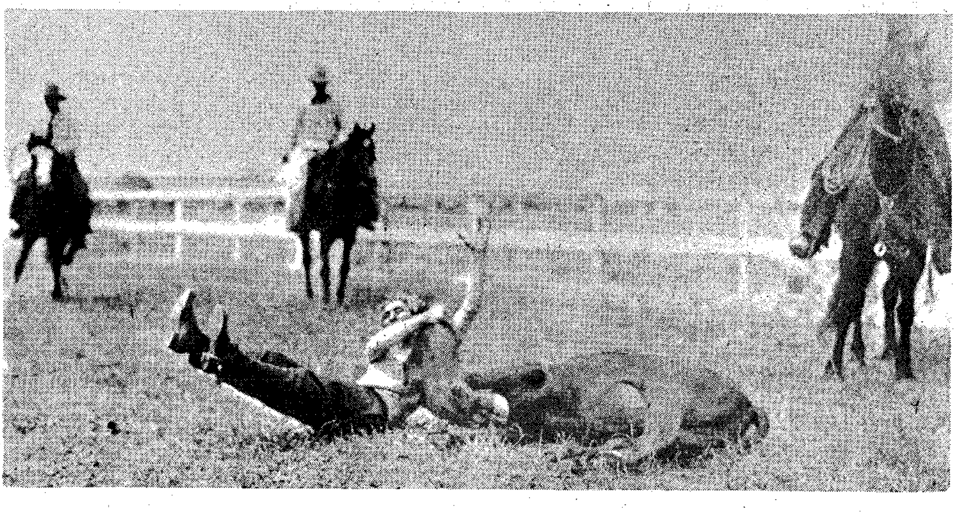
The war was still on and they needed more horses so I went back to riding inspection in Denver, St. Louis, Chicago, Omaha, Grand Island, Nebraska, and Kansas City, Missouri. I worked for Ben and Abe Franklin. For the next six months I was on the go, riding lots of horses, selling and buying, and filling my money belt with goldbacks. My diary shows that during this six months I rode 8,301 head, all hard buckers.

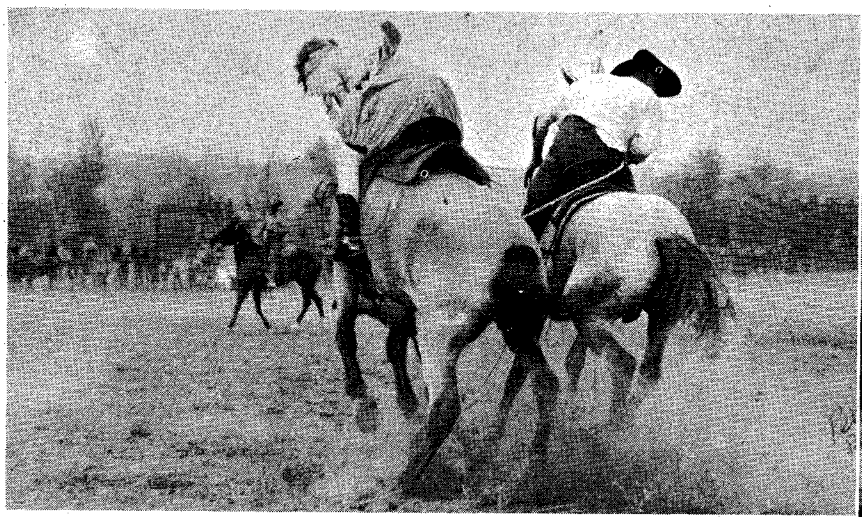
In May, 1918 Mildred and I went back to making the rodeo circuits, me clowning, boxing, wrestling, bulldogging, and having good luck. We made Belle Fourche, South Dakota that year on July 2-3-4. I made big money clowning, and also won the bulldogging. Mildred won the girl's bucking horse riding.

I worked the athletic show at nights, and sold postcards and pictures for Ralph R. Doubleday. He was the all-time great rodeo photographer. He made a specialty of it and made lots of money. I paid him sixty cents a set for ten pictures and resold them for a dollar. On the Fourth of July I sold 286 sets between the events. Doubleday covered rodeos for forty-five years, in fact, he helped make them popular by his exciting action pictures.

I recall the Tex Austin Rodeo at Indianapolis, Indiana in 1916. Doubleday had a room at the Claypool Hotel. He had four girls helping him sell pictures.

Milt Hinkle, champion bulldogger at the Tri-state Roundup, Belle Fourche, South Dakota, 1918.



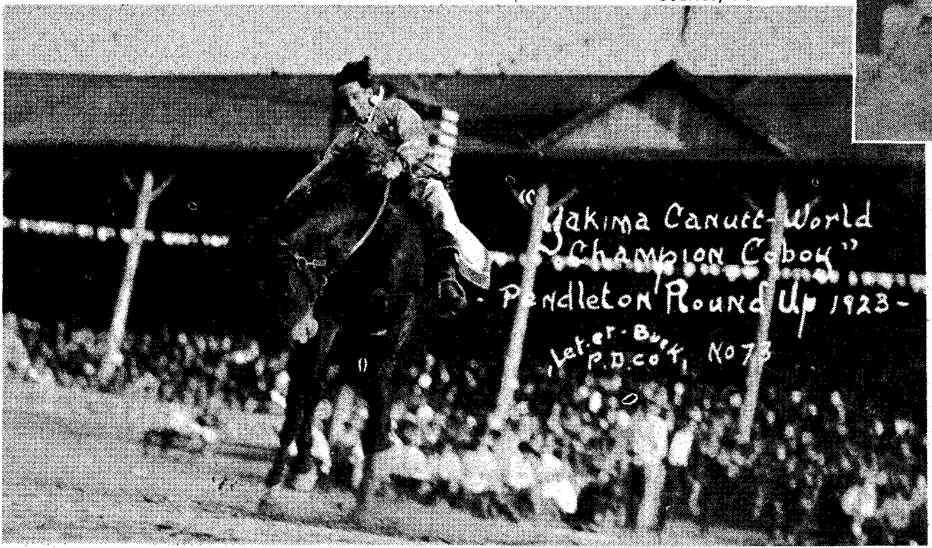


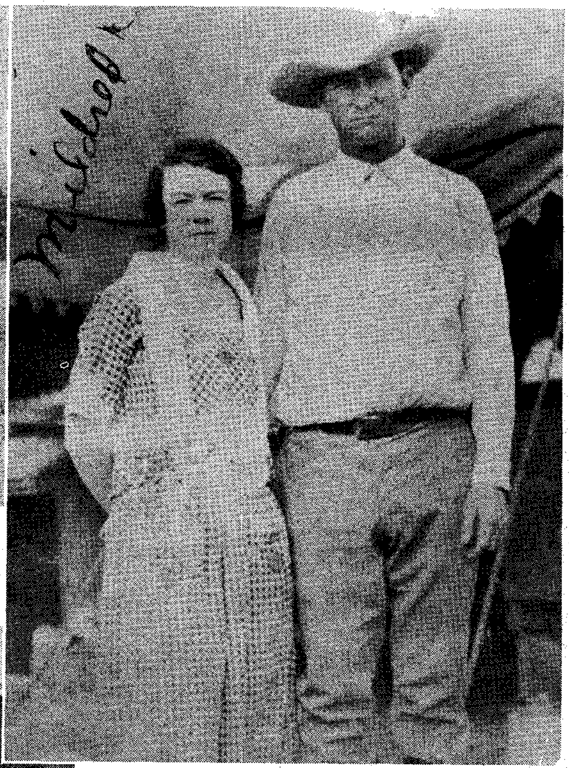
Courtesy Ken Freestone

Above, Prairie Rose Henderson at the Pendleton Roundup, 1923.

Below, World Champ Yakima Canutt at the Pendleton Roundup, 1923.

Courtesy Ken Freestone





Mildred and Milt Hinkle, 1919.

He would take them each day, develop and print them at night, and sell the next day. In the corner of his room, old-time one and two dollar bills were just thrown in a pile. The stack, I know, was at least a foot high and two feet wide. He liked liquor and women, and in his later life the poor fellow became blind. Doubleday, a great photographer, a good man and a rodeo booster, died in July, 1958. He is buried at Council Bluffs, Iowa.

Mildred and I made all the big rodeos that season, and that fall we were back in Gordon, Nebraska for the second annual roundup. I knew by this time I loved her, and decided it was time to get hitched, so we got in our Ford we had just bought, drove to Rushville, Nebraska and got the sheriff (whose name was Bruce) to tie the knot. The sheriff's wife and the jailer served as witnesses.

For the next seven and one-half years we were never apart, not even for one night. These were the best years of my life.

We played the big ball park that year at Shreveport, Louisiana on November 9-10-11. We had bought lots of good bucking horses and steers, and were now producing our own rodeo. I had Col. Zack Miller with me. The war was still on, the flu epidemic was plaguing the land, and we were losing lots of people—Ed Lindsey, a great bulldogger, had just died from it. But we had big crowds, and good news came on the 11th day of November. The Armistice was signed—the war was over.

That night about eight o'clock Mildred had a sharp pain in her side. She had ridden a very bad horse that afternoon, had done her shooting act and trick riding. I called an ambulance and rushed her to the hospital. where she had an emergency operation. I walked the floor, and was I happy when she came out from under the ether. November 11, 1918 was truly a great day for me—Mildred had been spared, and the good news had come that our boys would be back home.

IN SHREVEPORT, Louisiana, I met a man by the name of Brown. He liked rodeos so I took him in with me. He bought out the famous string of bucking horses from Lackman and Lewis who had a Wild West show in Texas. This gave us fourteen head of the best bucking horses ever in a rope arena, and two of the best pick-up and snubbing horses. Among them were Crazy Snake, one of the greatest of all time buckers; Big Steve, Montana Red, Preacher Dun, Cyclone Dick, Ragtime Jessie, and others. We showed in east Texas in sawmill towns until Christmas, 1918, then joined Dr. Barfield's big Metropolitan Carnival and shipped to winter quarters at Macon, Georgia.

When the rodeo season opened that next June, we were back on the circuit, doing what we loved so dear, winning and losing, just like a crap game. Yes, that is what we wanted.

For Mildred and me 1919 was a good season. I promoted a number of rodeos in Nebraska, Oklahoma and Texas. I will never forget the rodeo at Interior, South Dakota. It was just a small town with not more than a hundred people and right in the Badlands. The rodeo arena was at the foot of one of those South Dakota hills.

A Mr. White, a real estate agent, was promoter. John Cravins, a rancher, was arena man. Fred Cox, a well known bulldogger, and his wife Myrtle, a great bucking horse rider, were there. They then lived at Edgemont, Fall River County, South Dakota. Interior was named right as it was an inland town at the north end of the Pine Ridge Indian Reservation, and our biggest crowds were made up of those Indians. There were only two stores and six houses in the town, but there were hundreds of Indians with their tepees, wagons, horses and dogs. It was a sight to see, and at night the tomtoms never ceased.

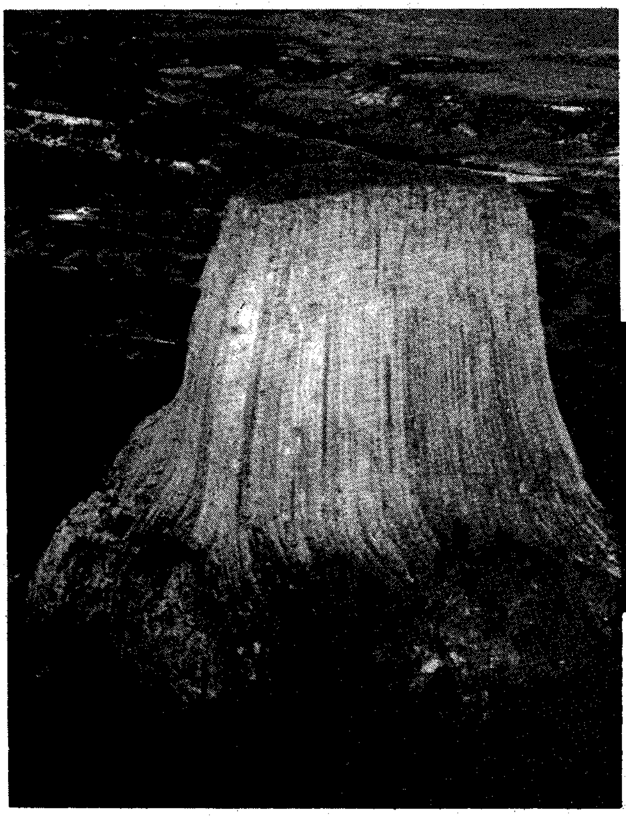
The ranchers also moved in on the little town. They came in wagons and buggies. There were two chuckwagons where you could eat for fifty cents, as the one and only cafe could not begin to feed the

(Continued on page 48)

THE FIRST WHITE MEN ON Devils Tower

By RAYMOND McINTYRE

Photo Courtesy Author



Devils Tower, Wyoming.

Indians had held it in awe; early trappers merely regarded it as a pilot point and landing place for birds. Then Rogers and Ripley appeared on the scene!

ONE OF THE most spectacular oddities in the Black Hills is the Devils Tower. Like a giant tree stump, the fluted rock shaft rises 865 feet from the tapered pedestal upon which it rests. The broken rock and talus slopes of its base are heavily fringed with virgin yellow pine, oak and ash forests.

Speculation as to its origin has given rise to an interesting assortment of Indian legends and scientific theories. You can even make up one of your own if you wish.

So early and so generally was its uniqueness recognized that it was added to the National Park system as our first national monument and has become one of the great tourist attractions of Wyoming.

Geologists will tell you that about twenty million or so years ago certain internal strains caused weak spots to develop in the earth's outer crust. Hot molten rock from great depths was forced upward into one of these weakened zones. This material may never have reached the surface. However, it did eventually cool and remained embedded in the sedimentary layers that form the outer skin of the earth. As time went on, erosion removed the softer sedimentary layers but the great mass of intruded rock that today forms Devils Tower was so hard and resisted the elements so successfully that it remained like a finger, pointing at the sky.

To the Indians the Tower is known as Mateo Tipi. The most generally accepted translation of Mateo Tipi is "Home of the Grizzly Bear." Old-timers say that at one time bears were quite numerous in the locality.

Many variations of an old Indian legend are told but all have a similar theme. Several young Indian hunters had the bad judgment to offend one of these bears. When the bear started in pursuit of them, there was no place to go to escape from the infuriated animal. To better defend themselves, the Indians tried to make a stand against the bear from the top of a low rock. As the animal came toward the hunters the rock suddenly began to grow, carrying the hunters upward out of the bear's reach. The animal made frantic attempts to claw his way to the top of the rock. All his efforts were in vain and the hunters were left unharmed. To prove the story, the Indians point to the deep vertical striations in the sides of the Tower which, they say, were made by the bear's claws. All Indian tribes now regard the place as sacred.

For once, the followers of Paul Bunyan have had nothing to say. They give Paul and his Blue Ox credit for minor feats such as the gouging out of the Mississippi River and the logging off of North Dakota. While he seems to have done these jobs with comparative ease, Paul's most ardent supporters have been hesitant to connect him with anything like the building of Devils Tower. It was just too big a deal for Paul and his Blue Ox to handle.

The name of the first white man to see Devils Tower is unknown. It is believed that it was seen by beaver trappers traveling west to the Rocky Mountains. The first written references to the Tower were made by military men in their official records. In one of General Dodge's accounts a full description was given. He considered the summit as being accessible only to birds. The report included the statement that the Indians called it "The Bad God's Tower." This may have been an erroneous translation but it is presumed to have been the origin of the name "Devils Tower."

EVENTUALLY the military forces cleared the Indians from the region. With this hazard removed, prospectors stampeded into the Black Hills. A fortunate few found gold. Many of the others turned to farming and stockraising for a livelihood.

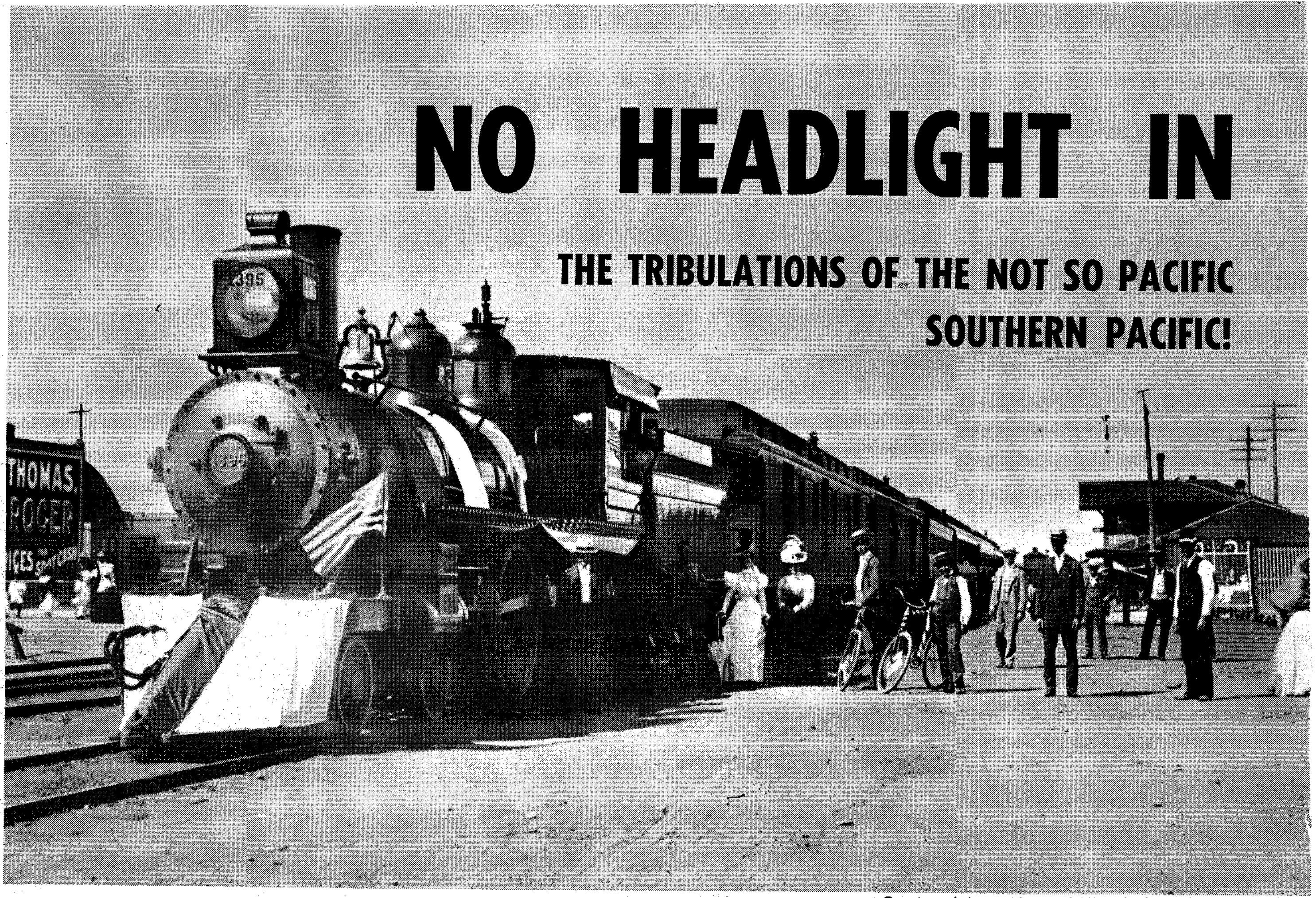
Among the latter group was Will Rogers (no relative of the famous humorist). Rogers took up a homestead about five miles to the north of Devils Tower and went into the horse-ranching business on a small scale. The great mass of rock always fascinated him and on several occasions he expressed a desire to climb to the top of it. Rogers found a kindred spirit in Willard Ripley. Ripley had acquired a homestead just east of the Roger holdings.

Early in the spring of 1893 they completed their plans. They not only

(Continued on page 52)

NO HEADLIGHT IN

THE TRIBULATIONS OF THE NOT SO PACIFIC SOUTHERN PACIFIC!



Courtesy Arizona Pioneers' Historical Society Library

Locomotive #1395 with the straight-stack was photographed in front of the original Southern Pacific Depot in Tucson about 1895. The townspeople admire the bunting and waving flags.

HARDLY anyone mourned the passing of the stagecoach more than the energetic roadside bandit who soberly considered that now he might have to go to work. When things were blackest, however, a new day dawned on the desert. Word reached Tucson that a railroad was being built from the Pacific Coast.

As the Southern Pacific inched its way across the Southwest, anticipation gripped businessman and bandit alike. For both, Arizona Territory was now truly going to be the Land of Opportunity. The railroad was going to have to take the bitter with the better. Temporarily out of business when the Butterfield Stage stopped, every penniless highwayman eagerly began plotting nefarious deeds. It wasn't that they had anything against the S-P but, unfortunately for the company, it was the only railroad around.

With devastating logic, gunmen recognized the blessings of "progress." A stagecoach carried perhaps five or six armed passengers, with maybe a box of gold under the apron. But a whole train—ah, that was different! Hundreds of effete, unarmed Easterners innocently traveling in make-believe safety, plus baggage and express cars filled with gold and silver—now there was a prize worth trying for! Might as well get hanged for a herd as for a horse. And so the attacks began, almost as swiftly as the tracks were laid.

Unlike other railroads, the S-P laid its track "going the other way." It reached the Colorado River at Yuma on September 17, 1877 and Tucson, Arizona Territory on March 20, 1880. An impressive ceremony, with bunting and flags on the locomotive, was held in the center of the old pueblo. General Miles and the mayor officiated in a grand display in front of the new depot. You can be sure that there were many desperados in the gay assemblage, carefully casing the locomotives with their tall spark-catching stacks.

On October 25, President Hayes stopped in Tucson on his trip west. Bandits left his train alone. However, the list of holdups, planned train wrecks and general disagreeableness which followed the S-P across southern Arizona has to be detailed to be believed.

THE JUMBLE of robbery reports with all their discrepant dates suggests that perhaps they could be lumped into attacks on eastbound trains or on westbound trains. Not so, because almost all were made on the westbound express. The favorite locale was the long stretch of track between what is now Steins, New Mexico and Tucson, Arizona, and especially that little uphill section between Benson and Papago Station. This ten-mile stretch of track winding its way through the cactus had a peculiar attraction which brought in every outlaw for miles around.

With almost monotonous regularity some bandit or another was holding up the westbound trains. After a while, the Wells Fargo and Southern Pacific agents were simply referring to the various sites as being "so many miles from the last robbery." This manner of description did not endear them to the stockholders. Adding to the woe was the remarkable restraint shown by the brave sheriff who always held up his posse until after the next heavy rain washed away the trail of the train robbers. (This was hardly necessary because all of the bandits promptly headed north with their loot and disappeared into the only cave in the vicinity.)

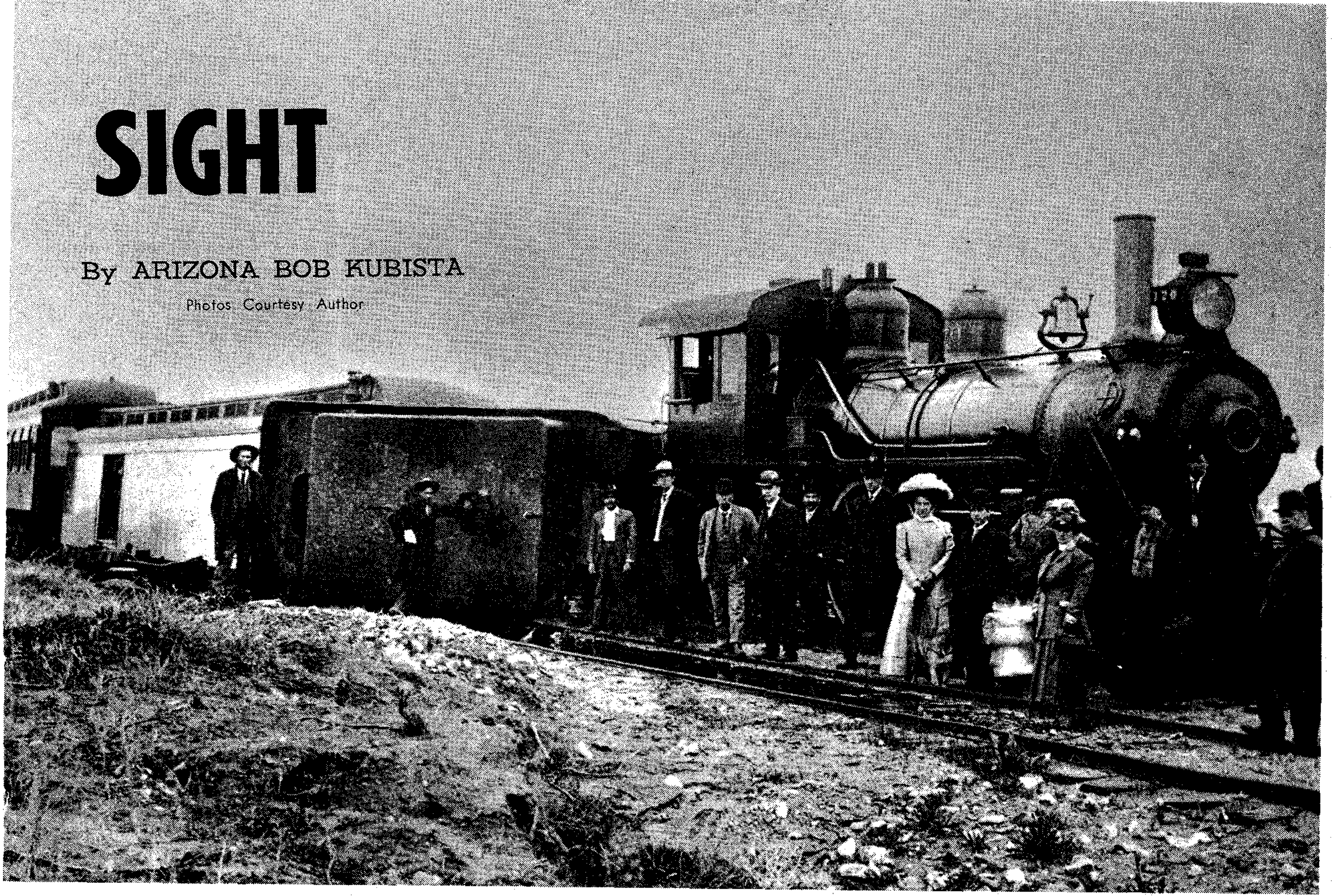
That the "Hole in the Wall Cave" had two openings was consistently overlooked, and the comedy was repeated over and over again. While the posse was guarding one hole, the bandits escaped from the other. Today that cave is called "Colossal Cave" and when you visit it now you can see both openings just 300 yards apart in plain view of one another. Five miles south of this cave there were at least five, and possibly as many as seven, train robberies successfully carried out. No one was ever killed because the participants seemed to know local ground rules and prudently followed them to the letter.

When the first scheduled passenger train rolled into Tucson, Arizona Terri-

SIGHT

By ARIZONA BOB KUBISTA

Photos Courtesy Author



Courtesy Arizona Pioneers' Historical Society Library

Southern Pacific derailment near Benson, Arizona, about 1888. From the files of Graham County Historical Society, Safford, Arizona.

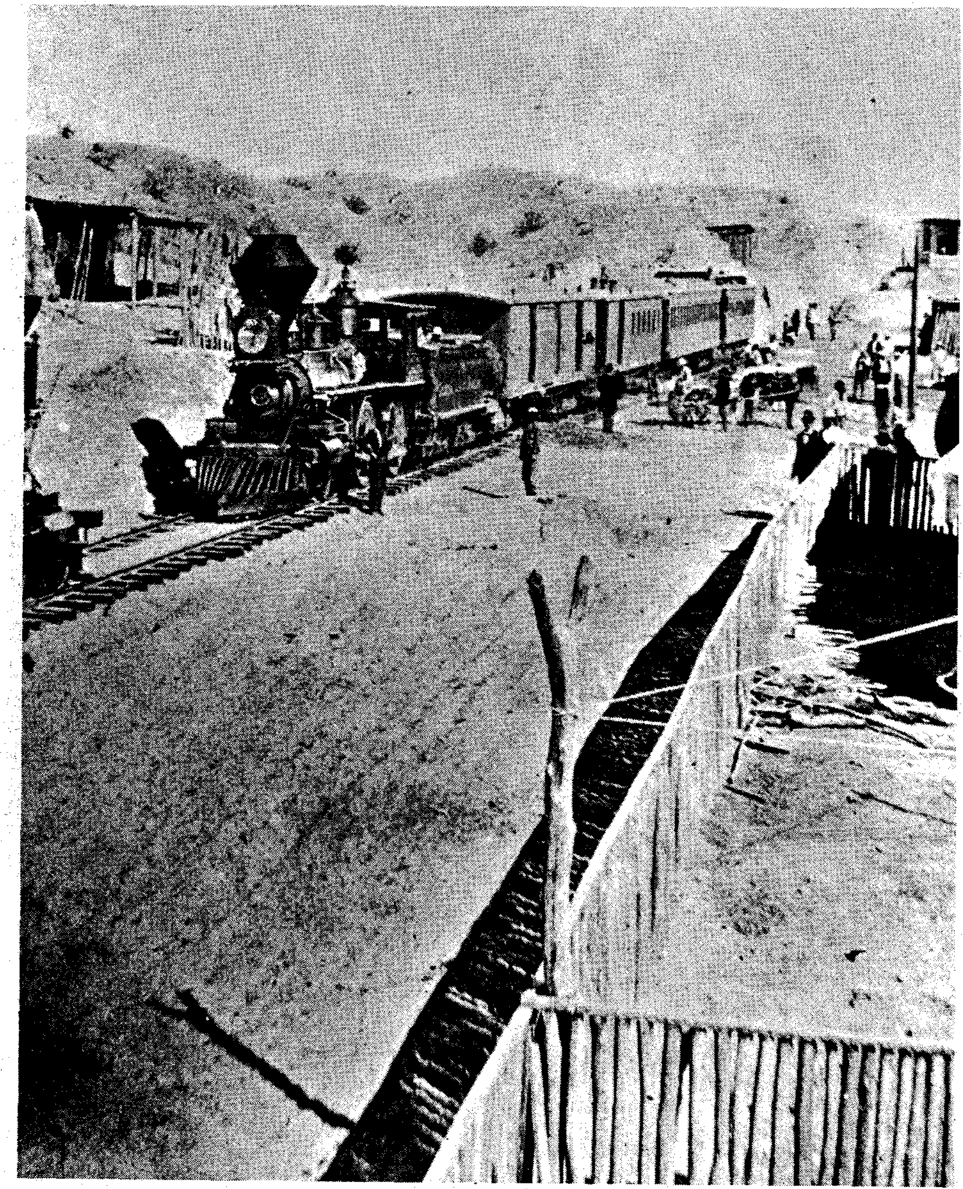
tory on a sunny day in March 1880 with Engineer Jack W. Bruce at the throttle, the steam locomotive was greeted by the roar of cannon and a wild celebration. Eight years later on January 17, the first real Pullman train stopped in Tucson and again the good citizens turned out in their frontier finery to marvel at the wonder of plush seats and gas-lit cars. In the interim, bandits had already held up the train several times. "No headlight in sight," which became the dispatcher's usual report, was sure to send the sheriff and his posse galloping off into the darkness but never getting to the scene in time to capture everybody. It has been said the lawmen were "long on bravery but short on brains."

THE TRAIN ROBBERS settled down to serious business on the night of April 27, 1887 and their subsequent activities were recorded in fine detail in the *Arizona Citizen.* Train #20 westbound from Benson was laboring uphill about sixteen miles from Tucson when it was violently attacked. Due at Tucson at 10:45, Engineer William Harper was rudely surprised at 9:55 by a red lantern on the tracks ahead. He came to a halt amid the explosions of several cartridges laid on the rails, plus a volley of twenty or twenty-five pistol shots. No sooner had he stopped short of obstructions thrown across the rails than his cab was invaded by two masked bandits while others uncoupled the baggage and express cars.

Engineer Harper and Fireman John Clancy were forced to pull the locomotive and tender three car-lengths ahead, while giving the bandits a short course in locomotive running. Back in the express car Messenger Charles F. Smith and his postal clerk locked themselves in and were prepared to sit it out. However, the bandits were prepared for this eventuality and had brought along twelve sticks of "giant powder" to persuade the pair to do otherwise. To save their lives Engineer Harper readily agreed to light an engine torch, and after walking back to the barricaded express car he convinced the brave guards they should "open up, or get blown to hell." The engine, mail and express cars were then pulled six miles closer to Tucson, stopping about one mile west of Papago Station where the bandits hurriedly damaged the locomotive and left with their loot.

The haul was no more than $3,000, of which $1,500 was railroad funds and the rest Mexican silver. The bulk of the money ($5,000) had been safely hidden in the wood stove in the express car by Messenger Smith. Two large packets of 2c stamps were taken and all registered mail opened but nothing else was touched. Four bandits were involved, and possibly as many as eight. Engineer Harper complained that his gold watch and $20 was missing, but added that "one of the passing bandits bade me a pleasant good night" as he rode off. So this set of bandits was fairly gentlemanly, but the ones to follow should not have been invited to a skunk rassle much less a train robbery.

When the westbound failed to arrive in Tucson by midnight, Pima County Sheriff Shibell, with his deputy and Doctor Handy for company, left on the next eastbound train. Early Thursday morning they found the disabled locomotive near Esmond Station, now a small stop on the southeast corner of the David-Monthan Air Force Base. The damaged engine was hauled into town by 6 a.m. and liberal rewards were posted, to no effect. Southern Pacific Railroad offered a $1,000 reward for each bandit, and Wells Fargo added their $1,000, and the U.S. Government piled on an additional $200 for every mail robber. Later on, Territorial Governor C. Meyer Zulich authorized another $500 reward in advertisements liberally sprinkled through issues of the *Arizona Citizen* for five full weeks. There were no takers. The only clue turned up three weeks later, in the form of a letter dropped in a clothing store. It read ". . . paint yourself black and be sure to cover your *red* hair." The authorities dismissed this as a plant, and they may have been correct. On June 4, Railroad Detective Hume closed the case and stated "he doubted the bandits will ever be caught." He was right.

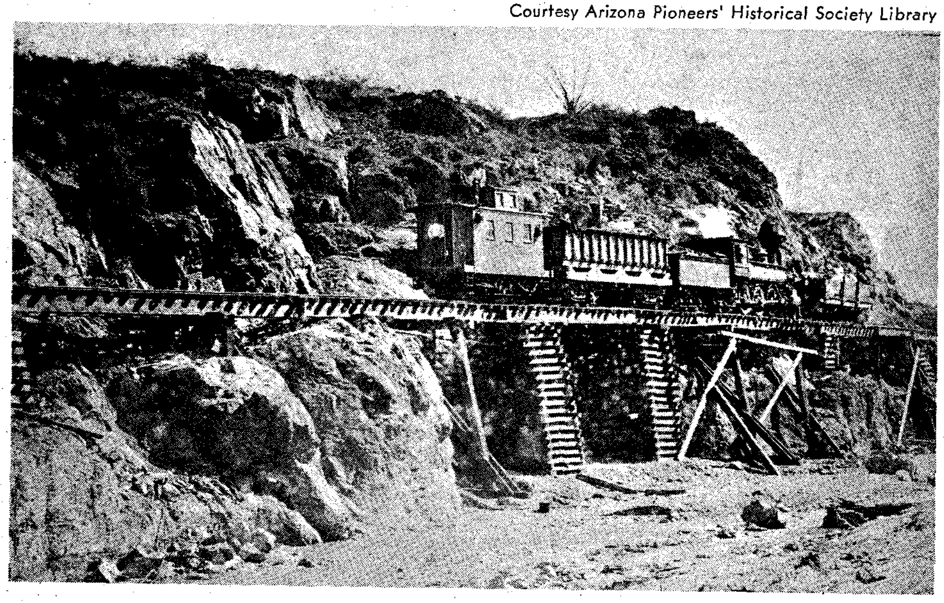


Courtesy Arizona Pioneers' Historical Society Library

Two work trains meet somewhere between Yuma and Tucson, Arizona Territory, in 1880. Old Reliable #118 is pulling an early sleeper car. Ramshackle adobe and pole buildings line the track as towns begin to grow.

Cienega Wash was the locale of many train holdups because, due to many washouts, the locomotives had to slowly and gingerly roll across makeshift bridges. Photo taken in 1888.

Courtesy Arizona Pioneers' Historical Society Library



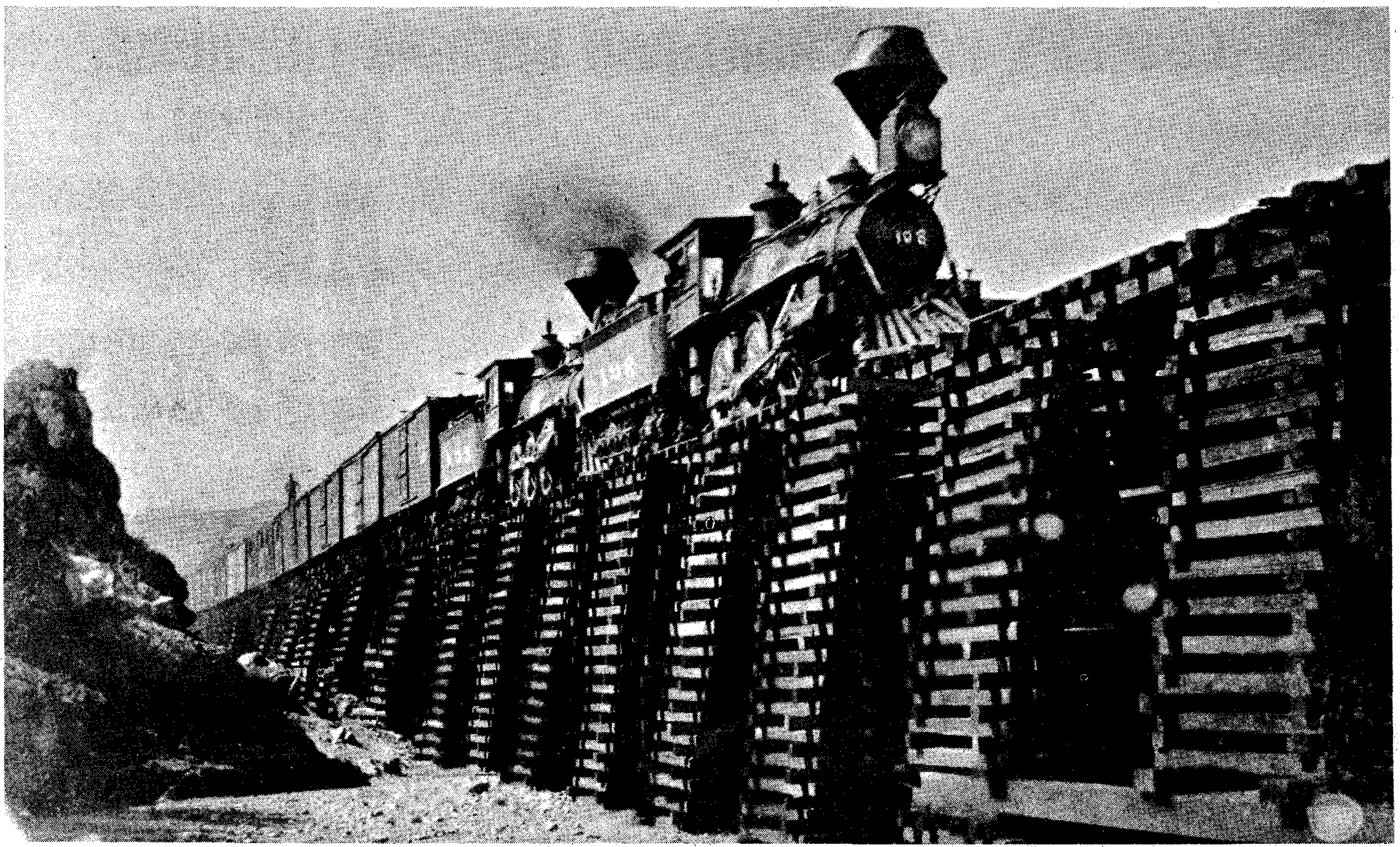
Stoically the railroad carried on, only to be stopped at almost exactly the same spot during a daring holdup which lasted a whole hour and ten minutes! Newspaper accounts of the second holdup were obviously written by angry editors. One account reads, "They overturn the engine, blow open the express car and escape with their loot, but there are no clues." Their reports were sprinkled with salty remarks and wry comments, not necessarily meant to please local law officials.

ON THE NIGHT of August 10, 1887 the westbound failed to come in again, although it was known to have passed Pantano in good shape and on time. Pantano is another name for an old Butterfield Stage stop known earlier as "La Cienega." This marshy place is quite close to a deep canyon, the scene of many washouts after desert storms.

Telegraph lines had been up since January 1, 1881 but the sheriff eventually got his news from a handcar crew of what had occurred. As midnight had approached in Tucson and with no sign of a locomotive, it was decided to send out a relief train to see what had happened. As the relief engine gingerly approached Papago Station the engineer was startled by the rapid firing of a revolver in front of him. Guessing that something had gone wrong and not caring to be the next target, he reversed his wheels and was slowly backing toward town when he heard someone call out. He stopped and was speedily overtaken by two men on a handcar. Conductor Gillespie and W. G. Whorf, both of Tucson, stated that the express had been robbed "about one mile east of the last holdup" and asked for a ride into town. There, they reported the facts to Railroad Superintendent Noble who ordered out the wrecking train and also Sheriff Shibell and Deputy U.S. Marshal Underwood, Marshal Meade being absent.

The wrecking train left at the earliest possible moment for the scene of the trouble. Sheriff Shibell (accompanied by five deputies plus Marshal Underwood), Superintendent Noble, Master Mechanic Bonner, Doctors Handy and Adler, H. B. Tenney of the *Arizona Citizen*, P. L. Crovat and M. S. Snyder, were on board. Several other unnamed gentlemen went along for the ride. They reached the wrecked train about 5 o'clock in the morning and found the engine and tender overturned, the mail and forward trucks of the baggage car off the track, the express car robbed and several persons slightly injured, but no one was killed.

In all the excitement it was only natural that different accounts should be given, but a point of general agreement was that Locomotive #95 was laboring uphill from Cienega Canyon having passed Pantano Station moments before, when a red light flashed in the air and torpedoes began exploding on the tracks. Engineer James Guthrie and Fireman R. T. Bradford endeavored to stop the heavy train by throwing the full force of the air brakes against the wheels. It was too late to save the engine. A gravel switch had been opened and the locomotive thundered off the



Courtesy Arizona Pioneers' Historical Society Library

Engines #133 and #108 of the Southern Pacific on the trestle at Cienega Canyon, eighteen miles east of Tucson. A cloudburst in August 1888, wiped out seven miles of track in the canyon and most of it had to be cribbed with ties until a new track could be built on the hillside.

rails and onto the ties before stopping, with the tender slowly careening over. At that point the track was a succession of cuts and fills, and it was on one of the latter about fifty feet high that the engine turned over also. Luckily, the fill was wide enough to prevent the engine from falling all the way down the high bank.

After giving their first signal to stop, the bandits began to fire at random into the train, and especially did they direct their attention to the cab of the locomotive. The shooting was done mostly from the north side of the tracks. One shot struck the boiler and penetrated the casing but did no further damage. The other came into the cab proper, passed under Fireman Bradford's nose, burning his lip and cutting off his mustache! To save themselves the two trainmen crouched low in the cab and held on for dear life.

Once it became apparent the engine was settling to the north, Engineer Guthrie sprang out into the night air and landed atop a mesquite tree fifty feet below. Before Fireman Bradford could follow suit, the engine and tender had closed enough to bar exit in that direction and he had to go through the cab window. Bradford kept his hold until his feet touched ground, let go, and then raced the settling locomotive to the bottom of the embankment. Together the men rolled down the ditch, fully expecting the steaming locomotive to smash them at any moment. Guthrie, as big as he was, was uninjured but Bradford was bruised about the hips.

In the moonlight, the robbers were busy with their work. Hurrying to the locked express car, they demanded that the messenger open the sliding door. When he boldly refused, they hung a single stick of "giant powder" or dynamite on the door and blew it open. The door didn't come off entirely, but the rent in its side was large enough for a man to crawl through. In short order, two of the robbers were in the car facing the same messenger who had been in the car during the other robbery, the one who had secreted $5,000 in the unlit stove.

Charles F. Smith and Route Agent Gault defiantly refused to open the safe, even though the two robbers recognized the messenger at once and one of them lightly warned, "Smithy, the stove racket don't go this time." Smith still refused to open the safe but was brought to time by a few taps over the head with a revolver, which bruised him up considerably. The bandits went through the box, cleaning out the American money. There was also considerable Mexican coin, but they delved into it sparingly and what they did take they afterwards left.

From the express car they progressed to the mail car, leisurely looking through it but molesting nothing. As soon as they had selected their plunder, the bandits walked west along the track for possibly 100 yards, crossed down into the Cienega, then over and onto a small knoll on the north bank, all in full view of the train passengers. There they rested and calmly discussed the whole situation. Engineer Guthrie and Fireman Bradford from their place of concealment distinctly heard one of the robbers say, "Our meeting place is further up," after which one of the gang gave a peculiar whistle and shortly afterwards the whole band left in the direction of the Rincon Mountains.

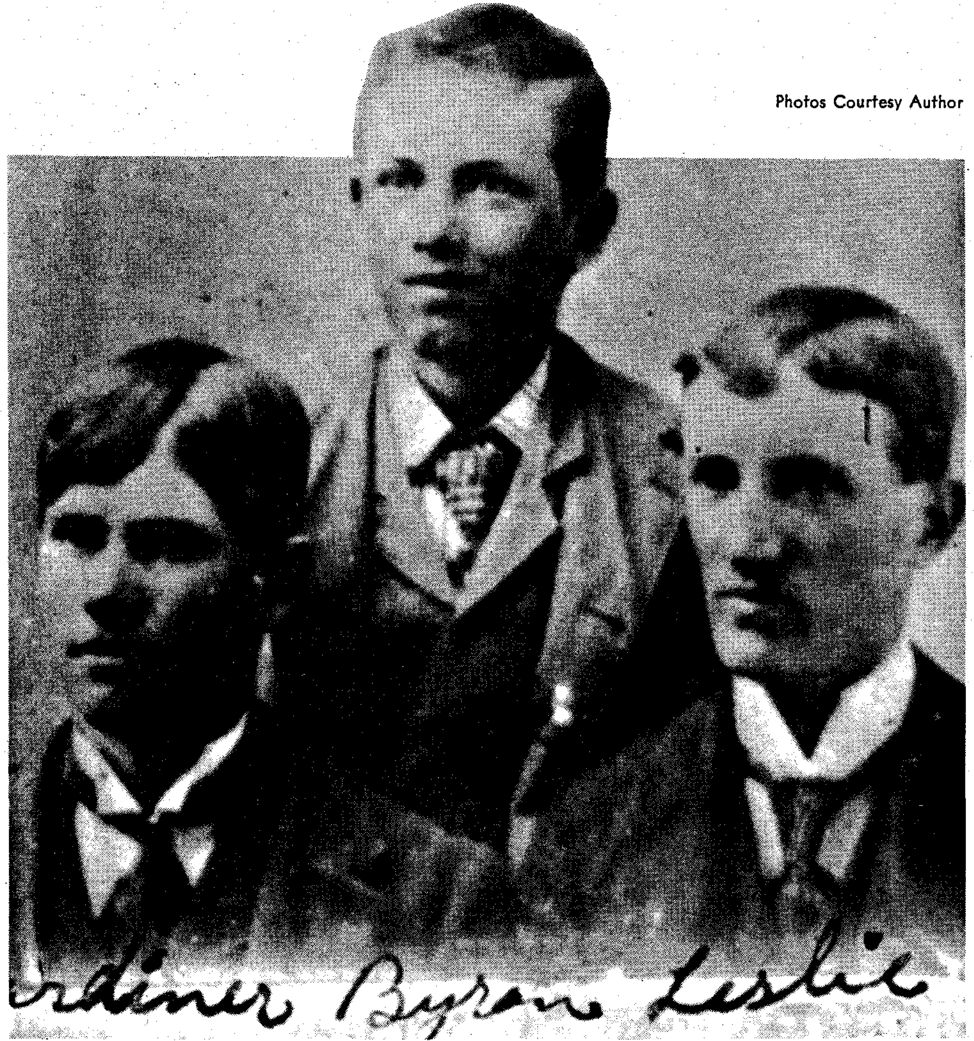
AS SOON AS he knew positively the robbers had left, Messenger Smith left the express car and went to the "sleeper" where he met Conductor Gillespie, W. G. Whorf and several other passengers who were discussing the sorry situation at some length. Soon they were joined by the engineer and fireman who had been feared killed when the locomotive turned over. All agreed that there were not less than four, nor more than five, bandits because while only two of them worked the express car, others could be seen on the bank above. All through the holdup, one man was lying down in plain view from the sleeping car window, and another, armed with a Winchester repeating rifle, stood guard on the hill. Their leader, a large man, had stationed himself at the west end of the sleeper and had said little other than swearing at his smaller companion called "Pistol" and telling him to hurry up. Outside the car the bandits talked loudly, heaping considerable abuse on Conductor Gillespie, and were evidently desirous of being heard. Some offered several times to kill him if the opportunity presented itself, and all of them seemed quite familiar with the names of the trainmen. After the first flurry of shots one of the robbers curtly announced they

(Continued on page 72)

A TEENAGER, BADLY HURT AND HEADING FOR HOME, PICKS UP AN ESCORT OF WOLVES

By BYRON GOODRICH
as told to
ROBERT GOODRICH

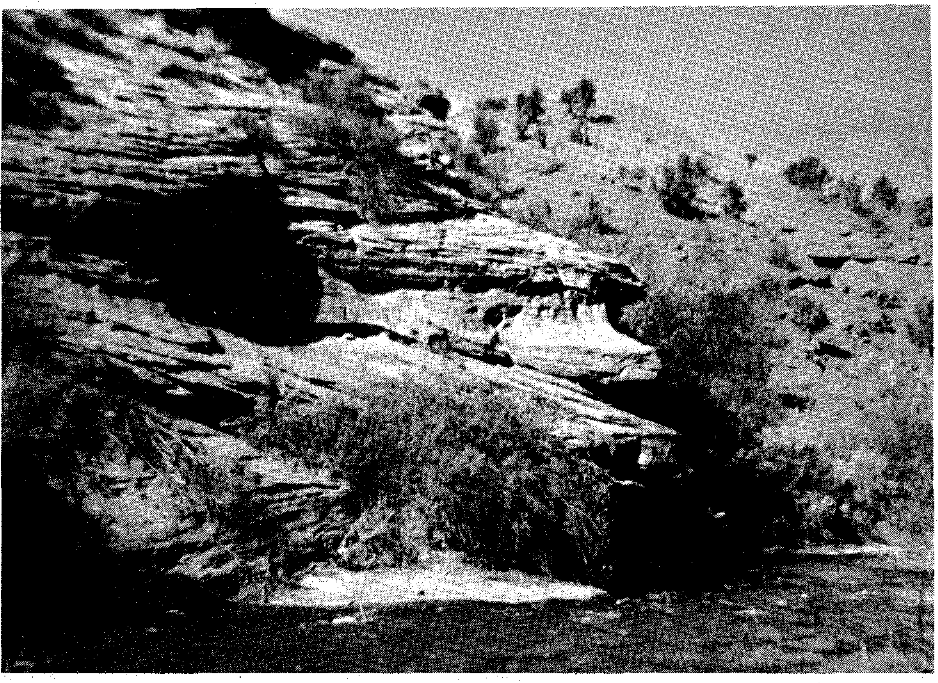
Photos Courtesy Author



Courtesy Byron Goodrich

Byron Goodrich (center) with his brother Gard, who accompanied him on the trip, and Leslie. The photo was taken about two years after the events in the story.

Brush Creek as it appears today. The boys camped about 100 yards from this spot.



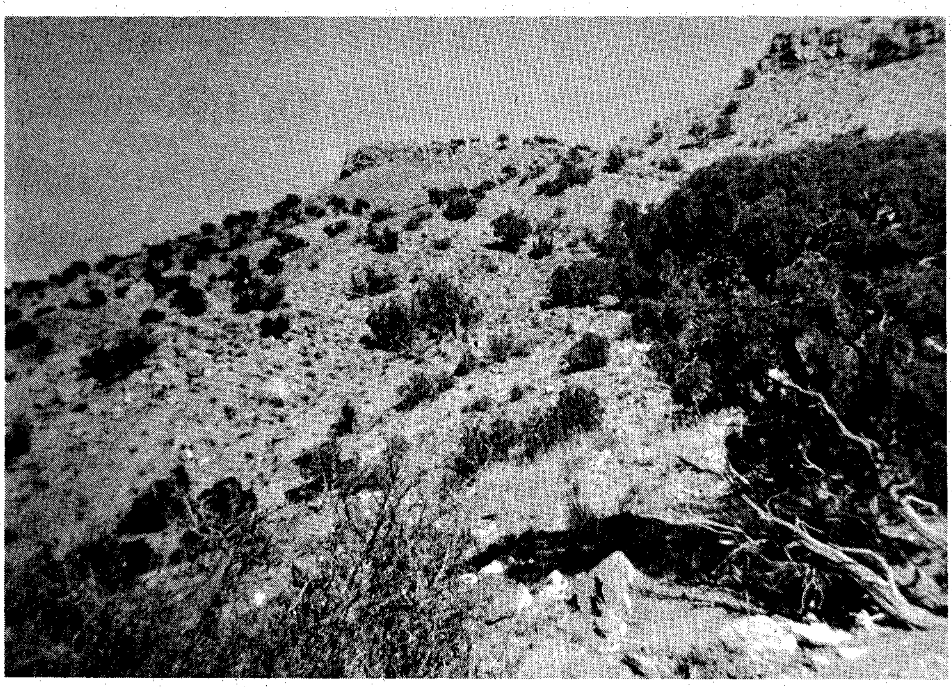
I GUESS THE two wolves started following me because they could smell the blood on my face and clothes. I didn't know for sure they were wolves at the time. At first I thought they were coyotes. But I've realized since they were too big. If my dog were alive today I suppose he could tell you for sure. He saw them before I did and started to bristle up and growl.

It was late in June, 1902. I was about fifteen. My brother Gard and I had put our cattle together with the Powell herd to drive them up on Brush Creek Mountain, north of Vernal (Utah). Heber Powell and his brother Jim took a team and wagon with blankets and supplies. We figured the trip would take us nearly a week. I rode a black and white pinto mare—a beautiful animal. I was plenty proud of her. I had no idea the trouble and danger she would bring me in the next couple of days.

It was nearly sundown when we got to Brush Creek. We planned to stay there for the night. We hobbled our horses and were setting up camp when a man drove up with a wagon and a team of mules. He had a load of timber and had just come down off the mountain, planning to camp there too. He unhitched them and fed them some hay in a makeshift manger. It ran along one end of a little log building that used to stand there at the old Brush Creek crossing.

My pinto mare, seeing the hay, crowded in between the two mules and started helping them eat their supper. I knew the owner wouldn't like it but I didn't know how to get her out. I didn't want to get close to those mules. I knew you could always depend on a mule kicking you if you gave him half a chance.

Finding a long stick I walked up to



The wolves met young Goodrich on each of the jutting points of rock as he rode down six-mile-long Stanaker Draw.

them from behind. When I got close enough I gave my horse a good whack on the rump. She must have had her eye on me all the time. She lunged back and kicked viciously with both feet. I guess only one foot hit me but it was enough to knock me flat. I hadn't known of her kicking anybody before, but she sure landed me a good one that time. Jim Powell saw what happened and doubled up laughing. He soon saw it was serious, though, and quit.

I DON'T THINK I was knocked out. I got up and discovered my face was dirty and bleeding so I walked the few steps down to the creek to wash it off. Scooping up water to rinse my face, I was surprised to find I couldn't hold any in my mouth. It just ran out through a big cut in my cheek. I realized then I was hurt pretty bad and began to worry about the rest of the trip. All I had in the way of "first aid" was a big bandana handkerchief. I wrapped it around my head the best I could to try to stop the bleeding.

It was after sundown by that time. Some supper was cooked over a little fire, but of course I didn't eat anything. We rolled out our blankets on the ground and bedded down for the night. I went to bed but couldn't sleep. My head ached and I was worried about the next day. It was a night of misery.

AT DAYLIGHT my brother helped me saddle my mare and I headed for home. I had to poke along at a slow walk because my head hurt real bad by that time. It had swelled up big and I was weak from losing so much blood. My black and white dog Maidge followed me on the trail and I welcomed the company.

I had ridden all the way up out of Brush Creek and started down Stanaker Draw when I saw the two wolves. I was still about ten miles from home. Maidge saw them first and started to growl and raise the hair on the back of his neck. They were some distance off to my left, standing up on one of the rocky ledges that jut out at intervals into the draw.

As I continued on past the point where they were standing they disappeared. I thought they were gone, but they showed up again on the next jutting point down the canyon. Maidge became even more upset. I guess I could have told him to "sic 'em" but I think he was pretty much afraid. I don't remember being scared much myself. I guess I was in shock some and also pretty weak. Anyway I kept telling myself they were only coyotes.

The two followed me all the way down that long canyon—I guess for five or six miles. Sometimes they had to go a long way around to appear on the next point below which I had to pass. But they were always there to meet me. I'm glad they didn't come too close. If they had got my horse excited enough to run a little I probably would have fainted and fallen off. When we got to the mouth of Stanaker Draw they disappeared for good.

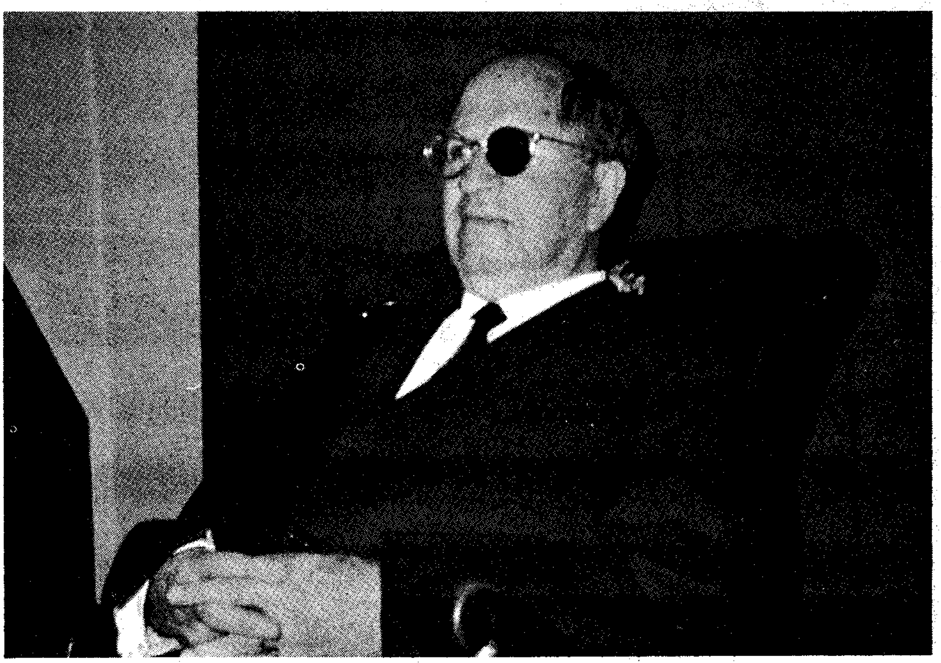
I got to Naples, a little community three miles east of my home town, about noon. My married brother George lived there and I stopped for a badly needed drink of water. My brother's wife was quite shocked at my ghastly appearance. She helped me wash up and applied some antiseptic water before I continued on home.

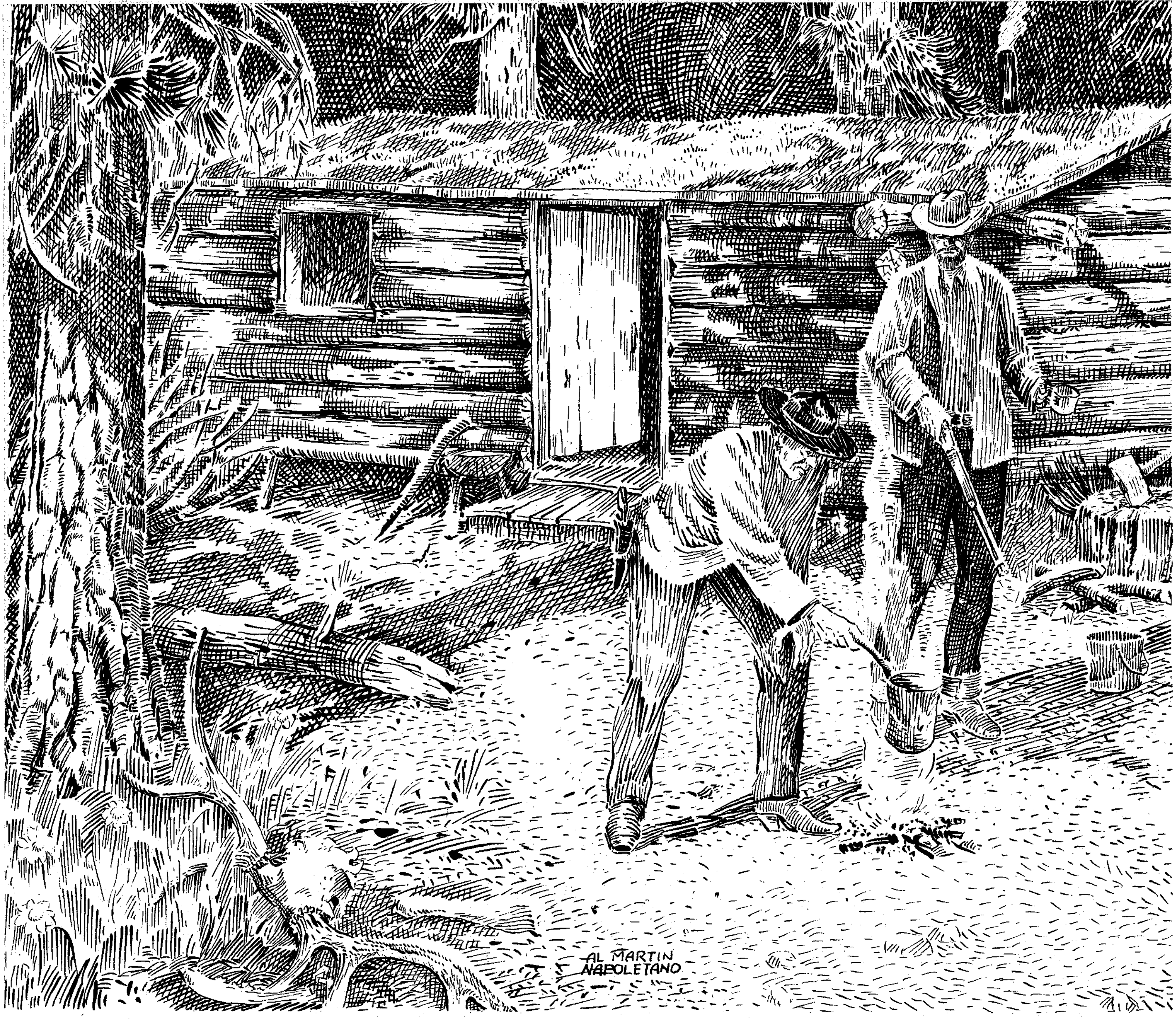
There I found out what I looked like when I got up nerve to look into a mirror—there was a perfect horseshoe print over the entire left side of my face, from just under my eye clear down under by chin. A deep, five-inch cut ran in a broad curve from under my chin up nearly to the top of my ear.

The wound took all summer to heal. We didn't know much about medicine in those days and there were no antibiotics. My mother would bandage up my face every morning, but I never went to a doctor. Since then I've had a lot of trouble with that side of my face, including a crumbling mastoid bone, lots of ear and eye aches and a cataract which had to be removed. I've often wondered how much that kick had to do with it.

It's been well over half a century now since that experience, and many of the details are dimming in my memory. One thing that certainly never grows dim, though, is the memory of those two wolves standing there on the rocks, gazing down at me like big panting dogs.

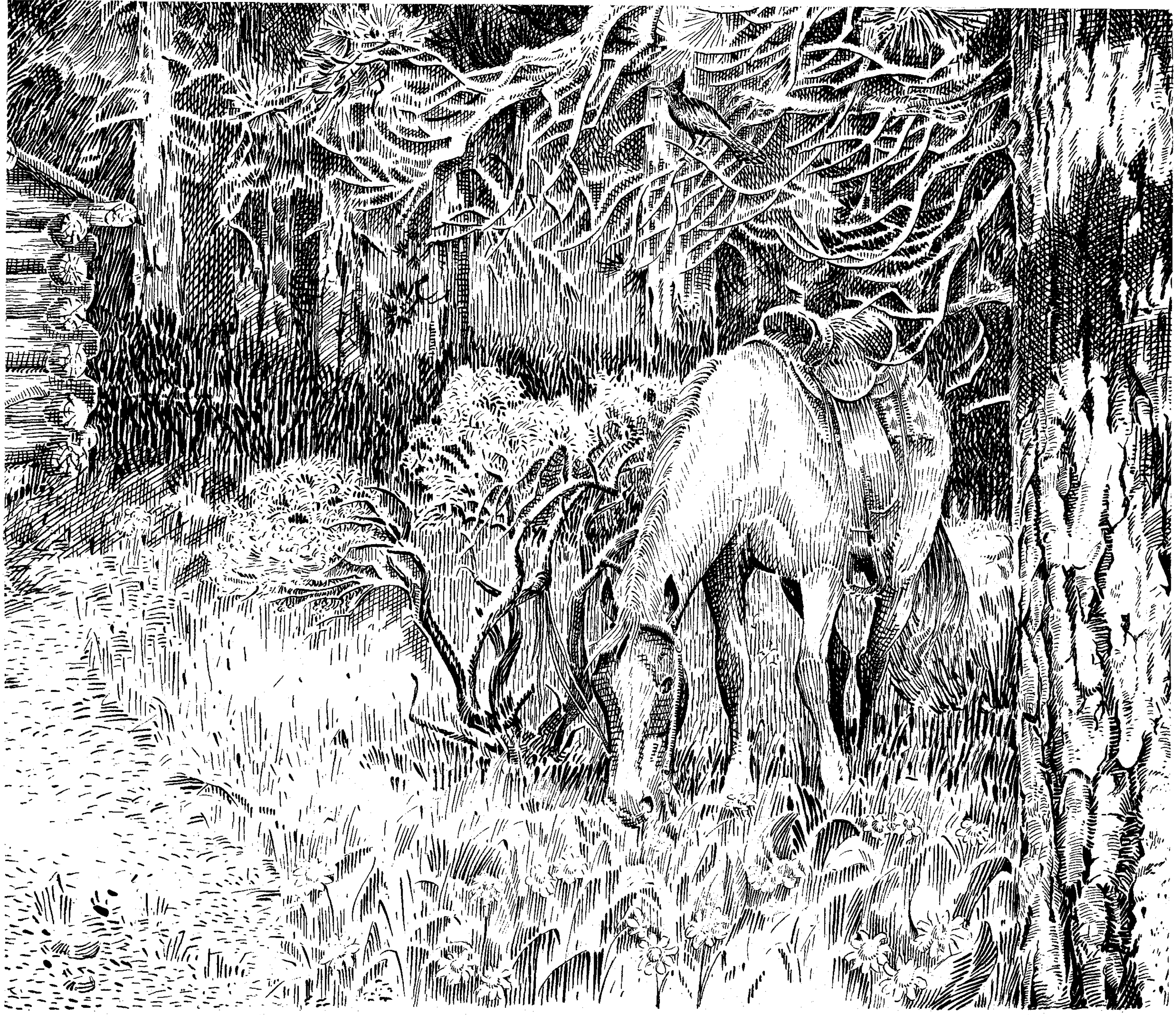
Byron Goodrich as he appears at the age of 80, at his home in Vernal, Utah. The old scar is visible on the left side of his face. An operation six years ago left him completely blind in the left eye.




AL MARTIN
NAPOLETANO

Fred was not the polecat kind of outlaw—he just let his judgment slip out of gear, and it put him on the run

The MAN WHO STOLE THE HARNESS



By PETE KNESS
as told to F. W. COPELAND

Illustrated by Al Martin Napoletano

FRED COOPER of La Plata County, Colorado was just a young fellow when he started to work for Buck Bailey. The Bailey farm was located a few miles out of Durango, on the Floreta Creek road, and Buck was quite prosperous but as tight as the bark on a tree. Twenty-five dollars per month and board was agreed on—that was the average wage for farm labor then—but there were some folks who said that Fred would be lucky if he got anything but his board.

Sure enough, when the month was finished and Fred asked for his money, Buck said, "I haven't got any money to pay you, so I'll have to let you go."

"Haven't you got just a little?" Fred pressed him.

"No, I ain't got any, but I'll have some pretty soon," Buck said, and walked off.

Well, this went on for four months; Fred kept dunning him every once in a while, and Buck kept putting him off. Buck would just say, "I ain't got no money for you. Just wait awhile."

That got pretty old and when Fred found a fellow who wanted to buy a set of harness he told him, "I've got a set that I'll sell you." And he went to Buck's barn that night and stole a set and sold them to that guy.

In a day or so, Buck saw Fred and asked him if he knew anything about where the harness was. Fred replied that he had taken and sold it because he wanted his money.

They had a cuss fight and when Fred told his boss "to go to hell," Buck went into town and signed a warrant for Fred's arrest.

When the young fellow found out from friends and legal counsel that he could get a year if convicted, he proceeded to get him some pistol and rifle shells and a big sack of grub which he put into two small sacks and tied together forming a makeshift saddle bag. He threw this back of the cantle, just in front of his bedroll which was snugly tied in place. Then he got on his horse and headed for the mountains, up to an old logging camp cabin about seven miles above the Henry Reynolds Lake.

It had been years since there was any need for wagons up there, and the roads were all washed out and gone. There wasn't any way to get up there except by horseback.

WELL, it wasn't but a few weeks before the sheriff found out that Fred was up there, and he started making plans. He had three deputies—they

(Continued on page 74)

There's an old belief that Irish and Latin blood makes a volatile mixture. It may be so . . .

LON MEGARGEE—

MAVERICK PAINTER

By EVE BALL

Photos Courtesy Author

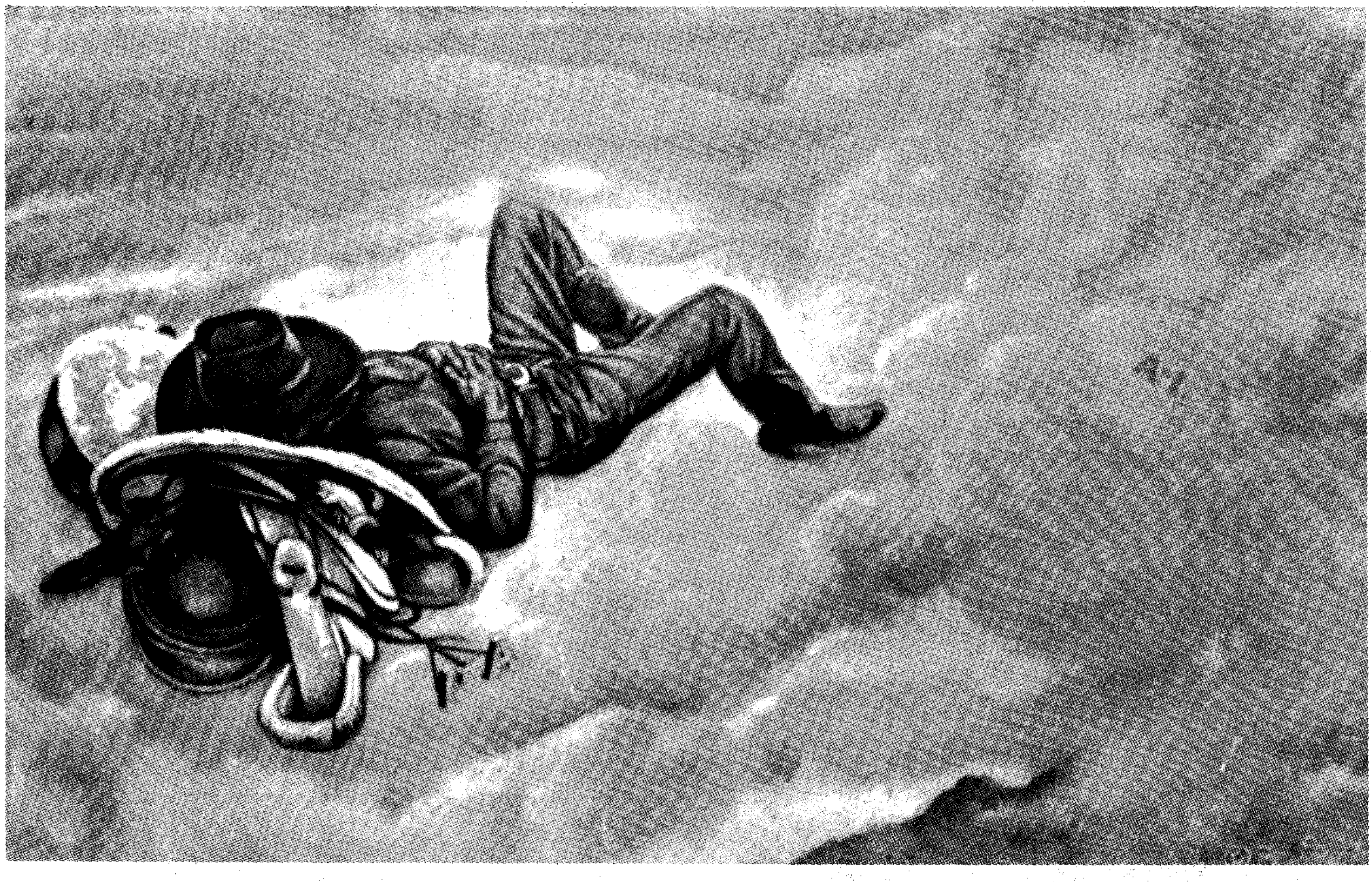
LON MEGARGEE was exactly what an Easterner thought a Westerner should be. If a "furriner" arrived believing the old days were gone forever, it was because he hadn't seen Lon. He was the kind you read about behind your big geography book if you are old enough to remember the dime novel. Lon had read 'em. He'd read them as a kid in Pennsylvania. In fact he studied little else.

He endured school through the winter but never got over the conviction that the state owed him damages for the brief months he attended classes. One spring Lon built himself a compact little log hut in the woods near Norristown. From his carefully hoarded allowance he stocked it and moved in. To avoid complications he slept at home but he spent the days roaming the forest with Uncas. He faked his reports, careful to record grades low enough to escape the suspicion of his father. For three glorious months he really lived.

In that brave new world he spent much of his time drawing. He used pencil or charcoal for pictures of horses, cattle, Indians. He excelled in caricatures of old maid school teachers. No more petticoat government for him. He was free! Until the close of school his existence left little to be desired; but the matter of promotion occasioned an investigation and the next year it was a private school for Alonso Megargee.

How he hated it! How he hated regulations! How he hated the boys who conformed to rules! He roamed about alone till midnight, even when yearning for his warm bed, in an effort to break enough rules to be expelled. When that ruse proved insufficient he and another liberty-loving lad tied the janitor to a post in the school yard. The man's indignation turned the trick. It ended Lon's formal education, for his father could not find another school that would admit his son.

Mr. Megargee actually was more amused than indignant for he himself was a nonconformist of the first order and he understood. Being the only child of a wealthy mother he had never practiced law (in which he had a degree) but read, studied art and languages, and



"The Cowboy's Dream," painting by Megargee, commissioned by the A-1 Brewing Company.

traveled extensively. During a trek in Latin America, when he was past fifty, he met and married a beautiful Cuban, a sixteen-year-old girl. Lon was their only child. He was born in 1883.

WITH LON'S fate as a scholar hanging in the balance his father made another trip to Cuba and was killed in what his attorney reported as a "love *fracas*." Shortly afterward Buffalo Bill came to Philadelphia and Lon saw him perform. Before he emerged from the big tent the boy knew that he must be a cowboy. But where? And how? His mother's brother-in-law lived near Phoenix. That meant that he must be a rancher and, if so, he needed cowhands. Lon would go.

Late that summer he had accumulated sufficient funds to buy transportation in a chair car. He had no luggage except an old canvas knapsack discarded by a servant. He had a whole dollar for food for the four-day trip. At a fruit stand near the station he invested it in bananas, and boarded the train. So long as he lived, he said, he never touched another banana.

In Chicago Lon discovered that he must transfer to another station. He didn't have five cents or streetcar fare so set out on foot, lugging his suitcase. A policeman, suspecting that he was a runaway, questioned him closely but the ticket and a convincing story of his going to visit an uncle placated the officer.

At Phoenix he had another walk. His uncle lived at the corner of Indian School Road and Seventh Street. Lon found no glamorous ranch with fiery steeds. Instead of punching cattle he was put to milking cows and doing various other chores. The only recompense he got from Uncle Simon for a sixteen-hour day was the privilege of driving a team of spirited horses to the creamery. He liked nothing better than having them run.

Having a yen, perhaps inherited, for Spanish atmosphere, he made a cape from a discarded blanket, whittled a wooden sword, and practiced the arts of the *toreador* with the Holsteins. His aunt speedily put a stop to his ambitions in the ring.

From his uncle he learned one valuable lesson, that of the efficacy of a bottle of wine in closing a business deal. It was a procedure which proved profitable many times in later years. But Lon was so unhappy that again he jumped the home corral. His departure was carefully devised. From a neighbor he bought an antiquated saddle and an unmanageable horse for ten dollars. He staged his departure in his uncle's absence but, even so, it barely missed failure because he was thrown three times before he got outside town.

LON HEADED out Wickenburg way and arrived at the old Bull Ranch headquarters on the evening of the second day. Would they give him a job? Oh, sure, but not for pay. That didn't matter; he was hungry.

He bedded down beside the river and was awakened by being rolled into it. The boys put him to herding a bull and told him that if it escaped from the corral he would lose his job. Nobody could have kept that critter penned, and at noon Lon went down to the chuckwagon to be fed—and fired. To his surprise they let him stay.

There he met Tex Singleton, champion bronc buster and two-gun man. Here was a hero made to order. Lon tagged at his heels. He learned to rope and ride, to bulldog, roll his own, and to swagger. He loved heeling for Tex. When his idol went into a saloon he slapped 'em down if they refused to drink with him. When Lon begged to be permitted to count the notches on his gun Tex fired past his ear. Angered, Lon grabbed the gun; then amazed at his own boldness he handed it back. Tex was pleased. Encouraged, the boy entered into a roping contest with Tex and a bartender, and won over each. That was, he admitted, an accident, but his ego was boosted by the victory.

When Lon was seventeen he went to the Tonto Basin. He pretended that he was a champion buster, and got a job breaking horses for the Three Bar. There was one mishap. An incorrigible cayuse ran into a wall, leaped, stumbled, and fell. Lon scrambled back onto him not knowing that his aching arm was fractured. He rubbed it daily with horse liniment and got another cowboy to help him get his boots on. He continued to ride. The horses were not outlaws, but were full of life and ginger. Lon topped them off for the rodeos, took life easy,

Casa Hermosa, designed and built by Lon Megargee.

and enjoyed the whole thing thoroughly.

FROM THERE he moseyed on and sought work around the country of the Graham-Tewksbury feud. The ranchers were very clannish. Many were Texans but they regarded all strangers as "furriners." The brush in that area was so dense men rode in leggings or stovepipe chaps. The older ones wore theirs fringed and so tight-fitting that they were uncomfortable. They used *tapaderas* (closed stirrups).

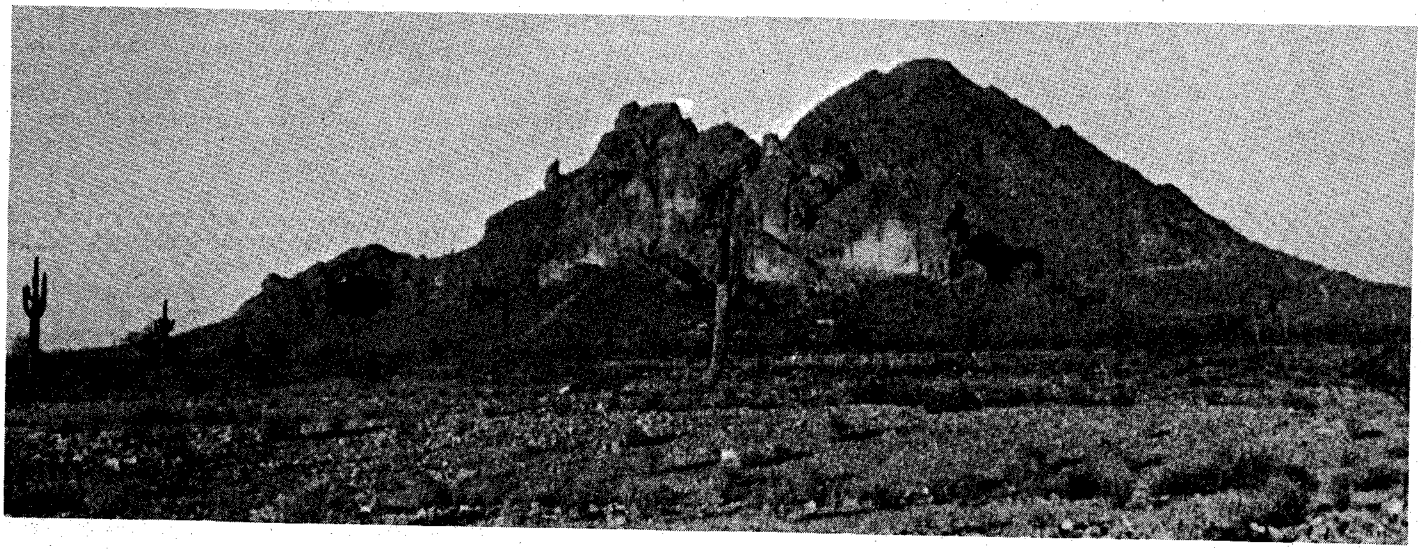
Lon found that a distance of a few miles could make a great difference not only in the costume and habits of the cowmen but in their psychology. It was difficult for him to obtain work but eventually Dave Peters hired him. He warned Lon that the Basin might not exactly welcome him and it worked out as Dave predicted.

Lon was husky, and too ignorant of the situation to be afraid. His own outfit liked him but he was not accepted outside it. Neighboring punchers went out of their way to make things unpleasant. They even accused him of killing the wild cattle. Though the charge was unfair they sometimes forced fights upon him and Lon was beaten badly several times.

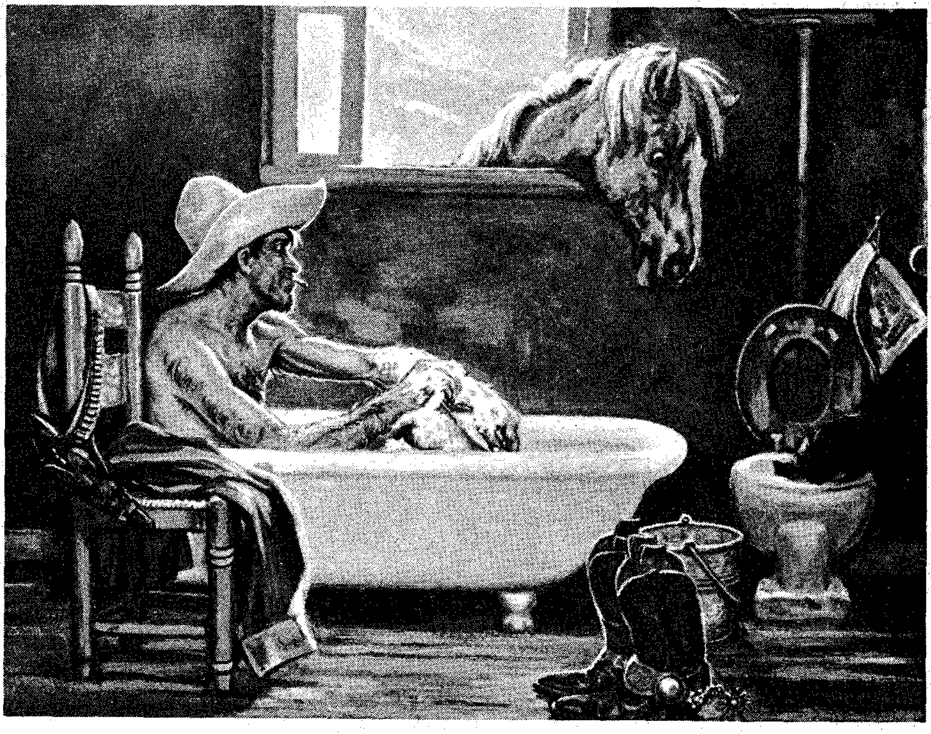
Then Charlie Edwards showed up on the range. He was considered to be the black sheep of a highly respected family in Globe. His father was a judge there and dubbed by some a gun-totin' radical, but he was conceded to be a just magistrate. Lon looked forward to meeting this dashing Robin Hood of the cow country. Imagine his disappointment when he found his hero to be a small, dried-up man, mild of manner and low of voice. Edwards was economical of speech but missed nothing. One day he advised Lon, "If they heckle you anymore, let me know."

One day Edwards came upon a group baiting the boy and asked mildly, "Why pick on a kid?" Temporarily they desisted but as soon as Edwards went on, they re-

Megargee's home (shown above) faces the Camelback Mountains, Arizona.



Lon Megargee, cowboy artist who tried to live up to the East's image of the wild West.



"Home on the Ranch," the canvas that made Megargee famous.

sumed their attack and knocked Lon down. One stamped on his broken arm and kicked him. Lon found that no gentlemen's agreement as to fighting existed among them; kicking, gouging, even biting went. But for Charlie Edwards' unexpected reappearance Lon might have been killed. But Charlie couldn't ride herd on him constantly. He told Lon to go to Phoenix, introduce himself to his father's ranch manager and stay as long as he liked. That proved to be two weeks.

Two months later at the Jefferson Hotel, a hangout for cowboys, Lon learned that his friend had been shot from ambush. While riding the Globe-Payson road, out of the Tonto Basin, someone had fired from hiding. Lon knew that nobody dared face Charlie Edwards with a gun.

In Phoenix Lon met Frank Armour, paroled from the penitentiary at Yuma where he had been doing time for train robbery. When his gang had attempted to hold up the Southern Pacific he caught several bullets but mounted his horse and rode until he fell unconscious. The horrors of the old penitentiary must have served a good purpose, for after spending six years there Armour lost interest in his former pursuits. Though he always carried a six-shooter and was a very good shot, he was an equally good cowboy. He often watched the stage go up to Globe, knew it was carrying the payroll for the mine, and laughed about the ease with which it could be robbed. But he did not violate his parole.

Lon studied and pondered the men he met, the events he saw take place. His education in the ways of the West was underway.

While riding down the old Goddard stage route on the Black Canyon Road from Prescott Lon stopped overnight at a sheep shearing station. He had come from the Agua Fria west of New River and as was the custom planned to spend the night wherever he found a house. While the family was having the evening meal two Mexicans entered abruptly. Without speaking they seated themselves and began eating. When they had finished, one pulled a gun and fired across the board at the head of the family. Lon joined the others in ducking under the table. The Mexicans shot out the lights and made a dash for the door.

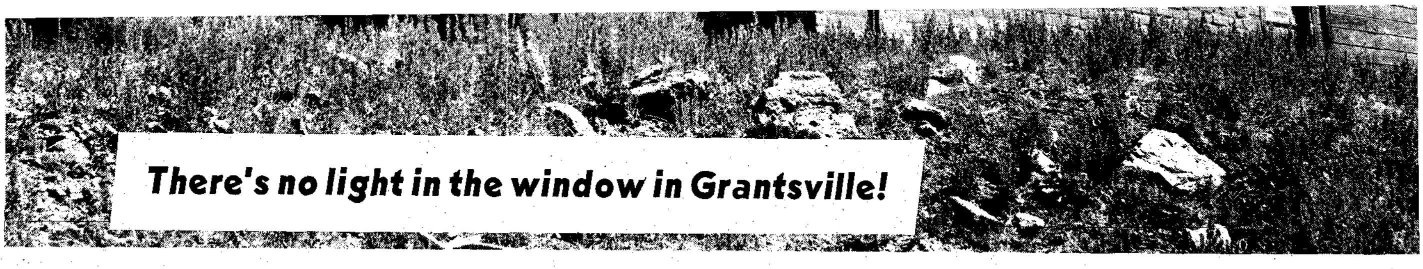
When she felt sure they would not return, Lon's hostess, Mrs. Goddard, examined her husband's body and found that he was dead. She decided that nothing could be done that night but the next morning she would send for help. Lon volunteered to ride to Phoenix and her boys went to Prescott to notify the authorities. A year later one of the Mexicans was caught at Agua Prieta while attempting to cross the border. He was identified as a sheepherder who had worked for Goddard and had a grudge against him. When he entered the house both Mr. Goddard and his wife recognized him but neither remonstrated. Perhaps Mr. Goddard anticipated no violence; and his wife, regardless of what the man had done, could not deny him food.

LON MEGARGEE began working for Billy Cook on the famous old TT Ranch in the New River country. He was hired as bronc buster and was not obligated to ride the range. He did at times, however, for the cattle and sheep men were feuding over the grass. Each rider carried a short carbine and a six-shooter.

The men usually ate a big breakfast, and did not return until nightfall. Having had no lunch they were ravenous by evening and ordinarily a big supper

(Continued on page 70)

Lon on his horse.



There's no light in the window in Grantsville!

This red-brick structure was originally a school, later converted to a bunkhouse. The addition at left contained a stove and table; the one at right served as a sleeping porch.

STEEP HILLSIDES contain Grantsville, Nevada in a narrow pocket, the slopes much pocked by the gophering of early prospectors. Many of these tunnels yielded at least some gold, silver or both. Others gave up substantial amounts of lead. One hole, though, had turned out to be a complete dud, and for a time was abandoned. Then as the camp developed there came a need for a jail. Instead of building one, citizens of Grantsville closed off the idle tunnel with an iron door, converting it into a escape-proof calaboose.

The winter of 1881 was an especially cold one even for Grantsville, and the solitary prisoner incarcerated on a snowy February day shivered. It wasn't just the cold that caused Jose's tremors. He had killed a man the night before and feared that the populace of the camp might not be patient enough to wait for the wheels of justice to turn properly.

Jose was exactly correct. The heavy metal door crashed inward, a roaring mob of miners caught him up in a rush and hustled him outside. At this time the canyon sides still were clothed with a scanty growth of nut pines, but all the larger ones had been cut. None remained which was tall enough to serve as gallows, so the lynchers hurried to the stamp mill where they slipped a noose on the neck of the almost paralyzed Mexican. In moments after the rope had been thrown over a heavy beam the victim was swinging in the air.

Next day there was an "inquest" of sorts just in case more established law up at Austin should hear of the incident. Several miners reminded the sheriff that not long before there had been a murder, that the killer had been tried and convicted legally, that he had then been simply given a jail sentence. This wasn't justice, they claimed, and the sheriff agreed with them. The lynching was excused and soon forgotten.

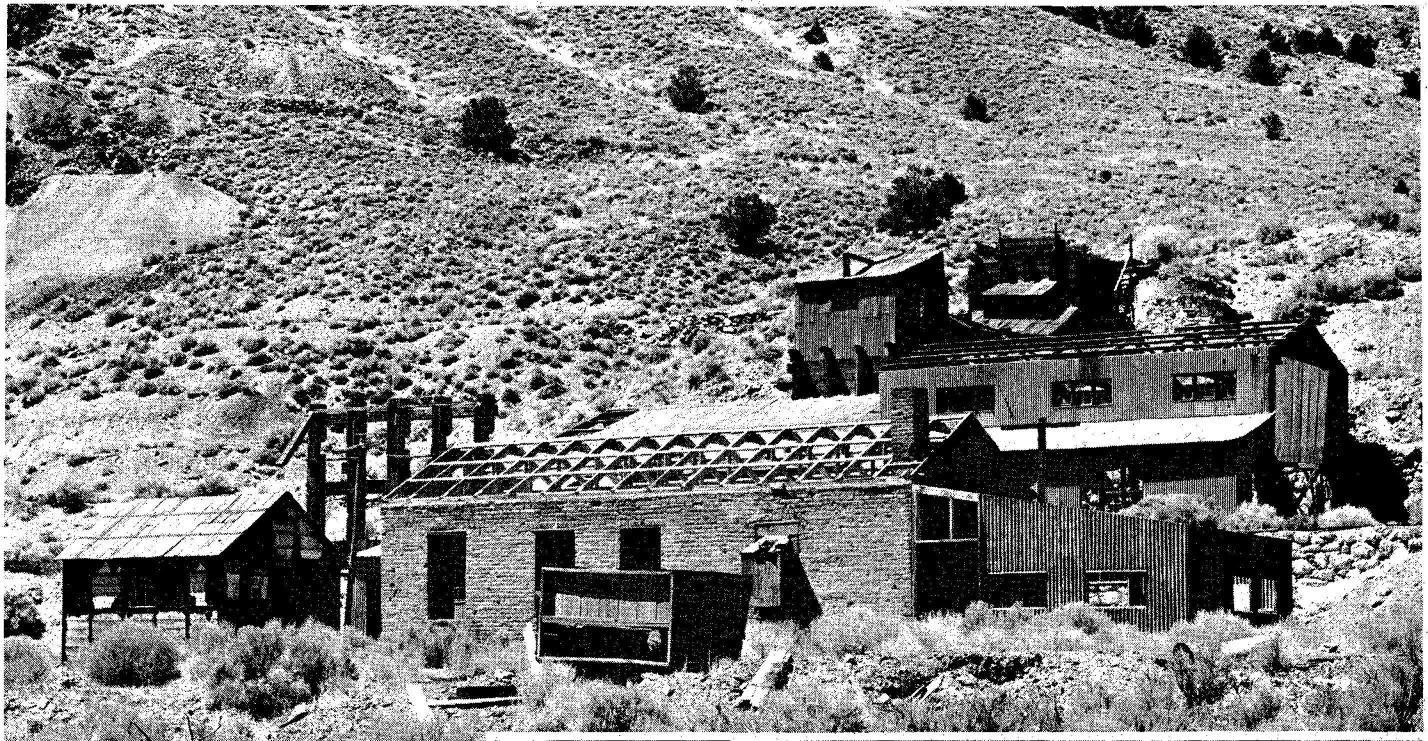
Most mining camps were in groups, clustered in a "district." Towns comprising the Reese River District were Grantsville, Berlin, Union and Ione, the latter being the most northern, and thirty rough miles southwest of Austin. All nestled on the western flank of the Shoshone Range.

P. A. Haven was one of the many who had failed to find any wealth in the Washoe which had rewarded so many others with silver and gold. In 1863 he found himself prospecting along the Reese River. Near the foot of 9,000-foot Mt. Berlin, Haven found his own particular bonanza. The glad news soon spread, and the mining district first called Union was organized. The Civil War was then raging, and these men felt they should declare where their sympathies lay.

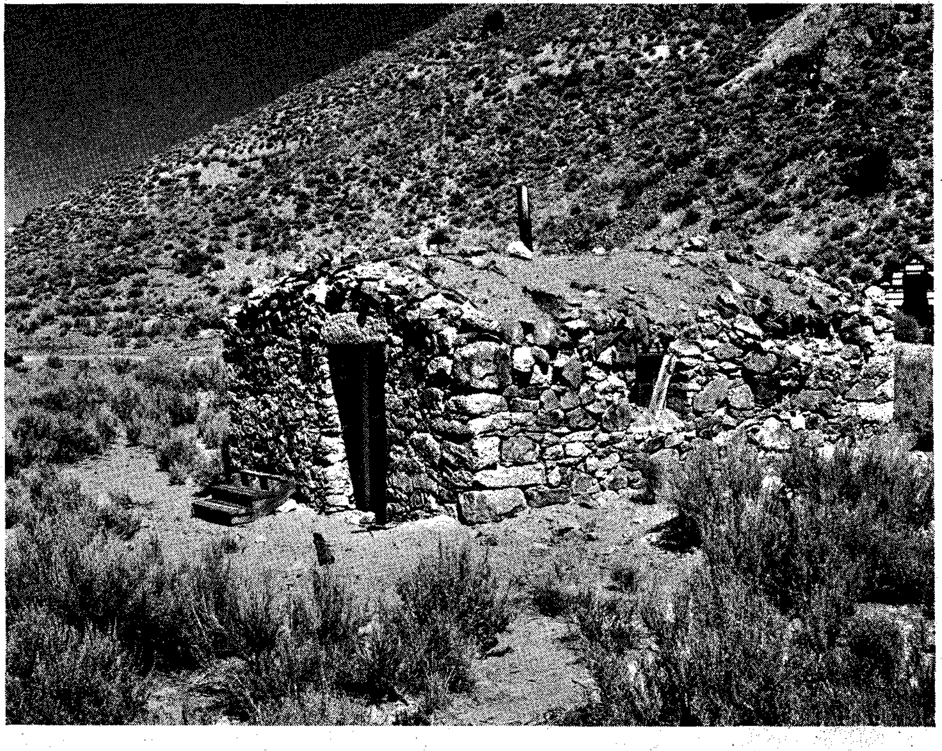
With the influx of population in Ione, Haven began to feel crowded. The man who had started the excitement again went prospecting, winding up with another big strike some miles south. On the new site grew a town also reflecting the war in its name, Grantsville. Here a new rush brought miners and the usual parasites. If the latter expected to find free land they were disappointed. Haven, having learned his lesson at Ione, had staked out the whole place in lots, priced anywhere from $50 to $500.

Haven may have been more real estate promoter than miner. At any rate as soon as all lots had sold he moved on to become lost to history. His claim and others proved to produce rather refractory ores. The metal, though rich, required better equipment for extraction than could be afforded by most. Many discouraged miners gave up and moved away. Grantsville was already almost a ghost town in a year or two after its founding.

THEN IN September 1877 a representative of the Alexander Company, a big-time mining combine, heard of the Grantsville properties, so rich but so difficult for the poor man to work. Smelling opportunity he traveled to Grantsville to have a look, then signed up the leases. Almost immediately the town began to boom. Money was what Grantsville had needed all along. Now workings could be penetrated more deep-



Shown here is the largest mill ruin at Grantsville. In surprisingly good condition are the vats, stamp mill (at right of lower brick structure) and other machinery. Appended metal shack at left served as cook house. On the slopes above are seen some small nut pines, having sprouted after the ghostly statue of a town was established.



Lumber was scarce in the early days at Grantsville. Huts were built with whatever was at hand, mostly rocks. The trails above led to prospect holes, a mill and smaller mines.

ly, more ore produced, more mills built to refine it.

In a short space of time the place had several stores, two barber shops, even a jewelry store. Not mentioned in an early roster were the usual hook-shops, but Grantsville could hardly have been unique in this respect. The town had three newspapers, but not all at once. First came the *Nye County News*, to be replaced later by the Grantsville *Sun*. The *Sun* lasted less than a year, being supplanted by the Grantsville *Bonanza*.

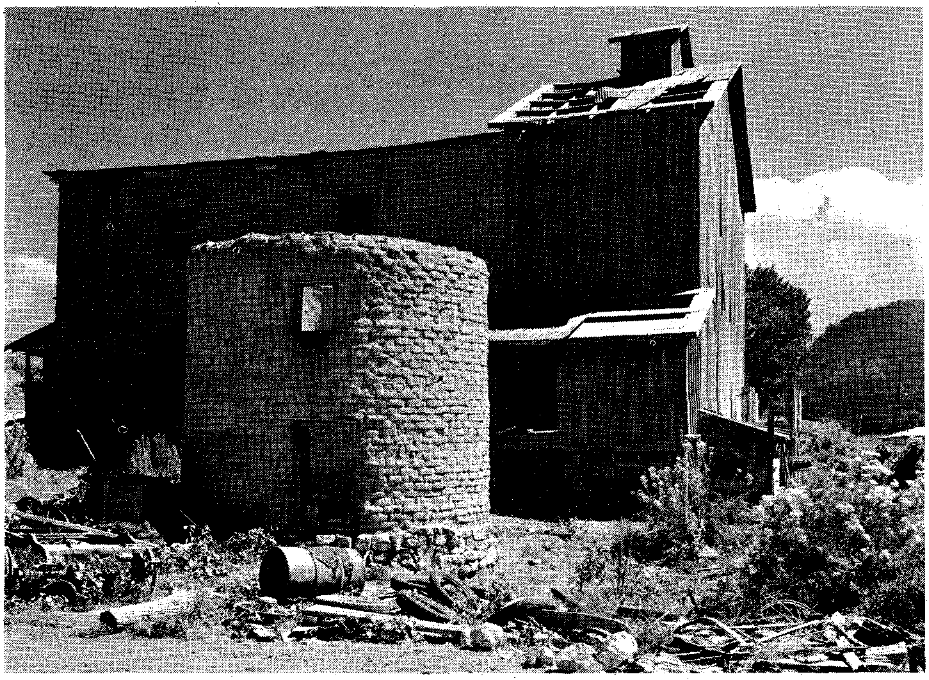
Mining camp newspapers generally had tough sledding. Some of the reasons are seen in the plaint of one departing paper owner. "The editorial porkchop," he said in his last issue, "is becoming more and more elusive. The unprincipled but necessary advertiser is becoming more unprincipled and less willing. The enthusiastic subscriber is growing more enthusiastic and less existing. All these circumstances render it improbable that we will be able to much longer continue to delight our numerous intelligent and busted constituency. Veni, Vidi, Vici, which translated in this case means 'We came, we saw, we got it in the neck'."

The precious metals found in Grantsville mines were disposed in alternately thick and slim veins in porphyry, quartz, and limestone. The direction would conform more or less to a northwest to southeast angle, then suddenly dip sharply and deeply into the earth. Milling was done by crushing and roasting, according to Charles Labbe, veteran Nevada mine owner. Later methods certainly included flotation as paddle-vats are in plain evidence in at least one mill today.

Grantsville enjoyed a late influx of population with the near demise of Ione, whose veins pinched out earlier. But even then the mines in the newer town were showing signs of the same impending mortal blow. When death came to Grantsville it wasn't by easy degrees. Mining ceased all at once, and with the town's life blood dried up everybody moved away. Oddly enough, while the earlier discovered Ione has since always held on to at least a few inhabitants to keep the home fires burning, her near neighbor to the south became a complete ghost, one of Nevada's loneliest.

I reached Grantsville by way of Gabbs, finding the rather long road (alternating between gravel and plain dirt) good in dry weather, dubious in wet. Grades are few and gentle. In addition to the rewards of several picturesque ghost towns the visitor will enjoy a visit to Ichtryosaur State Park where some nineteen of the marine, porpoise-like animals' fossilized remains have been uncovered. Not the least of these attractions is a most pleasant campground with most facilities available. The spot, near Union, is surrounded and permeated with shiny-needled nut pine trees.

NUGGETS



Blazer's Mill near Lincoln was the site of a gun battle in which Billy Roberts stood off a dozen men early in 1878 during the Lincoln County trouble.

Visitors admire old-fashioned wares at the restored Tunstall Store. The tin receptacle labeled "Gunpowder" contained gunpowder tea.

DIAMOND DYES
GUNPOWDER

THE KID LEFT HIS MARK ON LINCOLN TOWN

By Troy Kemper

SO MUCH has been published on Billy the Kid that his fans know the details of his life, his loves and hates, his death and burial place, and few of them can agree on just how much is fact and how much fiction. But his home, Lincoln Town, is still there, in many particulars almost unchanged, to be examined by all.

Buildings have been repaired, repainted and preserved, and many of the sites of the Kid's exploits are marked by historical plaques. Other than that, Lincoln, New Mexico, hasn't changed much.

The sleepy, sunny town was once the seat of government of a frontier empire embracing about 27,000 square miles. Lincoln County was greater in area than Connecticut, Delaware, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Vermont, and Washington, D. C., combined. Even if Guam, American Samoa, and the Virgin Islands were added, the total still would be 377 square miles short of Lincoln County's domain.

The town was known in the 1850s as La Placita del Rio Bonito (The Village on the Pretty River), and became the principal settlement in Lincoln County which comprised the southeastern quarter of the Territory of New Mexico and was formed in 1869. Now, as then, it has a few hundred inhabitants. The town's setting is ideal—a valley split by the Rio Bonito and flanked by cedar-flecked mountains.

The county was named for the Civil War President. In the 1870s its principal industry was cattle ranching, with John Chisum ranking as the largest operator. The best cattle markets in the county were the Mescalero Apache Indian Reservation to the south, and the Union troops at Fort Stanton, ten miles to the west of Lincoln Town. Chisum also drove trail herds north to railroad markets.

During the Lincoln County War of 1878, William Henry Bonney, a Brooklyn-born youth who grew up in New Mexico and the Southwest, emerged as the most prominent figure of the famous feud. He also was known as William Henry McCarty, but better known as Billy the Kid.

The old Lincoln County Courthouse as it looked soon after its restoration. Since then the outside stairways have been removed and the roadway has been paved. The courthouse is now a state monument and museum.

One of numerous points of interest around Billy the Kid's home town, the Torreon was built in the 1850s for protection from the Apaches.

The fighting was touched off in February 1878 with the shooting of Billy's friend, John H. Tunstall, an Englishman who had settled at Lincoln and established a cattle ranch, bank, and store in competition with L. G. Murphy. Murphy and his partner, James J. Dolan, opposed Tunstall and his associate, Alexander McSween. Spasmodic fighting continued five months, ending in a three-day battle July 19, 1878 when the McSween forces—led by Billy the Kid—were besieged in the McSween home and burned out.

Down the town's main street, which separated the McSween homesite and the Murphy-Dolan store, General Lew Wallace rode one day to meet Billy in a vain attempt to talk The Kid out of his lawless ways. Wallace was governor of New Mexico Territory from 1878 to 1881.

The desperado is credited by some writers with killing twenty-one men during his twenty-one-year span of life. More cautious historians have set his tally at nine. Billy was convicted at Mesilla in 1881 on a murder charge and was brought back to Lincoln to be hanged on May 13. On April 28 he managed to get his guard's gun, shoot that deputy and another guard who was in the street in front of the courthouse, and gallop away to freedom—a freedom which ended July 14, 1881 in Fort Sumner. On that hot midsummer night Billy was shot down by Sheriff Pat Garrett, who had been on his trail since he escaped at Lincoln.

MANY landmarks remain of the days of Billy the Kid. In Lincoln the "big store" which had served the Murphy-Dolan forces as a base of operations was remodeled into a courthouse, and is now a museum. (In 1913 Carrizozo, thirty-two miles to the west, became the county seat.) Most of the stores and houses of Billy's time are still in use. In the center of town stands a round structure of stone, a *torreon* which served as a fortification for the Spanish-speaking settlers of La Placita prior to the Civil War. It served a double purpose—as watchtower and as a refuge from the fearsome Apaches. During the Horrell War of 1873, it was a hiding place for the women and children of Lincoln from the dreaded Texans. The Murphy-Dolan forces used it during the Lincoln County War.

A blanket of historical lore has settled over the village. Signposts and markers are affixed on buildings and along the winding street, pointing out significant buildings and locations. In the museum stairway are bullet holes where Billy the Kid's shots thudded into the wall as he killed his guard.

An annual three-day pageant is scheduled each year on the weekend preceding August 10 and is called "Billy the Kid's Last Escape." On the last day—Sunday —"A Day in Old Lincoln" also is staged.

Lincoln Town is on U. S. 380, about fifty-five miles west of Roswell, and ten miles off U. S. 70 at a point between Roswell and Carrizozo. Except for the annual pageant the town makes no pretense at attracting tourists and there, perhaps, lies its charm. Night life is nonexistent.

A small fee is charged at the two state museums in Lincoln, but other historical sites along Lincoln's single street are there for all to see and admire at no cost.

Billy the Kid, Charlie Bowdre and Tom O'Folliard are buried side by side in an old cemetery seven miles southeast of present-day Fort Sumner, which is on U. S. 60 and U. S. 84, about 100 miles northeast of Lincoln. The Fort Sumner of Billy the Kid's day is gone, except for the cemetery.

THE PREACHER AND THE MAYOR

By Forrest W. Daniel

THE FRONTIER came late to central North Dakota. The pioneers were farmers and merchants who had bought grant lands from the railroad companies. But the free-wheeling ways of the West survived for a time.

The railroad reached Bowdon in September 1899; by the next summer the dusty village was on its way to becoming a small town. A hot, dry spell and a two-fisted preacher who opposed boxing and liquor provided much of the gossip that summer, but it was a barrel of beer which brought more of the community into a previously private fracas.

While the dry weather did not promise much of a boom for the farmers and merchants in Bowdon, liquor selling and prizefights were not feeling the slump. The fights were the best staged anywhere in the state and attracted crowds from all over the area. One of the chief promoters of the sport was "Mayor" Frank Lathrop.

Opposition to the fights came from the church people, and they had a formidable leader in the person of Preacher Pettinger whose method of evangelism was just a bit unorthodox.

At a casual meeting on the main street early in the summer Preacher Pettinger invited Mayor Lathrop to attend revival services being held at the baseball diamond at the edge of town. The mayor respectfully declined the invitation and the parson knocked him down. A few days later the same scene was reenacted, and the mayor again brushed the dust from his clothing after being decked by the preacher.

After the second meeting the mayor made sure his adversary wasn't in sight before venturing forth on his daily business. Things appeared to have been smoothed over between the two in the following weeks and people in Bowdon went back to watching and hoping for rain to relieve the heat and drought.

DRY WEATHER and prohibition can create a mighty thirst so on a hot Sunday evening late in July several Bowdonites, returning from business out of town, brought along two kegs of beer to cut the dust from their throats. One keg was tapped in the blacksmith's shop. About the time the group, which included the mayor, began to enjoy themselves four or five masked men appeared at the door and called to one of the party by name. As he stepped from the blacksmith shop he was seized and beaten unconscious while another of the whitecaps stood off the boys inside with a gun. The man who had been beaten was thrown into a buggy, and the whitecaps fled toward a farmhouse, firing several shots as they went.

Immediately the group in the blacksmith shop rushed to the street where they found their companion had regained consciousness. The beer party henceforth resolved itself into a vigilance committee and struck out for revenge, going to the farmhouse toward which the masked men had fled. Two shots were fired into the building, and the proprietor, who may have had no part at all in the affair, was given a sound beating. However, the members of the beer party claimed they knew every one of the whitecaps, and among them was the preacher.

A complaint was entered the next morning with Justice H. A. Jackson of Fessenden, and warrants were issued for the masked men, plus subpoenas for about half the citizens of Bowdon. While the papers were being made out in Fessenden three masked men were patrolling the streets of Bowdon with rifles but upon getting word that the sheriff was after them they dispersed and headed for parts unknown. A deputy sheriff followed in hot pursuit all afternoon but failed to catch the men.

About the same time, the sheriff arrived in Bowdon, arrested the preacher, and served the subpoenas.

Along toward supper time the subpoenaed delegation from Bowdon came stringing into Fessenden. The case was called for 7 p.m. in Justice Hunt's court. Here a complication arose. State's Attorney Mark E. Wilson had not approved the complaint, and refused to approve it, and the entire proceeding was invalidated. Diligent inquiry among the witnesses revealed a surprising lack of response and Justice Hunt dismissed the case.

With the beer incident out of the way Lathrop announced that he thought the preacher should put away his mask and stop his agitation against liquor and prizefights—preferably by leaving town; after all, someone might get hurt. The preacher, in rebuttal, protested he was of more benefit to the community than a thirsty city official and advised His Honor to mend his ways before it was too late.

Frank Lathrop, the controversial and dubiously titled mayor of Bowdon, had disposed of his business interests earlier in the year. It was he, not the pugilistic parson, who left town.

WELL-DIGGER ON THE NEBRASKA TABLELANDS

AS SETTLEMENT in northern Nebraska spread into the high tablelands the chief problem facing the homesteader was water. It was believed that wells could not be dug successfully on the high plains, but that was before "Dutch Joe" Grewe, well-digger extraordinary, appeared on the scene.

Joseph Grewe, who became widely known throughout the Sandhills as Dutch Joe, was a German immigrant who, in 1884, had taken a homestead in Cherry County on the Niobrara table. A number of settlers in the vicinity had attempted to dig wells on their homesteads but abandoned them as dry holes. Some of them had gone as deep as 200 feet. It was considered a hopeless enterprise.

But Joe Grewe thought otherwise and undertook to prove it. He dug his first well on his homestead down through the hard chalk rock to an underflow of pure, cold water. The news of his success spread throughout the area and from that day his services were in constant demand. He had no time to develop his homestead and engage in the regular pursuits of a farmer. However, other settlers broke out and planted his land, and cared for his crops—while he dug their wells.

There was no well-digging machinery in the region then and the homesteaders were not financially able to import any. The only tools used were a pick, a spade, and a bucket at the end of a rope to bring out the dirt and rocks.

In the first issue of *Nebraska History*, published in 1918, Addison E. Sheldon recounted the story of this man to whom so many settlers and the region itself owed such a debt.

The wells dug by Joe Grewe were described as "large, round cylinders, straight as a gun barrel from the grama grass roots to the underflow." His speed and skill were depicted as remarkable.

For nearly ten years Dutch Joe pursued his work in the Sandhills settlements and then came tragedy. One day in 1894 he was asked to go down in one of the first wells he had dug to remove some obstruction. Working at the bottom of the well he gave the signal to hoist the bucketful of loose rock. When almost to the top, the bucket slipped from the steel clasp which fastened it to the rope and hurtled down 200 feet, striking the hapless well-digger on the head and killing him instantly.

A moving tribute to this frontier hero closed Dr. Sheldon's sketch. "Men who risk their lives on fields of battle are justly held as heroes. Those who risk and lose them in the cause of making human homes in what was once a desert are also heroes. Among these I write the name of Joseph Grewe. Let no man who has never dug in the darkness and danger of a deep well dare dispute it."—Courtesy *Out of Old Nebraska.*

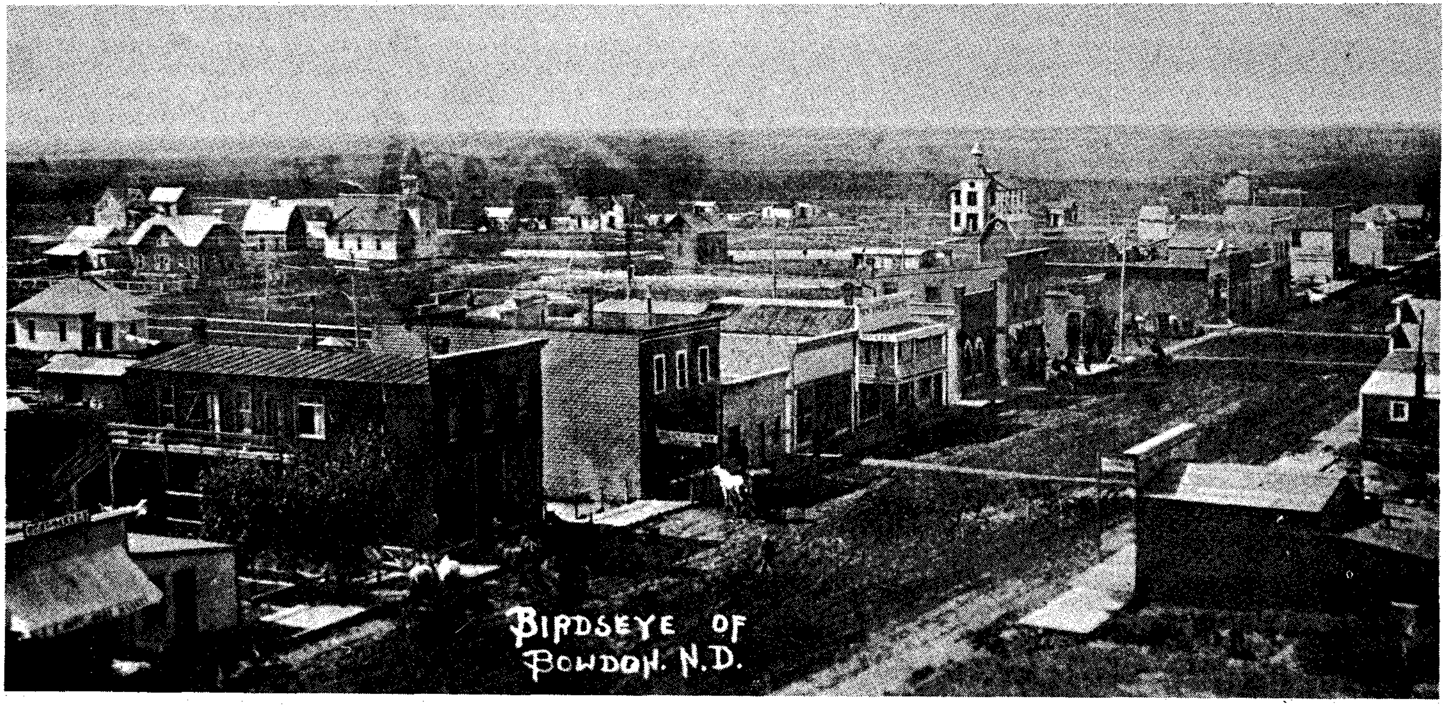
SONG OF DEATH

E. H. Brewington

WAKUM ERVIN, a fullblood of the Choctaw Indian Nation, loved to sing. He had a sweet melodious voice which was known far and wide over the Chickasaw and Choctaw Nations (present-day southeastern Oklahoma). Ervin especially liked to sing religious songs, which he rendered with a fervor which was unforgettable.

No place was too far away, no task important enough, to prevent Ervin from attending a meeting which offered an opportunity to vocalize. Singing was not a way of life to Wakum, singing *was* life to him—a fact which directly contributed

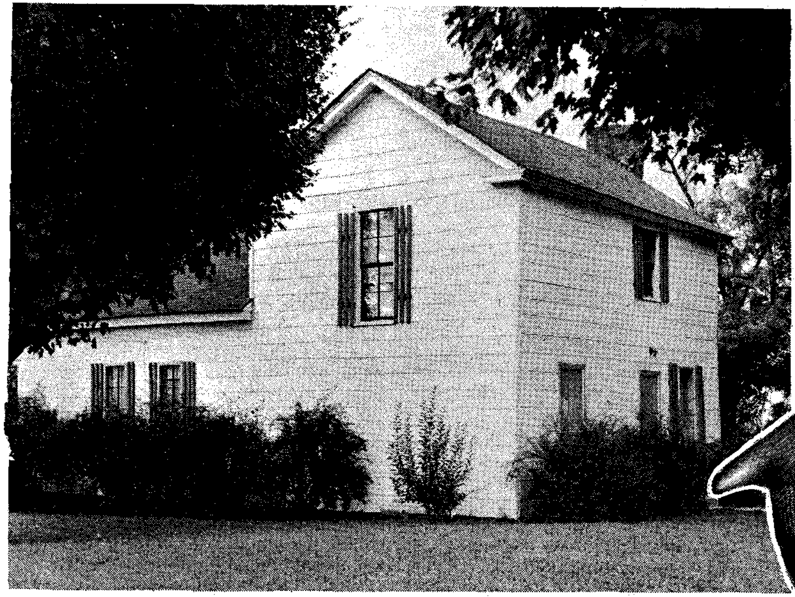
(Continued on page 52)



Pushed into a duel he had tried desperately to avoid, Old Hickory felt he was ENTITLED TO KILL

By RAYMOND W. THORP

Photos Courtesy Author



This is the William Harrison house in Logan County, Kentucky, where Dickinson stayed the night before the duel, and died on the following evening. Photo by J. Winston Coleman, Jr.

Courtesy Smithsonian Institution

Pistols belonging to General Jackson, which were used in the famous duel. They are .66 caliber, smoothbore, with $8\frac{1}{2}$ inch octagonal barrels, and have an overall length of 14 inches. The barrels are marked with a broad arrow and the initials B.S.A.S. within an incuse oval.

MANY MEN, envious of Andrew Jackson's rising success, wanted him out of the way. The doughty frontiersman already had served as a judge of the Tennessee Court of Appeals, was a member of Congress, ran a large country store, raised fighting cocks, and bred racehorses. It was obvious to friend and enemy alike that even more power and prestige were going to come his way—unless he could be stopped.. The year was 1805; Jackson and Rachel Donelson Robards had just been married.

Young Charles Dickinson, an attorney, became the anti-Jackson forces' pawn. The conflict between the two men erupted after a horserace. Jackson owned a star performer, "Truxton," and had entered him in a race against Captain Joseph Erwin's "Ploughboy." The stakes were $2,000, with an $800 forfeit. Erwin's horse went lame just before race time and he paid the $800 as agreed. But after the race, Erwin's son-in-law, Dickinson, made some disparaging remarks about Jackson's wife which were repeated to the Tennessee congressman.

Called to account by Jackson, Dickinson said he was sorry and had made the remarks while he had been drunk. Until this time there had been no plot, but now Jackson's enemies saw their opportunity. While drinking at a Nashville tavern, Dickinson again repeated his words. Jackson held his temper but called upon Captain Erwin and suggested, "Tell your son-in-law to restrain himself while in his cups."

Thomas Swann now added fuel to the flames. He told Dickinson he had heard Jackson question the validity of the forfeit notes handed over to him by Captain Erwin. At Winn's Tavern in Nashville, Jackson confronted the lying man and caned him within an inch of his life. He hoped this would end the matter, for he didn't wish to fight Dickinson because of his relationship to the owner of Ploughboy. Friends of Dickinson, however, spread the rumor that Jackson was fearful because Dickinson was "the best pistol shot in Tennessee."

Swann, after being whipped, tried to vindicate his stand by writing to the newspaper. Jackson immediately placed his own story in print, referring to Swann as "the puppet and lying valet for a worthless, drunken blackguard scoundrel . . . Charles Dickinson." The latter himself replied, terming Jackson "an equivocator and coward" and daring him to challenge. Dickinson then took a flatboat for New Orleans.

MEANWHILE the match between Truxton and Ploughboy was rearranged. On April 3, 1806, a crowd gathered which Jackson said was "the largest concourse of people I ever saw assembled, unless in an army." Truxton became lame two days before the race, but his owner would not withdraw him.

The horses ran in a drenching rain; apparently the water was the right thing for Truxton. As a spectator said later, "That big bay stallion just glid on past Ploughboy" and Jackson and his friends profited by $10,000.

On May 20 young Dickinson returned to Nashville, and on the following day dispatched a note to the editor of the *Review*. The signed "card" announced that General Jackson was a worthless scoundrel, a poltroon and a coward. General Thomas Overton, Jackson's friend learned that the card was to be published and hastened to tell Jackson of it.

"I'll have to see it myself, and form my own judgment," Jackson replied. This he did, and sent a challenge to Dickinson on the twenty-third.

All the time Dickinson had been away, he had been preparing for this day, and his fame as a crack shot was heralded far and wide. He fired quickly and accurately. Jackson, on the contrary, was a very ordinary shot, and usually took his time.

"I'll kill him on the first fire," said Dickinson, who was elated by the challenge.

It was a long day's ride from Nashville to the appointed dueling ground in Kentucky, and both parties started early on the morning of May 29. Along the way, Dickinson entertained his party of eight with shooting exploits. In one instance he cut a string with a bullet at twenty-five paces and told an innkeeper, "Show that to Jackson when he comes along." Another time he fired four bullets into

(Continued on page 80)

Winning or Losing

(Continued from page 28)

people who came to stay the three days.

Miners with their pack donkeys, mules, and horses came from the hills a hundred miles southeast. It looked like all of Hot Springs, South Dakota moved in. The show we called South Dakota Frontier Days was advertised for miles around. It was true to its name. Why did so many contestants head for the $2,500.00 cash? My guess it was due to the publicity.

Mildred and I had just become the owners of a brand new Model T Ford, the kind you had to crank by hand. The lights were lighted by a match; a tank was on the side of the car. There were no spare tires. You had your hand pump, tire patch, and a jack. The tires were small and popped like firecrackers. I never used the jack as I could back up to the wheel and lift it up for Mildred to put on a 4 x 4 we carried. With only wagon ruts to follow, when it rained you had to just stop and wait for the roads to dry.

Here are a few of the contestants, all top hands of that day and real folks: Adam Marshall, a breed Indian and Negro, who won the bucking horse riding and won it on merit, as he was a real rider. After this he became a contestant and won at lots of rodeos before he met his death under a freight train that he was bumming a ride on. Others there were Dutch Sidell, Fred and Myrtle Cox, Tex Crockett, Harry Walters, Harry Williams and Oklahoma Curly.

It was a hard show to win, but once again I lucked out and got first place bulldogging. Mildred again won the cowgirl bucking horse riding. I drew a good horse the first day and placed second, then got Bryant Roach to substitute for me the next two days as I had hurt my leg bulldogging from a Stutz car, but he did me no good. After the show I bought all the hardest to ride bucking horses and bought from Fred Cox all his bucking horses, and from Albert McGraw a little bay horse used in his relay string. Some people from Winner, South Dakota, had come to see the rodeo, and they wanted such a show for their own town. I got them to put up $3,000 in prizes for the contestants and $2,500 for the use of the stock—which was the reason I bought all the top bucking stock. We gave the Winner show ten days' publicity, and had big crowds. It was in a wheat country. Most all the contestants followed us to Winner, and we did right well.

Then John A. Stricker wanted us to come to Kearney, Nebraska and we did. Stricker, a college professor, produced the big three-day roundup at the fairgrounds. He contracted Lou Cogger's stock. Lou had a ranch in southwest Nebraska and owned a string of top bucking horses. His best horse was Black Jack, his top steer Teddy (and in my book one of the best bucking steers of that time).

Stricker proved himself a promoter, as the show was a big success. It was here that the straightaway chutes with side swing gate were first used. It was also here while I was the clown that the steer cart was first used. We hooked one of the Cogger steers to it, put a surcingle on the steer, tied one end of a rope to one hand hold, then roped one under the steer's belly. When I took the rope in my hand and the steer by the tail, the boys cut him loose from the chute and away we went, me shooting him under the tail until the blanks gave out. As he started to run, I turned the rope and tail loose. Both shafts stuck in the ground, breaking both and shooting me through the air to land on a cinder track. My face was a sight, but it pleased the crowd. The next day I fixed this. I had the blacksmith use iron pipes, turned up so they would slide when I turned loose.

Those making this show were Buff Brady, Sr., Chester Byers, Yakima Canutt, Harry Williams, Jack Fritz, Frank Gable, Nan Gable, Brida Gofford, Jack Garnett, Tommy Grimes, John Hartwig, Tom and Rose Henderson, John Henry, Angelo Jack Hughes, Hank Keenan and brother Grant Keenan, Dorothy Morrell, Skeeter Bill Robbins, Oklahoma Curly Roberts, Claude Sawyer, Rose Smith, Johnny and Jessey Roberts, Dave Whyte, C. R. Williams, Soupy Williams, Ed Herion, George (Fig) Newton, and lots of others.

Charlie (C. R.) Williams won first in bucking horse riding; Skeeter Bill Robbins second; Oklahoma Curly third; and me fourth. In the bulldogging I came in first, Tom Henderson second, Oklahoma Curly third, Johnny Roberts fourth.

Mildred took first in the cowgirl's bucking horse riding; Rose Smith second; Jessey Roberts third; Prairie Rose Henderson fourth.

This was Hank Keenan's first rodeo and he made some of the best rides I ever saw, but the judges could not see him. I knew that he outrode me and I placed. He and his brother came out of the sand hills.

Hank watched me clown and got a big kick out of it, so it was not long until he became one of the greatest clowns. John A. Stricker sold his house at Kearney and started out announcing rodeos, then taking pictures. The last I heard, he was living in Fort Worth, Texas.

At the end of the season we joined the Tom Moss Carnival with our best stock and wintered at Argenta, now North Little Rock, Arkansas.

Mildred Hinkle riding a wild steer.

Tom Mix's Last Sundown

(Continued from page 11)

possibly have taken in his stride old age and its infirmities and uselessness.

Tom had roped his million and squandered the money like a cowpuncher in town. Tomorrow morning his tragic death would be in big black headlines in every newspaper in the United States and other countries. It was a spectacular end to the greatest Western cowboy star that was ever known on the silver screen. If Tom Mix had deliberately planned the manner of his passing it could never have been more fitting.

Tom Mix had seen his last sunset in the welcome companionship of his old and true friend, Ed Echols. A crimson sunset in a spectacular sky, with a panoramic view of the desert and mountain ranges and Old Mexico. He had heard the sound of the quail and mourning doves blending into the hushed twilight of that last sundown.

All men are born to die. But it is given to few men that though they are long dead, they shall never die in the nostalgic memories of at least two generations of Americans who hero-worshipped the image Tom Mix left behind when he crossed the Big Divide. He lived his own legend in real life and on the silver screen, and that legend is destined to live on forevermore.

On the edge of Florence, Arizona, at Tom Mix Wash in the middle of the desert, there stands a rock monument with the statue of a riderless horse. It bears the following inscription:

IN MEMORY OF TOM MIX, WHOSE SPIRIT LEFT HIS BODY ON THIS SPOT AND WHOSE CHARACTERIZATIONS AND PORTRAYALS IN LIFE SERVED BETTER TO FIX MEMORIES OF THE OLD WEST IN THE MINDS OF LIVING MAN.

By H. CODY BLAKE

THE OLD .45 PEACEMAKER

SPECIAL!
FROM OUR OLD
1926
Frontier
Times

Courtesy Herschel C. Logan

DURING the last two years a number of interesting articles have appeared in the different sporting magazines on the old single action .45 pistol, "The Old Peacemaker," and the question is asked, "Is the old .45 obsolete?" In none of the articles have I crossed the trail of any gent who claims that the old six-gun has gone into the discard.

My earliest recollection is playing with an old cap and ball Colt, the old "Walker." It was my first toy. For the best part of forty years I have packed a .45 during which time I got up as far as Seattle and hiked south as far as Mexico City. I have gone over nearly all of the old Spanish Trail from St. Augustine, Florida to San Diego, California. I have checkerboarded fourteen of the twenty-six Mexican states and hit about all of the high spots in Texas, New Mexico, Arizona and Oklahoma.

I packed a Colt for three years in the last Mexican Revolution and took it along "Over There" in 1914 to France and Belgium. I went to England in 1919 and returned to God's country in '22 when I took it off and shook the loads out of it, out of fear but not respect of the Sullivan law. Years ago folks went armed in the West for protection, as it was necessary. You were safe to go unheeded in New York and the East. Today the condition is the reverse because New York City is harder than El Paso, Dodge, Deadwood or 'Frisco ever thought of being.

A good portion of those early years were in the saddle and when I was on a "hoss" I lugged along the one and only rifle, the old .44 Winchester. Now while it's nothing about which to brag and I'm not proud of it, I'm right now claiming to have fired at more human beings and Mexicans with a .45 S. A. Colt between 1911 and 1918 than any other living, native born American. With three others, two of whom had punched cows for years in Texas and the other was no tenderfoot, I rode out of Mexico, at Juarez in 1914 after three years of reducing the census there. I was in the scrap in France and Belgium from 1914 to the finish, and being a non-combatant and supposed to be unarmed, I had nothing for arms but my Colt which I used often enough to keep in practice.

THE QUESTION is, "Is the old .45 obsolete?" and I say, "No." There are more single action Colts in "active service" in Mexico than all other pistols put together, including American, French, German, Spanish, and British. Of these the last one, the English "Webley," is by far the best of the foreign makes, but it is not in the same category as the Colt, not on your tintype. The "Made in Spain" guns are the poorest. They are made up to imitate the good old Smith and Wesson. This Spanish defender is a dud and a dead card. You're safe in front of it for it won't hit a barn door thirty feet off. There's no more chance of a Mexican hitting anybody with it than there'd be of a celluloid dog catching an asbestos cat in a chase through hell.

I met many British officers during the war packing the Webley and a lot had Colts. As prejudiced and clannish as they are, I don't recall one ever trying to run the blazer that the Webley had anything on the Colt.

I could have traded all the Colts I could get for Webleys. Is it obsolete? Just try to buy a secondhand one in New York City. The oldest and widest known dealer in old firearms in the world is in New York City and says he can't get enough of them because the S. A. Colt is in such demand.

Regarding the West I have been away since 1914 so I can't speak authoritatively of present conditions, but I'm pushing in all my chips that the old Peacemaker is just as numerous and popular as it was eleven years ago, and is now, as it was then and always has been, the one and only recognized pistol. I made a roundup of the boys and Injuns—Sioux, seventy-five of them—in a rodeo I was with here last June and found eight Colts. Five were the old S. A. .45, two were .38s and one, shown me by an old buck, was a relic of the Custer affair. The old Colt will never go into discard in favor of the automatic until the newfangled guns become simpler in construction.

The West, particularly the Southwest, is no place for a pistol with small, frail springs and a time lock device, or escapement hee-haw. It's too much like a dollar watch and no gent will pin his faith, which means risking getting hived, to an automatic carried in an open holster where there is dust or mud. It may buck and then where are you?

One of the features which made the old Frontier Colt so popular, back in the early days when everybody packed one, was that any cowpuncher, blacksmith, or saddle mender could do any little repairing it needed. Nobody ever went looking for a hammer to drive nails or tacks, because the butt of a Colt was so convenient. If the old Colt required pulling apart you could do it and put her together again. This was back in the good old days when anybody who knew the difference between whiskey and water could tend bar.

The .45 will never be replaced by a lighter, smaller caliber revolver on the border so long as the Mexicans pack the old gun. Peace officers, marshals, sheriffs, deputies, and town "bulls" of the Southwest will never shift to automatics or small calibers while they have to contend with the big bore.

The Frontier Colt has been the defense of more good men, the protector of more homes, saved from death or capture by Injuns more women and kids, upheld law and order in more instances, been the finish of more bad characters, and done more to civilize the West than all other pistols ever manufactured.

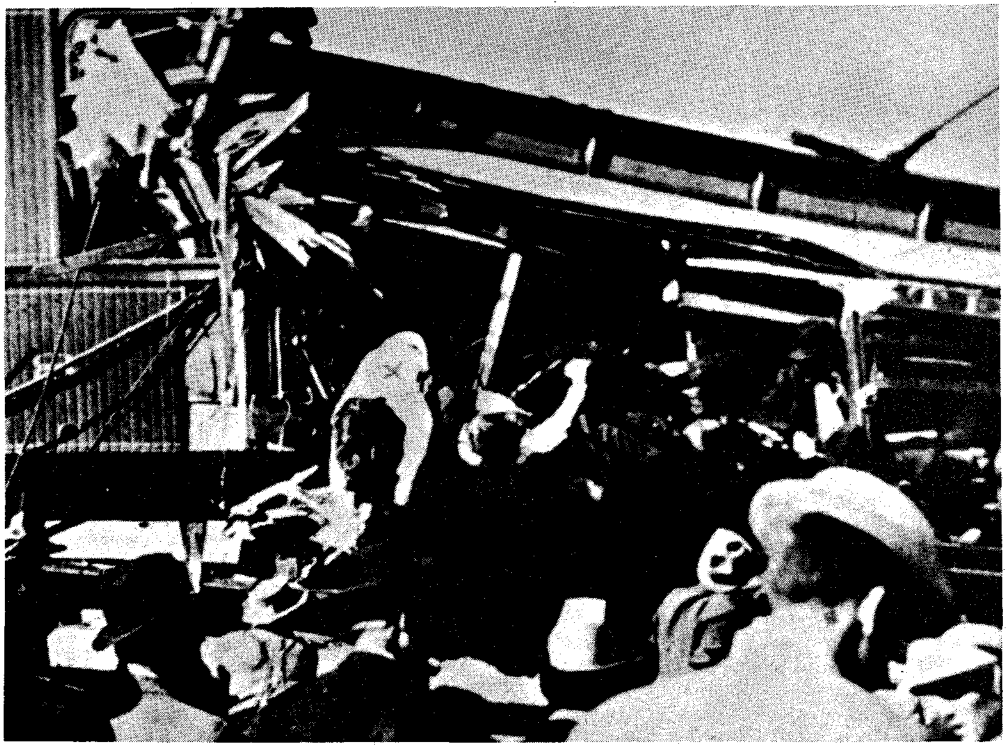
As for the question, "Will it become obsolete"—it may, when Mexico becomes

(Continued on page 54)

By MARY PEASE LASHBROOK

Photos Courtesy Author

The GREAT



Courtesy Marvin Jones

Train wreck victim with a board driven through her chest.

An ugly sound swept down the track— the last peals of laughter fading under the groan of splintering metal and wood!

THE LITTLE CITY by the lake was full to its edges and spilling over onto the beaches, the park and nearby fields. People were coming by way of Sandpoint and Rathdrum, Idaho, afoot, in buggies, wagons, by stage and on horseback. They were coming down from the mining country in the Coeur d'Alene Mountains across the lake by boat. One man claimed to have walked from San Francisco. They were also coming by electric train, six to eight coaches at a time, from Spokane, Washington—and the trainmen were getting dangerously weary.

It was July 1909. The United States Government had opened land for homesteading on the Indian Reservation in Idaho, Montana and Washington. Coeur d'Alene, Idaho, was chosen the registration point for the Coeur d'Alene Reservation, and drawings for all three reservations were held there.

Every profession or calling one could imagine was represented. Many women schoolteachers applied. People from the East sold their homes, sure that they would be among the lucky ones to draw a number and settle in the West. Hundreds of excursionists took the boat trip up the scenic "Shadowy St. Joe River" to see the reservation and then on up the Coeur d'Alene River to the Mission of the Sacred Heart at Cataldo.

Large storerooms had been fitted up with beds for sleeping quarters, and lunch counters were ready for the large crowds which were expected. A bed and two meals could be had for $1.00.

Registration began at midnight July 15, and the race was on. Within an hour 600 people had applied; by the close of registration August 5 the number had risen to 105,621.

During the first day the Coeur d'Alene and Spokane Electric Railway ran trains from Spokane on an average of every twenty minutes. Day after day the crowds came. On July 24 some 18,000 people were handled by the various boat companies and the electric railway. The electric line alone handled over 14,000.

When the trains were loading at Spokane, impatient landseekers climbed through the windows into the cars, climbed on top or hung on wherever possible. They even broke windows and pushed in doors in their eagerness to get aboard, ignoring efforts of trainmen to keep order. Upon arriving at Coeur d'Alene they jumped through the windows before the trains could stop.

In spite of the frantic rush, the crowds were goodnatured. Men boosted women through the train windows. After they had hoisted one woman through to her waist, they found that her hips were too large and she had to be lowered again amid much laughter and advice as to the best way to handle such a freighting problem.

As another woman was being boosted and dragged face downward over the rear railing of an observation car, several men standing nearby landed friendly spanks on her derriere to the accompaniment of wisecracks and shouts of bystanders.

Competition was keen among notaries for the twenty-five cents fee they received to register each hopeful, and their "Bawlers" at the uptown offices and at the electric train depot jostled each other in their efforts to serve the most people. Accusations of unfair practices sometimes led to fist fights, but on the whole people were *enjoying the confusion.*

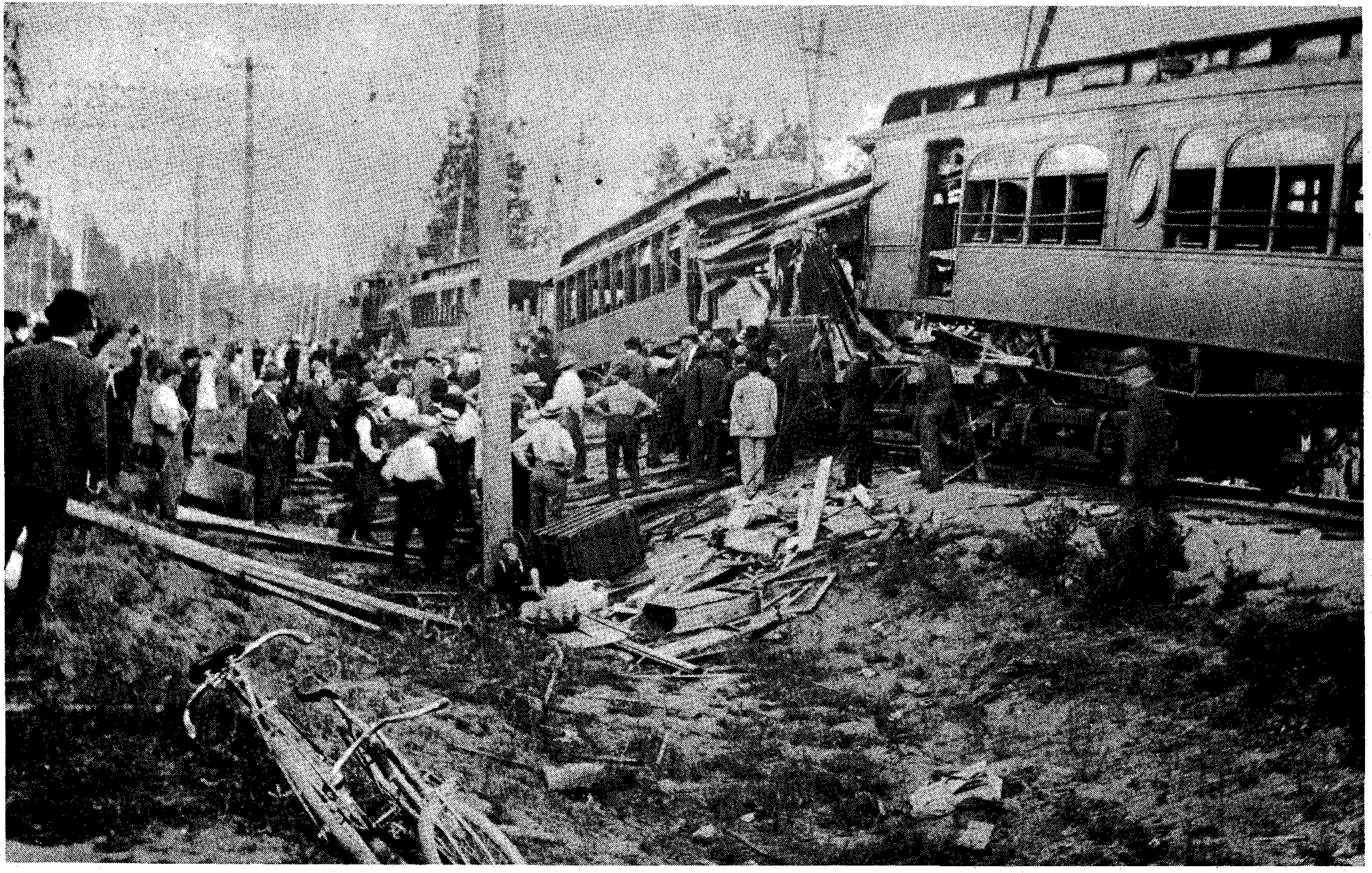
THEN TRAGEDY struck. About 4:10 p.m. on July 21 two trains packed with people collided head-on at Lacrosse Street near the little station of Gibbs, three miles out of Coeur d'Alene. The impact was terrific. It was in the smoking car of the westbound to Spokane train, an extra, that all the deaths occurred and most of the serious injuries were reported.

The car was packed to the doors, the aisle being full of passengers, a fact which very likely prevented more people from being killed. When the crash came the partitions separating the motorman from the rest of the car were swept backward, taking the front seats with them. Passengers in the front of the car were thrown on top of those in the rear, while the eastbound front car telescoped the smoker and smashed the front seats, framework and windows into a scrambled mass. One woman was found hanging from a window with a sliver of board driven through her chest.

A man riding in the smoker later said that when he regained consciousness he found that he was trapped and could tell that the front end of the car was high in the air. Some of the passengers were hanging unsupported and it looked as if their backs would break.

A seven-year-old boy was thrown out of an open window, his head striking a large rock on the embankment, killing

ELECTRIC TRAIN WRECK



Courtesy Marvin Jones

Coeur d'Alene, Idaho.

him. An older sister riding with him was seriously injured and did not know for some time that her brother was killed.

There were deeds of heroism. One man, whose foot was cut so severely that it hung by a thread of skin, was pinned between two seats but he smiled and told his rescuers to help the women and children first.

Ten people were killed outright. Later, five more died. Many had to have arms and legs amputated and others suffered internal injuries. The final count was fifteen dead and between ninety and one hundred injured.

Had not millhands at the Stack-Gibbs Lumber Company nearby rushed out with axes, picks and crowbars and chopped away the debris under which the passengers were buried, many would have suffocated. It took a wrecker sent from Coeur d'Alene nearly three hours to clear the track so that traffic could continue.

Hazel Marshall (now Mrs. G. C. Cardwell), who was about eighteen at the time, was going to Gibbs after the family's mail, and arrived at the scene soon after the collision occurred.

"It was terrible," she recalls. "There was much confusion and the air was filled with dust. The dead and wounded were being loaded into cars and drays. I noticed that the shoes of many people lying on the ground had already been removed or someone was in the act of doing so. Shoes were lying everywhere. I wondered why people were doing that instead of trying to give first aid to the victims. When I went home and told my father who had not heard of the wreck he said, 'Don't you know why they did that? It has always been considered a disgrace to die with your boots on. When people were hanged with their boots on it meant they were villains and had been put out of the way.' "

DURING the inquest that followed, many conflicting testimonies were given. The eastbound regular train No. 20 out of Spokane was due in Coeur d'Alene at 4:10 p.m. The westbound train No. 5 was an extra, running with orders to pass the regular train at the siding switch at Lacrosse Street. It was said that the motorman of No. 5 was unable to hold his train with the brakes and that it ran by the switch at the siding and by the time he could get the train stopped or back it up, the two came together. E. C. Campbell, the motorman, was seriously injured. Others testified that the brakes were in working order.

Motorman Delany on the regular train testified that he had been delayed at Spokane Bridge by having to wait for regular train No. 21, making him twenty-five minutes late, and that he knew nothing about the special until he saw it coming toward him on the track. He did everything he could to stop his train in time but when it was apparent he would fail, he jumped.

The jury gave the following verdict: "We find that the said collision was caused by the running of the special No. 5 out of the Coeur d'Alene yards without orders on the time of the regular train No. 20, from Spokane; by the failure of the conductor and motorman of the said No. 5, to register out as required by the rules; and by the failure of the company to stop the practice of allowing the conductor to register for the motorman, and in not requiring the brakeman to be informed of the contents of the order."

Resulting lawsuits broke the electric company and it was later sold to the Great Northern Railroad.

The First White Men on Devils Tower

(Continued from page 29)

craved the distinction of being the first to reach the top but also hoped to find a way to capitalize on their feat. Money was hard to come by on the frontier.

Neither man was an expert mountain climber. Probably neither even knew what decided upon the southeast corner as being the most vulnerable spot for the scaling attempt. The sheer wall at this point rises 350 feet from the sloping and broken base. The perpendicular cliff has a narrow ledge or bench as its upper terminus. Fortunately, they found a narrow, vertical crack extending upward along the wall. It was planned to drive wooden pegs, each capable of supporting a man's weight, horizontally into this crack, thus forming a crude ladder.

Early in June the job of building the ladder began. A large supply of three-foot stakes was cut from the trees on the lower slopes of the hills. These stakes were mostly ash, willow and oak. A team and wagon conveyed them to a point as close as possible to the base of the Tower. From here to the bottom of the vertical crack they were carried by hand, a distance of a good quarter-mile over broken rocks and low cliffs. All this was necessary before the job of constructing the ladder was actually begun.

Each stake had to be driven into the crack, one above the other. A heavy hammer was used for the driving. The difficulty experienced in standing on one stake and trying to find something to hang onto while driving another stake, whose outer end was three feet out in space, can only be imagined. There are days when the temperature reaches over 100 degrees in this section of Wyoming during the early summer. The hot sun beating down on the south side of the Tower added to the discomfort of the ladder building.

After each section of four or five pegs was driven in, the outer ends were sawed off flush with each other and a piece of two by four was nailed to them. This formed a sort of handrail or support. As the men worked higher and higher, the narrow crack began to curve considerably which made construction more difficult. Fortunately, Willard Ripley was left-handed and this gave him a distinct advantage. The job was completed about the end of June.

Rogers usually is given the credit for being the first man to ascend the Tower, but Ripley's "backers" question this and have much to support their contention. Due to his dexterity in the use of his left hand, Ripley completed the top section of the ladder. It is logical that he could have been first to reach the top.

WHEN it became apparent that the venture was going to be a success, Rogers busied himself with press agent duties and from all accounts he did a good job. The proposed climb was well advertised and the date set for July Fourth.

The nearest centers of population were Rapid City and Deadwood, South Dakota. The former city was 125 miles away; transportation had to be by horse and buggy. From Rapid City the round trip required about ten days. This was no deterrent to many, and the crowd which attended was estimated at anywhere from 1,000 to 3,000 people. Most of them arrived on July 3. There were no overnight accommodations available and all camped out.

Stands had been erected and a dance took place on the evening of the third. Rogers and Ripley planned to make their money on refreshments and entertainment. The climb was to be a free attraction.

To observe the spirit of the holiday, it was considered fitting to raise the American flag on the summit of the Tower. No flag of suitable size could be found so one had to be made. The blue field with white stars and the red and white stripes were painted on a large sheet of cloth by a local artist.

A light rain had fallen on the previous day but the morning of the Fourth dawned clear. With appropriate ceremony, Rogers made the climb up the ladder carrying the flag with him. He reached the top of the Tower without mishap. During the afternoon festivities, a high wind came up and blew the flag from its anchor. It floated down and dropped among the celebrants.

The enterprising pair of climbers immediately cut the flag into small pieces. The stars were sold at fifty cents each while the small pieces of the red and white stripes went for twenty-five cents each. Altogether the stunt was a successful one, both from a publicity and a financial standpoint.

While Devils Tower has been scaled many times since by climbers using conventional rock-climbing methods and equipment, this first climb by Rogers and Ripley was by far the most spectacular.

Nuggets

(Continued from page 46)

to the Choctaw's death. Had he been able to abstain from singing, perhaps he would have lived out his three score and ten years and died by natural causes, instead of having the end hastened by lead from a deputy sheriff's rifle.

Sometime during the series of songfests, camp meetings and singing conventions, Wakum took a wife, a beautiful Choctaw maiden. Their life went smoothly for a time, until Ervin developed a longing for the days when he was unencumbered by a spouse. Wakum never became thoroughly housebroken. His wife soon became such a damper on his activities that he decided there was only one sensible thing to do—get rid of her. It isn't especially unusual for a man to toy with the idea of murdering his wife, but most refrain. Wakum did not. He settled his problem with an axe. Then he took to the road.

The Choctaws, as well as many of the other tribes, had a rather peculiar sense of justice and honor. It seemed to be acceptable to flee the scene of a crime to avoid capture. On the other hand, once the accused was captured, tried and sentenced, it was a point of honor to refrain from attempting to escape. The history of the Choctaw Nation is replete with cases wherein a citizen was tried and convicted of a crime, sentenced to be put to death, but before the death sentence was carried out the condemned man was allowed to return to his place of abode to place his worldly affairs in order. This he was allowed to do with no guards of any sort, as it was a matter of honor to return at the appointed time to be put to death.

Dr. C. N. Miller was an early-day physician among the Choctaws. Although Dr. Miller was a white man he soon learned to speak the Choctaw language fluently, and before he had been long in the Nation, he married a Choctaw girl. He told of the time that a Choctaw citizen, being held for trial, was sent alone, in the night, to ask Dr. Miller to attend John Wilson, deputy-sheriff, who had suddenly become ill. The Choctaw was sent because he could be trusted and because Dr. Wilson was sure that he would return.

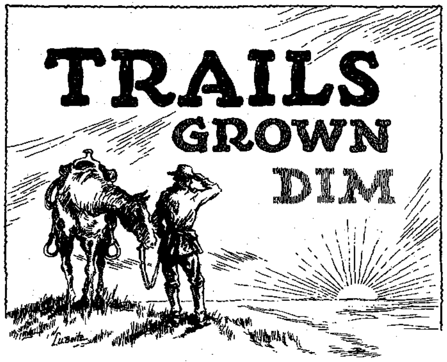
WAKUM ERVIN disappeared after ridding himself of his unwanted wife, but there was no statute of limitation on murder, even under Choctaw laws. Perhaps Wakum would never have been apprehended had he been able to keep his mouth shut.

Several years had passed when Reverend Belinchey, a full-blood Choctaw preacher, was holding a gospel meeting in the vicinity of Sans Bois. As the singing became more and more fervent, Belinchey slowly became aware of one voice which stood out above all others. It was not an especially loud voice, inasmuch as it did not drown out the other singers, but it was conspicuous because of its purity of tone. The preacher realized instinctively to whom the voice belonged. As Reverend Belinchey's eyes wandered over the assemblage he soon located Wakum Ervin, whom Belinchey had known for many years. Belinchey notified the sheriff, and Wakum was soon in the custody of the Choctaw Nation.

The Indian continued to sing. He sang before his trial, he sang during his trial, and he sang after his trial. When the judge sentenced Wakum to be put to death, the prisoner showed no emotion. His singing only became more melancholy—and sweeter.

On the day of the execution, Wakum continued to sing right up to the moment a bullet forever stilled his beautiful voice. He only paused long enough to shrug off the hands of an attendant who wished to mark Wakum's bosom to show the executioner where to place the shot. The condemned man signified that he would point out the spot himself, with his index finger.

On that day, at Goodland, in the Choctaw Nation, one of the most melodious voices of all time was lost, when a bullet from the rifle of John Wilson, a deputy sheriff under Dave Gibson, plunged into Wakum's heart. Those who witnessed the execution would always remember how the last clear notes died away.



TRAILS GROWN DIM

If you have information concerning persons referred to below, do not write to us. Communicate directly with the letter writer.

Tracy

I would like to locate my great-uncle, Charles Avery Tracy, who lived in Saline County, Nebraska, in a town named Western about 1880. He had a livery barn and a feed mill. The mill was run by a windmill. I am an old-timer seventy-two years old and would love to hear from other old-timers.—Nathan Tracy, 380 Grey Street, Denver, Colorado 80226

Dieter

Peter and Lucinda Dieter settled in Farmington Township, Walsh County in 1873. That township is quite close to Grafton, North Dakota. They had several children—one, my great-grandfather, Lyman Dieter. His first wife died in 1888, married (2) Hattie Tirkelson in 1897. He had two sons by the first marriage, Henry and Robert. Hattie bore him a daughter in 1899. Soon after, Lyman left, never to return. I need to find out what happened to Margret May Dieter. She may be alive today—about sixty-nine years old. Does any reader remember this family? I'm also searching for Lyman's sister, Susan Dieter. Last known married to a man named Olson, first name unknown. She owned property right in Grafton in 1897 but it was sold by her guardian, James McDonald, because she was found to be an incompetent person. Does anyone know when or where she died?—Mrs. Glenn Wice, Route #1, Gladwin, Michigan 48624

Kight

I would like to hear from either one of two sons of a Dr. James Kight, who was a son of a Dr. Edward Kight of Frankfort, Kentucky. James was born about 1884, and his sons about 1910 to 1912 in California.

Army files show that upon discharge from the U. S. Cavalry in 1919, Captain Kight was preparing to move north with his family and some livestock, by train, and probably to Miles City country.

I do not know the boys' (i.e., sons of Dr. James Kight) names, but anyone drawing their attention to this request will really be doing them and me a favor. The doctors were DVM and reputedly outstanding.—Arthur G. Roycroft, P. O. Box 3041, Louisville, Kentucky

Frank League

Can anyone give me information on my grandfather, or any of his family. He had a sister married to a man named Ritter, and a brother named Jake League. He was a miner in the Joplin, Webb City and Picher, Oklahoma mines; married my grandmother Martha Francis Childress in the late 1800s. They had three girls, Myrtle, Valerie, Nina Pearl, and Nadine Zella born in 1896. Any information will be greatly appreciated.—Ruth A. Enloe, Box 526, Lone Pine, California 93545

Welch-Hudgens

I am interested in any information concerning my grandfather and grandmother: John Henry Welch, born in Virginia and Mary Ann Hudgens born in Kentucky, married July 21, 1842, Benton County, Cole Township, Missouri, still lived there in the 1850 census. They had three children, James H., John Abram, and Mary Jane. Think they moved to Benton, County, Arkansas where Wiley Tobe and Sarah, a daughter, were born. —Mrs. Georgia Miller, 2025 N. Birmingham Place, Tulsa, Oklahoma 74110

Long

Would anyone have information about the family of Ezekiel Long, born in Missouri, served in the Civil War. His wife was Mary Frances Mays born in Grundy County, Missouri, September 15, 1842. They were married February 18, 1869 in Missouri and moved to Oklahoma near Enid. They had a family of two boys and two girls. I think the names were Ed, Sarah, Minnie and Zed. Later when these were nearly grown they had twin boys (Ashley and Eshley). I think the family still lives around that area.—Mrs. Eugene Schmidt, Route 3, Box 24, Potter, Nebraska 69156

Burrell-Brown

Will some kind soul please write me if they know the whereabouts of the Joe Burrell family, and Robert Burrell, his brother. We all lived in Ft. Worth, Texas in 1910 and 1909, and were close friends. We heard Joe Burrell had moved to Oklahoma. We have "lost" another good friend, Loma Brown and Guy Brown, her brother. I'd certainly appreciate any information.—Mrs. E. W. Smith, 1325 Maryland Street, Irving, Texas

"Arkansas"

I wish I could hear from some old-timers who may have known an old man, known as "Arkansas," in 1892 in the Indian Territory, or before that date, or in 1932 in western Oklahoma, when Pretty Boy Floyd was in his heyday.—Lloyd McCoy, 231 Sumner Street, Elsinore, California 92330

Bressler

I would like to contact persons having information about persons named Bressler (Pressler, Presler, Bresler) whose ancestors came to this country from the Palatinate in Germany in 1749. They were of the Lutheran or Reformed persuasion. Many of them removed from Pennsylvania after the Revolution and during the early 1800s. I have been collecting material on this family for some time and would be glad to share what I have researched as well as to receive additional information.—Elizabeth Bressler Bunting, 730 Harvard Avenue, Swartmore, Pennsylvania 19081

Moore

Can anyone help me with information on my great-great-grandfather, John Moore, who lived in Grimes County formerly Washington County, Texas. He came to Austin's Colony in 1830 from Louisiana when he was fifty-four years old. He had with him one son and two daughters. One daughter first married Kindred Jacks, and then Captain William King. Lydia Elizabeth, the other daughter married John Hunt Gordon. John Moore is supposed to have been at the battle of San Jacinto. He and his son-in-law, Captain William King, had two steamboats on the Brazos River.—Mrs. J. L. Tryon, 1033 Bowie Street, Amarillo, Texas 79012

Long

If anyone knows anything about my grandfather, George Thomas Long, I would appreciate hearing from them. He was an orphan, lived with aunts and uncles part of his childhood. Born in Georgia, he died when he was ninety years old about fifteen years ago. He had three children, Aline Jocot Long (my mother), Ruth Long and Dick Long, who have passed away. My grandmother was Mattie Hogan, my great-grandmother was Lila Hogan.—Mrs. Mattie White, P. O. Box 232, Oakdale, California 95361

Williams

I have lost track of the Jim Williams family who lived in a valley in the Tendoy Mountains about a dozen miles west of Dell in southwest Montana, not far from the Continental Divide. Clint Williams was my age (13) in 1920 when I spent a summer there on their ranch. We had great times together, swimming and fishing and hunting fossils, with an eye peeled for buffalo. At that time the railroad had a standing order to "watch for buffalo on the track."

Clint had a younger brother, Monty, and two sisters, Mamie and Kathy. Last I heard they were living at Emmett, Idaho. I do hope I might hear from them again.—Raymond Cutter, 86 Stewart Street, Seattle, Washington 98101

Hindrex or Kindrex

I hope some of your readers will know about the Hindrex or Kindrex family in Muldrow, Oklahoma. They lived on a rented farm for thirty years near Muldrow about 1918 or 1919. Moved to another rented farm near Sallisaw, Oklahoma. My grandmother lived with them, as Mrs. Hindrex was my mother's sister. In 1925 I exchanged several letters with one of the Hindrex girls. I don't remember her first name, but I am sure she was the youngest of the children. My grandmother died in 1920 at the age of ninety-three. Her name was Danner. Any information

(Continued on page 70)

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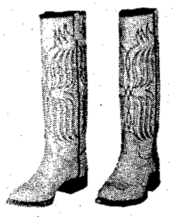

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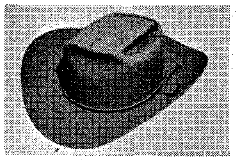

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The Old .45 Peacemaker

(Continued from page 49)

civilized and stops inaugurating a revolution every pay day; when the Mexican soldiers no longer desert from one side to the other by squads and companies for a few *pesos* or a request; when the so-called "badmen" and hard characters no longer exist down there and on this side of the Rio Grande; when the increased population together with the railroads, electricity, autos, trolleys, schools, movies and last but not least the churches "Easternize" the West, especially the Southwest, and it becomes as safe day and night as in Philadelphia on Sunday; when the constantly increasing farms reduce the size of the range till they become small enough to ride 'em with a Ford; when the cowpuncher is to be seen only in the movies wearing a necktie, silk shirt and kid gloves; when the Texas saddle and chaps, Mexican spurs, ropes and quirts become memories of the past; when it becomes a violation of town or city ordinance to pack or shake out the loads of .45s; then and not until then do I figure on the old Pacifier becoming a dead card.

Happily this calamity isn't going to occur this year nor in our time. The manufacturers of the Frontier Colt which has done so much for the West and which has ever been the reliance of those who kept the law, the corrector and reprover of those who broke it, and a terror to, and the death of, those who defied it, will continue to make it, advertise it and sell it, upheld by all who possess it in their claim "The favorite of the Old and New West."

Panning the River for a Winter's Grub

(Continued from page 21)

around the pan holes and near the spot where the last samples had been taken. Whoever this man was, he knew now that we had traced the pocket to its source and would be taking it out very soon.

Dad stood up and surveyed the surrounding brush. There was no sign that anyone was near.

"Tell you what we'd better do," he said. "Gather up our tools and we'll start back. That will puzzle him. It will seem that we're giving up the trace and he'll want to know why. After we're gone, he'll come back for another look. Meanwhile we'll hide over yonder and give him a little time. If he does show up, we'll crawl back through the brush and take him by surprise."

I had never encountered a more thrilling situation in my life and made haste to get the tools together.

"Take your time," my father said. "Let on like you're in no hurry."

While I got the tools he stood surveying the ground and shaking his head. I heard him say, "Guess there's no use panning any more. It's petered out on us." He spoke loud enough to be heard a hundred yards away.

After we were in protective cover, we discarded our tools and quietly returned by another route. From our new vantage point, we could see the whole hillside on the east side of the stream. Keeping old Spareribs quiet was a problem. I finally got him by the collar and nailed him down.

WE HAD WAITED almost an hour, then my father suddenly pointed to the brush near our claim. A tall, thin man of about forty, his face covered by a reddish beard, stepped cautiously into the clearing. He was carrying a rifle and wore coveralls and a red plaid shirt. His slouch hat was typically western. He stood for a time looking about, then leaning his rifle against a bush he knelt beside the last pan holes, his back to us.

"Now," my father said, cocking his old .40-82 black-powder rifle. "You stay here with the dog and keep me covered."

With the rifle cradled in his arms, his thumb over the cocked hammer, he strode forward casually while I held the man in my sights, not knowing what minute I might have to fire. I did know, however, that my father had all the advantage and I was more excited than scared.

The intruder heard Father's footsteps behind him and turned quickly.

"Howdy!" Father said.

"Howdy, mister," the stranger replied warily.

I heard nothing more of what was said, for already the dog and I were on our feet. The stranger seemed friendly enough. He said his name was Alex and he was camped at Mud Spring, a mile to the north. He said he had run out of camp meat and while hunting had stumbled upon our pan holes. (The hobnailed boots and the tracks he'd left in the trail the day before made a liar out of him, but I didn't say anything. It was up to my father to do the talking.)

Alex then told us he originally was from Kansas and was on his way north toward Coquille, on the Oregon coast, where a sister lived.

After he had gone, my father expressed doubts that the stranger was telling the truth. For one thing, he told me, Mud Spring was known by that designation by only a few persons in the area and a stranger would have had no way of knowing what it was called.

"Better follow him and see where he goes," Father said, "but be careful. Don't let him see you."

I tied Spareribs to a tree so he wouldn't follow me and headed for a spot well above us where I thought I'd have a clear view of the country below. I had stalked deer and knew how to move quietly and keep out of sight. From a high rock I finally spotted our man. He definitely was not heading for Mud Spring.

That day we took out the pocket gold (which the San Francisco Mint later evaluated at $179, far below what we had expected) and despite our apprehensions, the strange man named Alex didn't reappear to waylay us.

The next pocket came along in February and I believe I was the one to pick up the trace in a little gully three or four miles from Long Gulch. There wasn't much color at first, hardly enough to cover a tack head, but it indicated a pocket somewhere above. We panned the gully for half a mile without improving the trace and Dad predicted it would end when we reached the head of the gully. I went on panning while he went to take a few samples from another spot about a quarter of a mile away.

I took several more samples. Suddenly each pan was producing more and more color! I was panning the last I'd taken when my father returned with his samples.

"Any improvement?" he asked.

I had decided to handle this one myself, so I told him the trace was no better. He washed his samples and went back to his own spot while I hurried back to my project. I had never found a pocket all by myself; here was my big chance!

Dad was gone better than an hour. I washed several samples on both sides of the gully, but the trace had disappeared completely. Up to a point it was as strong in the bed of the gully as it had been, but above there—nothing. Could the pocket be in the stream bed? But samples taken at a depth of eighteen inches below the stream bed revealed nothing.

This was something I had not encountered before. "It just played out and that's all there is to it," I finally confessed, trying to be as professional as I could about it.

Dad sat down on a rock and studied the problem. He looked at a big pile of eight- and ten-ton rocks on the hillside above us. "Those rocks have no business being where they are," he explained. "Only some great force of Nature could have pushed them up there. Maybe when that happened millions of years ago, those rocks scooped up the pocket and took it up the hillside. Let's make some test holes around that largest rock and see for ourselves."

We spent two days running test trenches. On the third day my father suddenly stopped digging and knelt to pick up something. He looked at it a moment and turned to me, "Ever see one like that?"

What he had dug up was a nugget of pure gold for which the mint later sent us $81. The rest of the pocket, just eight feet under the largest rock, brought us a little better than $400, sufficient to keep us in grub all that winter.

IN NOVEMBER, 1910, two years later, we discovered one of our mining claims had been "jumped" (claimed because we had not done the assessment work on it for one year). We had extracted less than $200 worth from it and were not satisfied that we had cleaned everything out. My father was very angry to think anyone would lay claim to the property. It was the first time such a thing had ever happened to him.

We discovered when we passed it one afternoon that it had been jumped. The location notice, its boundaries copied from our own of a year before, was signed by "A. Cable." Neither of us had ever heard of him.

In laying claim to our neglected property, Cable had thirty days in which to

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do the required amount of development work. We waited out the thirty days, passing the claim every week or so to keep an eye on it. When the time was up, my father wrote out a notice and we posted it in a tomato can. Cable was not around to protest and we started work on what eventually would become an exploration shaft. Then Father mounted his horse and rode back home, from where he intended to pedal to Grants Pass on his bicycle to properly file a claim with the government land office. A notice posted by a claimant to land was not legal until it was registered with the land office and with the county. Once that and the development work was done, there was no power on earth that could take it away—at least, not for a year.

Alone with old Spareribs to hold down the claim, I worked till noon, then opened my lunch. I was munching away at a piece of pie when the dog detected something moving up the trail toward us. I looked, saw nothing, then my eyes caught sight of a man with a rifle over his shoulder. As he approached, I recognized him as the hobnailed Alex we had met at our prospect two years before!

"Howdy," I mumbled, scared half to death.

He didn't reply to my greeting. For a few moments he stood looking down at the place where I had been digging. "What's all this?" he demanded. "Don't you realize this is my claim? I filed on it last month."

"But you didn't do any assessment work," I protested. I meant "development" work but got my words twisted.

"Assessment work is done to hold a claim for a year," he said with rising anger in his voice.

"But you're supposed to begin work on a jumped claim within thirty days," I blurted, "and you didn't. So my pa's gone to town to make a proper filing. You no longer got a right to it."

I might as well have spit in the face of a grizzly bear. I had never seen anyone get so angry in such a short time. "Get off!" he ground out, threatening me with his rifle. "And don't let me catch you and your father stepping foot on this land again, hear?"

I was wiry and fairly strong, but no match for a man with a rifle. He ordered me to take the wheelbarrow and all our tools. As soon as I was off the claim I hid the wheelbarrow and made tracks for home. When I told my mother what had happened, she became frantic. The claim wasn't worth quarreling over, she said.

WHEN my father came home and heard the news, he blew a gasket. Mother finally persuaded him that the best thing to do would be to get the county authorities.

The next morning Father went to Grants Pass and told the sheriff what was in the wind. The lawman was interested and showed Father a letter from the sheriff of Susanville, California which described an Alexander Kubli, who was wanted for armed robbery and had been reported to be camping somewhere along the Applegate River, into which our watershed drained.

George N. Bailey at age 87.

Back came two deputies in a horse-drawn vehicle, bringing my father with them. They went first to the mine and I tagged along, feeling quite important. But Cable was not at the claim and hadn't been there recently, for no further improvement work had been done. We then made a trip to Mud Spring, but no one had camped there for months.

We made no attempt to lay claim to the land, figuring that eventually Kubli would be arrested and if he and Cable were the same man, that would end our troubles with him. We learned more about him through the sheriff, who had been in correspondence with Susanville. Kubli had jumped several claims in that area, and in the midst of the row this set off, he had been identified as the man who had robbed an old prospector. A warrant had been issued for his arrest but he had skipped out before it could be served.

Southern Oregon winters are usually quite mild, but the winter of 1910-11 unloaded an eighteen-inch snowfall in February. During that period we suspended all prospecting operations. My father had decided to move us to town the next spring, where he was going to work for a lumber company. He was giving up his prospecting career.

"How about taking one last fling at it?" he proposed one evening.

"All right. Where'll we start?"

"How about trying Long Gulch?" He had an affection for Long Gulch because it had produced three pockets over the period I'd been working with him. There had been a rain and the gullies had water in them.

But we spent the better part of a week without picking up a single trace and we were both quite discouraged. Our route home one evening brought us past a shaft which had been sunk by two of my uncles some years before. They had spent several weeks working but had found only a lively trace which had vanished completely thirty feet down. An old tree had fallen across the top of the shaft, spanning it like a footlog.

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"I think Jay and Carty missed the pocket here," Father said, stepping on the old tree and crossing to the opposite side. He kept talking, telling me there was a visible seam, or stain, in the sidewall. A seam, he said, should be crossed by another bearing quartz to produce a pocket. Since there was no second seam in view, there must have been a marriage of seams somewhere to the left. The shaft had been dug too far to the right.

As he talked, he asked for his gold pan and a pick, which I passed to him. He held the edge of the pan against the sidewall and made a few strokes, sending an avalanche cascading into the pan. Neither of us spoke for a time. The pan was heaped with the contents of the entire pocket! Some of the nuggets later weighed out at three-quarters of an ounce each. That panful was all there was to the pocket but it was worth just a little more than $1,500.

About a month later, the sheriff informed us that Alex Kubli had been found shot to death in a cabin on Slate Creek. The coroner said it was suicide.

I have taken a few pans since and I am glad to say that the feel of it—the technique, I guess—is still there. It wouldn't take much coaxing to lead me off on a prospecting trip into those Oregon hills. My father, living on an old-age pension, was still at it when he died at the age of eighty-seven. Prospecting for pocket gold is an obsession and it rarely abates.

Ranch Neighbors

(Continued from page 15)

could shoot a deer. She kept bees. She was extraordinarily vigorous. Yet she was not at all mannish. She embroidered, and liked to laugh and chat with women. There was sanity in her mind and glee in her heart. She was religious and always supported the preacher. I believe he came to the church at Dinero only on fifth Sundays, and he usually stopped with the Givenses. One time after a new preacher had been assigned to the circuit he made his first venture on a bicycle. I'm sure he had to push it much more than he rode it over the rocky hills and through sand beds. I never saw him myself. I never saw anybody on a bicycle in that country. But this is what people said. He got to the Givens ranch. Aunt Mary met him. He told his name and said, "This is Sister Givens, I suppose."

She said, "Yes. Put up your horse, and stay all night. We'll have supper after a while. We're going to church tomorrow."

He said, "No, I didn't bring any horse."

"Well, how on earth did you get here?"

"I came on a bicycle."

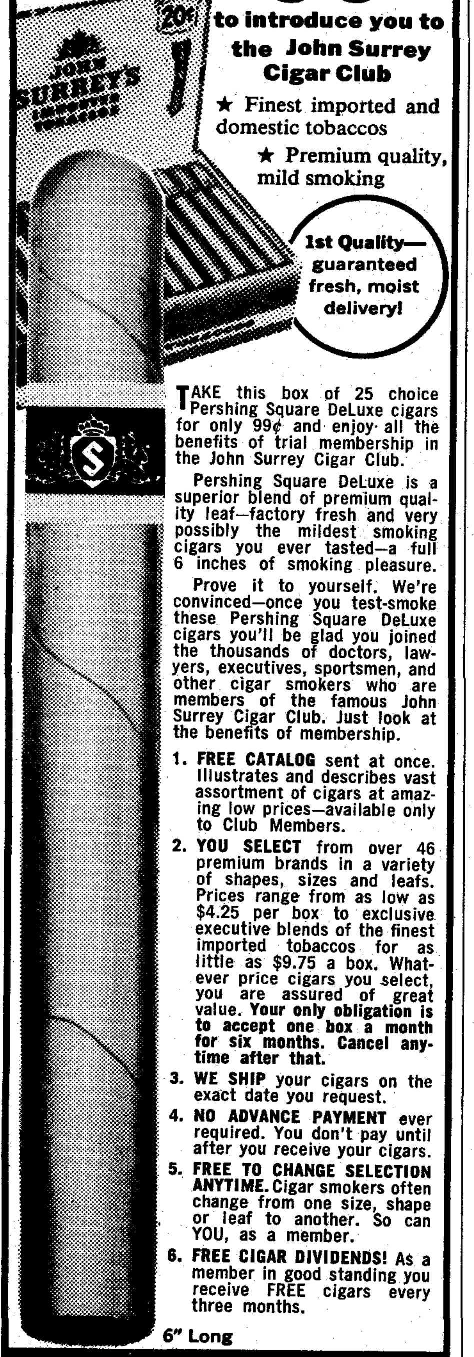
She said, "A bicycle is not anything for a man to ride. I don't want any bicycle person around me." He went on somewhere else.

This reminds me of Cousin Dick Dobie, who after he moved to Mathis refused to have anything to do with a preacher who organized a baseball team among the village boys.

The Robinsons didn't belong to the up-the-creek yahoo crowd either. Mr. Alf Robinson never came to church that I saw. He was the son of the noted Sally Skull by one of her husbands. She'd had several. She traded horses out of Mexico; sometimes freighted. One time while she was going east with one of her husbands he was drowned in the San Antonio River. One of the Mexicans working for her asked if she wanted the hands to recover the body. She said she didn't care anything about his body but would like that money belt he was wearing.

Almost the whole Robinson family turned out schoolteachers. Clabe Robinson had one of the best minds I met in my youth. He taught himself law and became the main land abstracter for Dougherty and Dougherty, lawyers in Beeville. He told me he was going to write a history of Live Oak County. This was after I came to the University of Texas. He wrote a chapter on mustangs and I got it published for him at a small price. Then he wrote a chapter on longhorns and I got it published for him at a small price. I don't think he ever wrote anything else on the book. He went off to El Paso in search of a lost mine and just played out. He was going to write about the Brush Country people. Nobody else could have done it so well.

Granny Hinnant was an independent soul who traveled over the country in her one-horse buggy wherever her midwifely services were needed. Sometimes she came just on a visit. She dipped snuff,



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said *'taint*, and *sommers* for *somewhere*. Whenever she was offered coffee she said, "I'll take a sup." In language she belonged to what I came to know as the Elizabethan Age. To me her use of *sup* connected her with the Bible—the King James Version, of course: "Behold, I stand at the door and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me."

I remember as a child standing by one of the windows in a thick-walled room of our house and looking out at drizzling rain that had kept us indoors for hours and chanting, as many a child has chanted:

Rain, rain, go to Spain
And never come back again.

My father did not want the rain to go to Spain. He had been walking up and down the front gallery, looking out and knowing that this was the kind of rain that fell equably over all the pastures and beyond, on the just and unjust alike. But Granny Hinnant, who was with us at the time, probably to assist at the birth of a new baby, though I knew nothing of such matters then, reprimanded us children. "The country needs rain," she said, "and you ort to be ashamed of yourselves. It's wicked not to be thankful for the rain, and God is listening to you. If you were Christians, you'd get down on your knees and thank Him for the rain." We did not notice her getting down on her knees, but that night at family prayers my father did thank the Lord for blessing the country with rain.

COUSIN DICK DOBIE'S ranch joined ours. His father, Sterling Neblett Dobie, and my father's father, Robert Neville Dobie, had come to Texas from Virginia and were ranching in partnership while Texas was still a republic.

The road from our ranch to Lagarto was ungraded across pastures. One afternoon I went in for the mail on the slow, lazy horse we called Old Stray. We subscribed for the semi-weekly Houston *Post*. I got it and whatever other mail there was and put everything inside a morral, which was carried from the horn of my saddle.

On the way back, Old Stray needing no guidance and scaring at nothing, I pulled out the newspaper and began reading about the Spanish-American War in Cuba. While I was reading, I heard a voice. I looked up and there was Cousin Dick Dobie on his way to Lagarto.

"What's the news, Frank?" he asked.

"It's about Colonel Roosevelt's Rough Riders."

"I'll read that when I get my paper. How's your mama?"

"All right, sir."

"And your sister Fannie and Elrich and Lee and Henry—they're all right too, I guess?"

"Yes, sir."

"How's your papa?"

"He's all right, I guess."

"You mean he's not at home?"

"He left yesterday."

"Where'd he go?"

"He said he was going in the upper Ramirenia country to the Chapa ranch, and I don't know where else."

"I guess he's buying steer yearlings."

"I think so."

"What's he paying for good ones?"

"I don't know."

"Well, if he gets mine he's going to have to pay better than ten dollars a head. I'd better get on now."

Cousin Dick left in a lope. That was his regular rate of travel. He had good horses, also well-bred-up cattle. Other ranchers liked to stop for a meal and a talk. Cousin Dick was the only man I remember who would ride to a ranch for the sole purpose of "visiting."

He was a great hand to ask questions. I know he had several books of history, perhaps Shakespeare, and certainly the Bible. He read enough law to receive a license to practice, but I don't recall having heard of his practicing. He seemed always to be aiming for something beyond. One time I went with Papa to help him gather cattle out of his Ramirenia Creek pasture. After the herd was made up and we were heading it for the pens, he galloped back and forth on one side or the other of the herd, saying all the time, "Keep 'em moving, boys! Keep 'em moving, boys!" All other cowmen I ever knew wanted their cattle to move slow.

While I was a mere boy, Papa bought a section and more of land called the Dickens pasture, joining Cousin Dick to the south. Cousin Dick had the idea that the division fence was off line and that some of his land was in the Dickens pasture. Papa agreed to have the land surveyed, he and Cousin Dick sharing the cost. The survey showed that an old house, rock cistern, shed, and two or three little pens owned by Cousin Dick were actually on the Dickens pasture land. Papa gave him a deed to the plot of ground for twenty-five or fifty dollars—whatever amount he had paid for that many acres.

The last time I saw Cousin Dick was in the town of Mathis, to which a good many Lagarto people moved. Years had passed, and I was teaching in the University of Texas and also publishing writings. I was standing talking to a friend in a vacant place on the main street when Cousin Dick came along. He seemed pleased to see me. He shook my hand; that is, he squeezed it as hard as he could. I was certainly pleased to see him. After asking the regular questions about members of the family, he kind of shifted gears. He was at this time, as I knew, occasionally contributing articles of opinion on religious and political subjects to a country weekly newspaper.

"Frank," he said, "they tell me that you believe in evolution."

"Well, I guess I do, Cousin Dick," I answered.

"That means," he went on, "that you believe man is descended from monkeys."

It is entirely likely that Cousin Dick had read Darwin's *The Origin of Species*. If so, he had read it not to learn but to controvert. His mind was made up. He often had a flitch in his face. Now he flitched, sniffed and snuffed and ended what he had to say with these words:

"You may have some monkey blood in

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you somewhere along the line, but I can tell you right now it wasn't from the Dobie side."

We both kind of laughed.

When he sold his ranch he kept the mineral rights to it. I'll bet he read all the fine print in the contract!

IF COUSIN DICK was a chip off the old block, my great-uncle Sterling must have been eccentric through and through. After a bank in Corpus Christi failed, he distrusted all banks. At first he hid his money secretly but an experience cured him of that practice. One spring when Cornelius Cox said that he was going to Kentucky on a visit, Sterling Dobie commissioned him to buy a thoroughbred stallion.

"I'll give you five hundred dollars to take along," he said.

"Wait until I'm ready to start," Cox suggested.

"All right. The money will be ready when you are."

Some days later Cox came over and said that he was about to set out for Kentucky. Sterling Dobie hobbled down off the front gallery on his two canes and with considerable difficulty reached under the house to a sill and fell back on the ground. Two of his children ran out in alarm. He explained to them that twenty-five $20 gold pieces he had put on a sill to send to Kentucky for the thoroughbred stallion were gone. One of the young people crawled under the house and found the $20 pieces, not one missing, on the sill at the corner.

After this, Sterling Dobie buried money in small sums at different places, accompanied by a single witness—one of his own children or his nephew Neville, my father's older brother. Out in the backyard was a cabin with a dirt floor, separated from the main house, that had been used as a kitchen during slave times. This was customary architecture. After it was abandoned and left open, a daughter, Minnie, whom I knew well—Cousin Minnie—happening into it one day saw several coins on the floor that presumably had been uprooted by hogs. The coins had been spilled out of a cracked iron tea-kettle. Cousin Minnie reported to her father, who was ill in bed. He counted the coins and was satisfied. When Cousin Minnie went in next morning the kettle was gone. One time he had her bury a quart jar of gold coins near the front steps. After he died and search was made for it, it could not be found. He might have moved it or have got someone else to move it.

He died November 4, 1880. Following the funeral at the ranch graveyard, the children and Neville Dobie who, perhaps I should say, had been mostly with his Uncle Sterling after his father's death by drowning, gathered at the house for final settlement. According to Cousin Minnie, Sterling, Jr., first dug up a jar of gold pieces that he had buried while his father leaned on his two sticks and watched, in the front yard. The money counted out $400. Neville went into a ruined Negro cabin and dug from the hearth a powder can of silver. The can had rusted away. The other children dug up the caches they had witnessed—all but Minnie, who could find neither the can nor the jar that she had helped hide under the house. Some of the coins were black and corroded from having been underground. They were turned over to Henry Newberry, merchant in Lagarto, who had a heavy metal safe. After these pieces got into circulation, people at sight of one would say, "There goes some old Dobie money."

Revenge of Rancheria

(Continued from page 19)

WHILE AT SONORA, Sheriff Clark, Durham and the rest of the posse had received word that a large group of Mexicans had been arrested at Columbia. They immediately rode there and looked over forty-odd Mexican captives. Durham recognized one Rafael Escobar as one of the Rancheria bandits and Clark confronted him with Castro's confession and Durham's identification. According to a witness of the proceedings, Escobar confessed that he was a member of the banditti and had taken part in the raid. He gave the names of his comrades although he stated that all had taken an oath not to expose each other.

Convinced they were in possession of another of the criminals, Clark and his men escorted Escobar north to Mokelumne Hill where news of the latest capture had preceded them. George Durham transported the prisoner to Jackson in a buggy, while Clark and his men again

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took up their relentless search.

It was ten o'clock on the morning of August 15 when Durham wheeled his buggy into the main street of Jackson. He was no sooner in town than his buggy was surrounded by an "immense mob" and when opposite the Jackson *Sentinel* office, the crowd took over. The buggy was driven to the local hanging tree and a committee appointed to examine the prisoner.

Escobar changed his story. Although he admitted knowing the bandits, he insisted that he had merely cooked supper for the party at Drytown just prior to the attack on Rancheria. The next day he had gone through Jackson and down to Columbia where he had been arrested. He said that he had been carrying two pistols and could have resisted had he been guilty, but he did not since he knew he was innocent. Escobar maintained that he had many American friends in Drytown and Sutter who could testify to his good character.

As the mob swirled about him, Escobar realized he had to die and asked that he be allowed to wash his face and comb his hair. A request for a priest was refused, but when he called for a "brandy punch" it was given him. The macabre scene which ensued was described in an extra issued by the Jackson *Sentinel*.

"The crowd here became restless and impatient and called for his hanging, which was immediately done.

"The Mexican was 'run up' and held there for a short time, then lowered, when great difficulty was encountered getting the rope loosened from his neck. It was finally cut loose; in the meantime he suffered excruciating pain, rolling his eyes about, throwing his head and body about at random, and making a loud gurgling noise with his throat. When the rope was taken from his neck he revived and asked for brandy and water and said he would like to talk, but it was no use, as the people would believe nothing he said, and he wished they would kill him outright, or bring some of his friends. He said if the Americans would arm themselves and take him with them he could point out every man that was connected with the Rancheria affair."

At this point an American stepped forward and said that he had been with Sheriff Clark when Escobar had confessed earlier. At that time the prisoner had admitted to being at Rancheria and further implicated himself in the crime. It was stated that Escobar was as "deep in the mud as the rest were in the mire," although he doggedly denied his former confession.

"The crowd," continued the *Sentinel*, "who could not hear half that was said, again became impatient, and cried out 'run him up,' which was immediately done, and he at this moment, twenty minutes after twelve o'clock, hangs suspended by the neck from the memorable limb of the old 'hang tree.' His name was Rafael Escobar. This is the name of the man Garcia said had killed Mrs. Dimon [Dynan] at Rancheria.

"We are in doubt whether this Mexican was really guilty. We do not wish to cast any reflection upon any of the citizens who had a hand in his hanging, but we do think they should have endeavored to obtain more evidence against him before proceeding so far. Hang all guilty ones, but do not, for God's sake, sacrifice the innocent."

The article ended by noting that Escobar had said the American bandit who had been with the gang had been arrested in Mariposa. Another bandit had been captured at Mokelumne Hill and the Jackson mob prepared to give him the same treatment accorded Escobar.

MEANWHILE Sheriff Clark's posse had received word from Algerine Camp that another bandit had been located. An old Mexican told the officers that a wounded outlaw who had been involved in the Phoenix gunfight had come to him for aid. The bandit had threatened to kill him if he weren't given shelter so the old man had hidden him in a mining shaft.

The old man led the officers to the hiding place which Durham and the others quickly surrounded. They called out for the bandit to surrender and, receiving no reply, stuffed the shaft full of dried brush. Setting fire to the brush, the posse was waiting patiently for something to happen when a shot rang out.

After the fire was extinguished, the wounded Mexican was discovered to have committed suicide rather than surrender. The nature of his wounds were such that he probably wouldn't have lived in any case.

While the peace officers were ranging the countryside in pursuit of the killers, violence continued to reign throughout the area. At Drytown, the Latin section of town consisted mostly of Chilenos who always had got on well with the Americans and had had little to do with Mexicans. About dusk, on the Sunday following the Rancheria murders, some fifteen or twenty armed men rode into Drytown and set fire to the Chilenian section of the village. In a few minutes the whole section was on fire, with screaming women and children flooding into the streets. Some of the people fled to the countryside, while others found solace with American friends. William Clark's home was filled to capacity with crying women and children. Even the Catholic church was put to the torch and burned to the ground.

During all the bloodshed and terror, there were responsible men who constantly advocated a return to sanity and due process of law. Some repeatedly risked their lives to try to bring order out of chaos. When at a mass meeting in Jackson a resolution was offered to outlaw all of the Mexican population of the country, it was strenuously opposed by R. M. Briggs and William Clark who argued that such a course of action would result in an open season of shooting Mexicans. Clark, who had argued for the Mexicans at Rancheria, came close to being lynched that night but the resolution was finally discarded.

At Butte City, a citizens' committee met to protest the pillaging of the Mexican portion of town by a group of outside vigilantes. Other brakes were being applied to the terrorism, and gradually order was established.

Two Mexicans, Feliz and Compoy, were arrested and charged with the murder of storekeeper Francis at Rancheria. They had been arrested by the acting sheriff of Amador County, but somehow they acquired the services of two good lawyers who got them out of the immediate area of violence. When brought before Judge Freelon at Chambers, it was immediately shown that the prosecution had no case at all. The prisoners had been arrested on hearsay evidence of a Mr. Crolet who claimed to have received his "evidence" from a Mexican in jail at Jackson. Upon further questioning, it was learned that the Mexican prisoner had since been lynched. The prosecution could offer nothing else except more hearsay evidence and when the defense offered to prove the men had been nowhere near Rancheria and had letters of good character reference, the case was dismissed. Had the accused been taken and examined in the Jackson area, they would probably have been lynched without ceremony. Feliz and Company were released and were a good object lesson to the rioters in Amador County.

THERE WERE those who tried to justify the excesses of those terrible times, but most of the citizens looked back in shame and regret. Just how many people died is not known, but it is certain that the innocent suffered more than the guilty. In the absence of legal trials, it isn't even known just how many of the Rancheria killers were actually caught, but the price paid for the ones who were captured was fearfully high. The revenge of Rancheria was a brutal chain of atrocities which can only be understood in conjunction with the temper of the times.

An editorial in the San Francisco *Alta California* for August 31, 1855, reflected the thinking of all the substantial people in Amador County.

"It is bad for us abroad that such events as the Rancheria tragedy should occur. But it is much worse that our own people should take the law into their own hands, and that society should appear to them as resolved into its original elements. Men commit murder everywhere, and it is to be presumed that as our country becomes more settled, such occurrences as the Rancheria affair will not take place. But what have we to say when our own people disregard the law and, as if by authority, engage in a series of crimes scarcely less justifiable than those which they band together to punish? Does it not show that we are a lawless people? And will it not operate to our prejudice abroad? We want population; we want law-loving people to come here to abide with their families; but how can we expect them when our newspapers are compelled to chronicle the fact that Vigilance Committees are above the law?"

An all but forgotten affair, the Rancheria tragedy is today but a minor footnote in California history. The town has long since disappeared and all that remains is a creek of that name, twisting and turning through the gullies and hills of Amador County.

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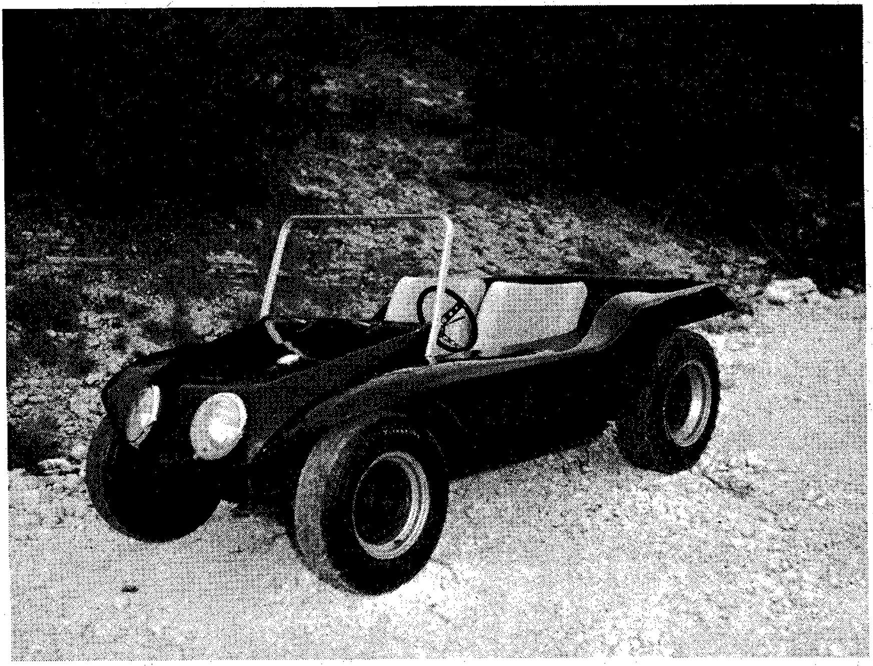
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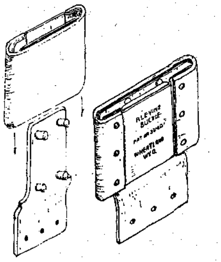

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Ironsmith to the Frontier

(Continued from page 25)

first cattlemen's protective associations. In one month alone, Blackfeet stole and killed more than $30,000 worth of beef. During that period the army would seldom help drive off pillaging Indians who slipped away from their agency periodically to raid.

On one expedition north across the Teton River, Green and eight rangers caught fifteen Indians driving out a couple of hundred head of mixed cattle. The Indians were wiped out, but two miles from that fight the rangers in turn were pinned down by a hundred Blackfeet. After standing them off a day and a waterless night, the rangers boldly attacked their besiegers, who broke and fled from their onslaught.

COLONEL GIBBON (later a general) was ordered west to stop Nez Percé Chief Joseph's famous long march in opposition to forced removal from ancestral lands onto an intolerable reservation.

Sensing that the campaign might be a vexing one, Gibbon dispatched orders back to Fort Shaw for Green to join him with a freight train of supplies. An ironsmith would be needed to keep the vehicles in repair as they moved over the rough country rounding up Indians.

Pursued by General O. O. Howard, the Nez Percé came out of Idaho through the Bitterroot Mountains west of Missoula, then turned south because of pressure from an aroused civilian population. Gibbon threw his forces across their route on the Big Hole River. Surprisingly, Chief Joseph with his few warriors defeated him at the Battle of the Big Hole, August 9, 1877. Gibbon's command was badly disorganized, he himself wounded. His force skirmished on the Nez Percé flank following a series of running engagements.

The wagons and Green were still 200 miles from Gibbon when an express rider reached them. Green's orders were to return to Fort Shaw. Gibbon's other supply wagons had come up from the south, and it would be impossible now for Green to catch up with the fast maneuvering field command.

A few months later Green sold his cattle, and in December 1877, moved to Helena and established a shop in Last Chance Gulch to do iron work for mines and miners. One day two German prospectors visited him from Diamond City in Confederate Gulch of the Big Belt Mountains. They were broke and needed tools to continue working their claims. Offered a third interest in their ground, Green declined, but he made their tools and told them that they could pay after making their first cleanup. This they did, a month later. Subsequently the Germans took more than three million dollars from their claims.

Green's customers were often recalcitrant. Two hardcase miners once went on the prod after he had done some work for them. The cost was carefully weighed from a poke of dust. No sooner did Green spill it into a can where he kept his earnings, than the miners falsely accused him of weighing out three times what was due.

Denying that good-naturedly and refusing to be angered, Green returned to his forge. When he heard a sharp sound from behind, Green turned with a heavy hammer in hand. He faced them barely in time to partly evade a blow from an iron rod. It slid off his left shoulder. Green's hammer landed true and his assailant fell with a hole bashed in his head.

The other man fled but soon returned with a mob of drunken miners bent on hanging Green for murder. Meanwhile his injured partner had been carried to a doctor's cabin. With his only weapon the hammer, Green stood off the throng in the open shop front. The mob feared rushing him; one single blow would kill a man. They cursed and fumed for an hour before a deputy U. S. marshal reached the scene. He informed them that the miner would recover. He stated also that the injured man had admitted attacking Green, so he got what he deserved.

OFFERED a good one-year contract with a Butte mining company, the young ironsmith sold out and went there in 1880. At the expiration of his agreement he moved on to Missoula at Hell Gate.

While briefly employed in a shop on Rattlesnake Creek he had a run-in with some desperados. Riding up one afternoon they dismounted and tossed their bridle reins to the ground.

"Put new shoes on 'em, smithy!" one of them ordered.

They were a tough looking pair, well armed and ill-humored. Green shod the horses and tied them to the front wall of the shop at the open edge. Behind a vertical log there he kept a heavy wagon spoke.

A couple of hours later the outlaws wobbled back from the saloon. Moving to the horses' heads they started untying, preparing to go.

"That will be a dollar each for shoes, nails and work," Green told them.

"We said shoe 'em, nothing about paying you!" was his reply.

The outlaw speaking fell suddenly under a blow of the wagon spoke. The other went down while trying to draw a holstered gun. When two lawmen arrived to take them into custody, the hardcases were recognized. One carried a $500 reward on his head, which eventually was paid to Green.

Not liking the foggy, damp Missoula climate, the young man returned to Helena, that growing Prickly Pear Valley town and Sun River country of limitless blue skies he considered home.

While growing to manhood on the frontier Green carried firearms as a matter of necessity. Then as Indian and outlaw danger lessened, he carried them because of long established custom. During this period he engaged in gunfights and many physical brawls. Fortunately none of them was fatal.

One night he stood in a Bridge (now State) Street saloon drinking with friends. Without provocation a bunch of toughs jumped them. It began with fists and clenching but rapidly developed into a melee with chairs and clubs. In the heat of furious fighting the leader jerked his gun, wounding one of Green's companions.

Before he could fire again, Green had knocked him down with a chair. The man was disarmed and tied up. The others, those not lying unconscious on the dirt floor, had wisely left the scene. Green's friends proposed hanging the tough and the idea caught on with bystanders. With whoops and hollers the intended victim was hustled to the nearest tree in the gulch.

At first Green, too, was in favor of the hanging bee, that being more or less the general procedure in vigilante-ridden Montana. But when the noose went around the crying and begging man's neck, Green suffered a sudden revulsion. Thrusting himself to the forefront, he persuaded his friends not to commit the terrible deed. The miscreant was given half an hour to leave town. Later on Green reported with an accompanying chuckle, "He scarcely needed a couple of minutes!"

From that night on, Green never drank or carried a holstered weapon. Rifles and shotguns were kept merely for hunting wherever his wanderings took him on the fringes of civilization.

In business Green prospered and enjoyed a wide reputation for the super-excellence of his smithing. Even with hired helpers he had to turn away work. At last he was offered such a high price for his business and tools, he sold and set out for Sun River again. By the time he arrived there he was suffering a nostalgic urge to visit his family. He had not seen his parents, numerous brothers and sisters in more than twelve years.

Regrettably, somewhere en route, Green encountered a British army officer recruiting craftsmen for work on the Suez Canal. England had assumed major control on the international waterway in 1883. It was then being widened to accommodate increasing traffic. To a man who loved the freedom and liberty of the frontier, the idea of a foreign one appealed also. Signing on, Green never went home and was shipped overseas from Halifax.

MOST of his work was that of a specialist. The most difficult assignments were given him. Once a Nile River steamer broke down, deep in the country's interior. Dispatched there by boat, Green amused himself each night by shooting crocodiles. After repairing the steamer he returned to Port Said, where workmen lived in a barracks camp. One night in a dive he and some other craftsmen were attacked by a mob of fellahs doing pick and shovel labor on the big ditch. The natives came at them without warning, wielding long, curved knives. Green and his companions were unarmed, but he set the strategy of defense by seizing his favorite weapon, the nearest chair. By the time Green waded through the mob and back, the hapless fellahs who had failed to run were stone cold.

After eighteen months the restless youth returned to Canada. A small mystery surrounds his reasons for doing

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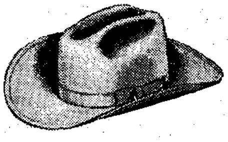

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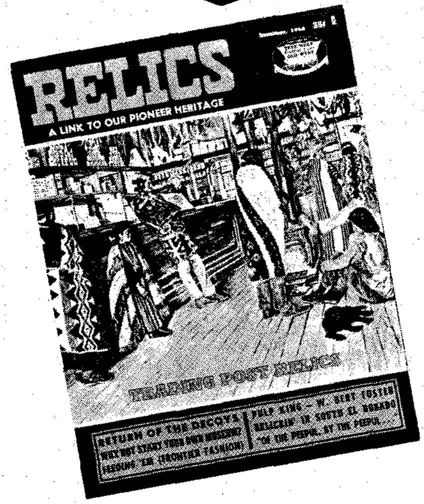

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Courtesy Green Family Collection

Green, right, with sons James and Edmund on the Canadian frontier ranch.

so. He never talked about it and never explained why he suddenly left Egypt. There exists considerable evidence that laboring fellahs, Arabs and Nubians, being refused a demand for higher wages, mutinied and mobbed the authorities in charge. Rallying a few men in direst emergency, Green succeeded in extracting them alive. Soldiers restored order with fixed bayonets. However, during the desperate fighting several of the screaming violent mob were killed. These deaths were charged to those who rescued the officials and huge indemnities were demanded. To avoid the unpleasantness of an international incident they were paid big bonuses and spirited out of the country before being seized by Egyptian authorities.

ONCE MORE Green fully intended going home to see his family but instead wandered into the far north woods of Quebec, thence west into British Columbia. There, he made sawteeth for lumber mills.

On the Fraser River Green witnessed the heartrending tragedy of three friends. The towheaded Swenson brothers, lumberjacks, were bringing in a great raft of logs when it suddenly broke apart. One of the brothers disappeared between and under the great pile-up. The second went into the water vainly attempting his rescue. When he did not reappear the third brother went after them. Their bodies were found that same day down near the river mouth.

Montana kept calling and, answering the undeniable lure, Green went to Fort Benton. Working there only briefly he moved on to his old stamping grounds at Sun River. In addition to a shop catering to freighters off Mullan Road, he put in a small ranch. It was upriver and the cattle were seen to by a Texas cowboy partner.

Montana's famous freeze-up in the fall of 1886 started inauspiciously. The worst of a series of 40° below zero blizzards struck January 28-30, 1887. Deep snowdrifts covered the country, all traffic was halted, and not even animals could move around much. People hovered in snow-covered dugouts and homes while gale winds howled day and night.

Green and his partner were caught in the blizzard near Birdtail Rock while trying to recover some of their cattle. Most of them were already starved or frozen to death. Finding a cave in the rocks, the men and their horses took refuge until the storm blew itself out. By that time their horses were too weak to ride. Half starved, Green and the Texan struggled slowly toward Sun River leading the animals through frozen drifts. Only once did they manage to make five miles in one twenty-four-hour period. Finally, badly frostbitten, they stumbled into the river town more dead than alive. Green also suffered frozen feet and was incapacitated for several weeks.

The spring thaw disclosed that they were out of the cattle business. So were ninety per cent of all Montana stockmen. The range was dotted everywhere with the carcasses of livestock. The future looked most forbidding. But that summer, grass reached saddle-skirt high. Before fall Green had bought a bunch of cattle to run on his own with the help of a hired man.

As in former days soldiers from Fort Shaw went on their sprees in Sun River. Ordinarily they were well behaved. Any trouble usually grew out of arguments among themselves, seldom with local citizens. But one afternoon a bunch of cavalrymen changed that. Drunk, they tore up one saloon, then a second, and started on a general store. A few, wielding guns, began taking pot-shots at people on the main thoroughfare.

Aroused citizens gathered to try talking them out of wrecking the town. Merchant McGuire remonstrated with a sergeant, asking that he control his men. Instead, the sergeant turned his gun on

McGuire and cold-bloodedly shot him dead.

Within minutes a determined vigilante group formed. Seizing the sergeant in a saloon they hustled him toward the river bridge for hanging. Green, who had witnessed the fatal ruckus, suggested that the killer be held for trial by the army or in a legal court of justice. Suddenly more shooting broke out down the road. Forthwith the citizens strung up the sergeant and hastened back to eject all other drunken cavalrymen from Sun River.

A few days after this incident Green completed some work for two freighters off Mullan Road who were hauling to Helena from Fort Benton. While they stood talking before the shop, two riders reined in near them. After staring at the freighters crazily without speaking a word, the strangers drew guns and killed both.

As their weapons flashed, Green sprinted into the shop for his rifle. Back at the opening he aimed as the pair galloped away. One was knocked from the saddle but the other escaped. Only wounded, the downed man was removed to Fort Benton, the county seat, where he was convicted of murder and hanged. At no time did he explain why he and his partner had killed the freighters.

DURING all these years Green had not heard from home. His family knew from the von Blockers that he had remained in Montana, but they did not know if he were still there. His brothers began dispatching urgent messages west by travelers, and one of the appeals finally reached him. It said that he was needed at home by his family in Park River, North Dakota. Home in Park River? He could not understand that at all, so he wrote a letter of inquiry.

In time he received an answer from his mother. His father had been dead for some years. His brother Jim had died from injuries received in a logging accident. His mother had moved from Canada to North Dakota and needed help with rearing the youngest children. Happy to learn he was still alive, she urged George to join her.

Selling his cattle and the shop, Green entrained for North Dakota from Great Falls. A decision to leave had been formulating anyway. The railroad had arrived in central Montana and Great Falls was established on the Missouri River. These two factors ended the long freight hauls by wagons from Fort Benton to Helena and other sections. His adopted country had become a vanished frontier.

A faint resemblance of the glorious past beyond the fringe of civilization lingered yet in North Dakota. But not for long, as more and more settlers came in. For a few years he lived with his widowed mother, supporting her and the children. It was in Park River that he met Mary Ann Davis, a beautiful Irish girl who was a professional dressmaker. A courageous girl, determined to make her own place in the world, she had taken up a homestead of her own. They were married when she was twenty-five and Green thirty-eight.

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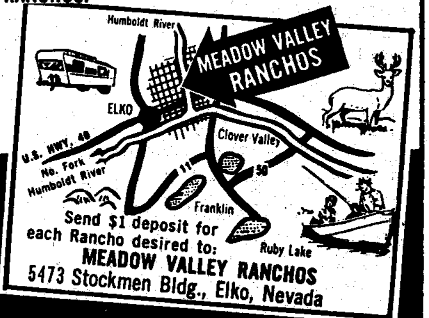

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Each year he planted her farmland to wheat, and harvested it in late summer. During winter and spring months he worked in the woods, either in Minnesota or Canada. He also "blacksmithed," as ironsmithing was beginning to be called.

The Green's first child, Violet, arrived in 1896, then son Edmund in 1898. North Dakota continued to settle up rapidly. Now that his mother had been taken care of, and the youngest brothers and sister were grown, he looked around for some isolated region. He found it in the Lake of the Woods. This spur of Minnesota indented into Canada. The mainland point and the islands were inhabited by Ojibway Indians under an agent.

Green secured a job there and moved his family. In addition to blacksmithing he also supervised farming projects. Before long he was appointed justice of the peace.

He and his family were great favorites of the Ojibways among whom they lived. When a second son arrived in 1901, at the Indians' insistence he was named James for Big Jim Tobinash, one of their honored leaders.

It was Big Jim who roused Green in the middle of the night, crying, "Get big guns, many men! Bad Indian gone crazy. Kill man on lake shore! Gonna kill more peoples!"

The blacksmith was ready in an instant and urging his Indian friend on. Big Jim was aghast. They had no firearms and no other men to overcome the mad one. When he protested about it Green only chuckled.

"Didn't you tell me there's only one bad Indian?"

They found him setting fire to a bark lodge in the forest fringing the Lake of the Woods. Green made straight for the howling Ojibway, who was either insane or drunk, Green never knew which. Wheeling, the Indian fired his rifle without taking aim. The bullet whistled past Green's head as he darted forward. Before the gun could be leveled again, one powerful chopping blow laid the badman down. Big Jim and others hauled him off to jail.

GREEN'S brothers—Lemuel, Cyrus and Christopher—had made the Klondike gold rush. While returning to North Dakota in 1902 they passed through Canada, pausing briefly in the Northwest tertories. In a region far from civilization one spot drew their intense interest. After going on home and visiting their mother, they hastened back to the last real frontier, squatting on land in the central section of what became the Province of Saskatchewan far north of Regina.

They wrote Green that it was a land of great opportunity where men could prosper, and the old nostalgia for remote places seized him anew. Moving his family back to Park River he joined his brothers and took up land in what was then an uninhabited wilderness. On returning home for his family he found a second daughter, Millicent Margaret, born October 4, 1903.

The Greens entrained into Canada, and then west to within 200 miles of their destination. There, Cyrus Green met them with wagons, hauling the family from the end of steel rails to their new place—a log house in the back of nowhere.

They lived in this rude home until construction materials became available when a transcontinental railroad came through late in 1904. It was Green who named the settlement Valparaiso. He also built the first school house on land donated for that purpose by his brother Christopher. The latter then put in the first store, and Lemuel Green the first hotel in the town so far from nowhere.

Although engaged in producing wheat, cattle and hogs, Green's biggest income came from raising horses. He also opened a blacksmith shop to which homesteaders brought work from miles around. This was still a frontier, but nowhere near as lawless as Montana had been. Here in peace and solitude homesteaders lived miles apart. The country was filled with bogs and streams where cranberries thrived. Wild game, like the wild fruit, constituted much of the inhabitants' fare. There were a few bears, but gray wolves were most numerous and invaded the region during winter months. Ferocious killers, they had to be guarded against constantly.

Greater acreage was added to the sprawling ranch as time went on. More land went into cultivation, and improvements were expanded. For five wonderful years the family lived in a dream world, an idyllic, happy existence. The children made pets of the colts thronging the ranch. None was ever "bronco" and could be ridden bareback long before reaching the age to train.

The three oldest children, walking a mile to school, had a huge collie dog along to chase away wolves when they approached. On one occasion while Green was gone from home a particularly mean one invaded the ranch.

Mrs. Green had left the house to get an armful of stove wood and toddling Millicent Margaret had followed her out. Suddenly a huge gray wolf confronted them. There wasn't time to run for the house to get a rifle, nor hardly seconds to do more than seize an ax off the chopping block and stand between the snarling beast and the baby. At this juncture, the wolf edging toward her, two small dogs rushed in barking on the side. For some reason the wolf, who had been so intent on attacking a woman, ran away scared—but only a few yards to a huge unhung door leaning against the barn front. Into the dark recess between it and the wall darted the wolf.

The barking dogs reached the upper end while Mrs. Green closed on the lower. As she did, out leaped the wolf, straight at her. Swinging with the ax she fended off its sharp fangs. It sprang into the air again, and she landed a lick on its head between the ears. As the beast fell groundward the brave woman ran in and struck a telling blow. She then chopped off the animal's head to make certain of its demise. The story of her fight with the wolf spread throughout the country, and was reported in a Regina newspaper.

ALTHOUGH LIFE was sometimes harsh in central Saskatchewan, there were also social compensations, especially during the frozen winter months. Families traveled considerable distances by sleigh to meet at some settler's home for a square dance. Bundled in quilts and blankets, the children were all taken along. On arrival they were fed and put to bed on thick pallets. The grown folks danced merrily until daylight, whereupon all ate breakfast before dispersing to their distant homes.

Somewhere in his wanderings Green had learned to play the violin. He and one of his brothers made the fiddle music at such social affairs.

Happy because this was the real frontier yet a peaceful one, Green was unaware he was living on borrowed time. The climate had injured Mrs. Green's health steadily. Finally crippled with rheumatism, she consulted a Regina specialist. The Greens were informed that only a warmer climate would save her.

Stunned, Green first considered going to Montana. But the winters there were also bitterly cold. Selling his holdings and property, he took his family to Regina. By train they went to British Columbia to visit relatives. That same year, 1908, the family moved to Selah, Washington.

Here still lingered a niche of the vanished past. There were few inhabitants and no large towns in that section, nor a railroad. Freighting was still done with wagons and jerkline teams.

Putting in a shop, Green soon had the business of farmers and ranchers as well as that of the freighters. Redmond, Oregon was the main stopping place for big freight trains. Considering that better advantages existed there for his family, to which had been added two more sons and a daughter, he decided to make Redmond his home.

The shop he set up this time required six assistant smiths. Freight trains laid over at night, and were always needing repairs. But Redmond was the last facsimile of a passing glorious era. Green seemed to realize it. There would be no other to which he could move. This was the end.

With the arrival of a railroad, the horny-handed, individualistic freighters were out of business. So was Green's blacksmith shop. With a heavy heart he admitted the inevitable truth—no more frontiers.

In 1912 the family made its last trip by wagon, traveling south to Keyes, California. There Green put in a small shop and tried farming. But with the open country he loved gone beyond recall, Green seemed to have lost his enthusiasm for living. Stove up with old-age infirmities and arthritis, he could barely hobble around.

Another move took the family to Hilmar, then to Windsor. Here, in 1917, Green operated his last shop. He and his wife then retired to Modesto in Stanislaus County. During the years, his sons and daughters had married and left home.

In Modesto the old frontier ironsmith who had watched the West grow up, died in 1946 at age eighty-eight. His wife survived him by sixteen years. She was ninety-one. They sleep side by side in the Modesto cemetery.

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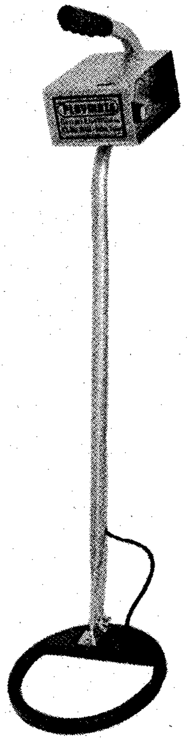

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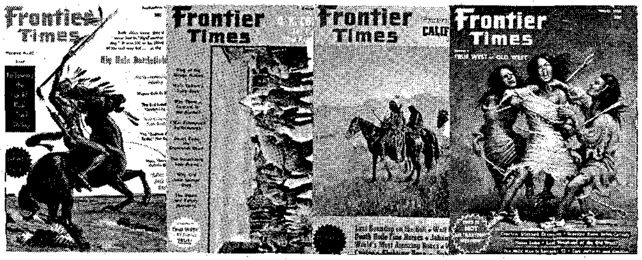

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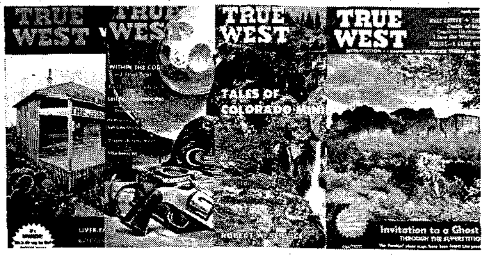

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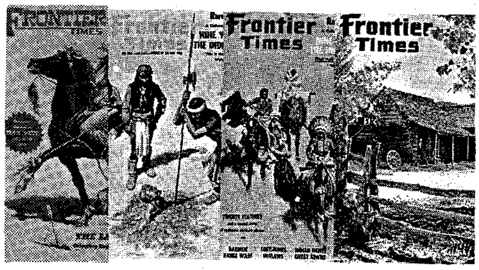

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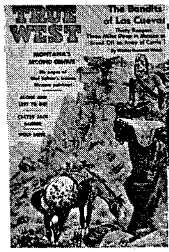
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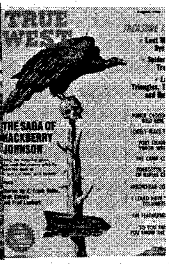
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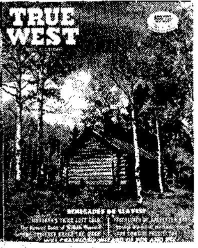

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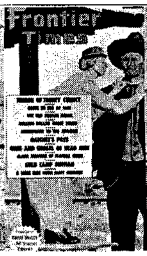
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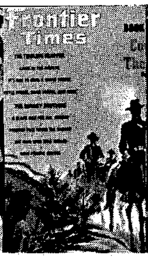
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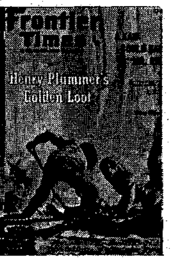
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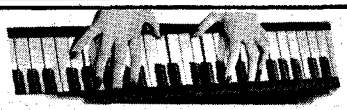

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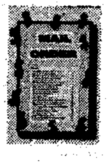

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(Continued from page 53)

would be appreciated.—William R. Bridewell, 215 Burt Street, Yoakum, Texas 77995

Gaffney

John, or Guddie, Gaffney worked in the gold fields around Angel's Camp, Galt and Marysville, near the turn of the century. He was my uncle, originally from Michigan. About 1913 he visited us in Silverdale, Washington, when I was about eight years old, then returned to the gold fields and vanished from our ken. Anyone with any information about him, please write me.—James F. Gaffney, 311 Keith Street, Pacifica, California 94044

Higgens

A photo album was purchased in a second-hand store at Amity, Oregon. From a letter in the album it shows the book belonged to a Sophia Higgens of Boston, Massachusetts. In 1881 she sent it to her niece, Hattie (Higgins) Bray. At the death of Hattie (July, 1942) the book went to a Mrs. William Hollich. The book was then eighty years old. There are twenty-five photos, all marked with names and dates taken and where. The names are: Higgens, George, Henry, Hattie; Swan, Daniel, George B.; Houts, Jennie, G. B.; Barrows, Rev. William, Asenath Dwyer, Willard, Ann, Thirza; Cutting, Jonathan, Walter. Anyone may have these photos without charge if they will write and prove to me that they are descendants of these families.—Mrs. F. W. Clegg, 4004 West Side Highway, Castle Rock, Washington 98611

Lon Megargee—Maverick Painter

(Continued from page 41)

awaited them. One evening Lon was the first to arrive. He found nobody at headquarters and decided that he would cook a steak for himself. It was cut from a carcass suspended from a tree beside the door. The first one looked dry and Lon threw it to the dog; then he cut another and began building a fire. Before Lon had finished he heard the moans of the dog. It was in convulsions and died before he could administer an antidote. Lon's deduction was that the Mexican sheepherders had not anticipated his feeding the dog.

At twenty-four Lon was foreman for Billy Cook and champion bronc buster of the area. Billy urged him to go into business and Lon bought five sections of land adjoining the open range and called his spread El Rancho Cinco Uno. He rode with guns, patrolled his land against sheepherders, and prospered. When he owned 600 head of good cattle he thought his future was assured. Then came the drought.

Lon chopped down cottonwoods so that his cattle could eat the leaves and bark of the trees. As did other ranchers, he killed calves to save the mother cows. After three years of no rain his cattle were dead. Sheep also died by the thousands and most owners abandoned their ranches. The only living plant left was the loco weed. Lon's horses ate it and he had to shoot most of them. With the few remaining he went to Phoenix and a friendly Mexican there let him turn the horses into his pasture. Lon left El Rancho Cinco Uno to the buzzards. A few years later its new owner refused an offer of $150,000 for it. This venture was a forerunner of Lon's business dealings for the rest of his life.

PERHAPS this failure was a blessing in disguise. Until that time Lon Megargee had done no serious drawing. Around the campfire at night he had used old envelopes, stubs of pencils, or a coal from the fire to depict horses, but he did not keep his products. One day as he wandered through the corridors of the capitol in Phoenix, Governor George W. P. Hunt met him and invited him into his office. Hunt heard the story of the lost herd and ranch and, having worked cattle himself, was sympathetic. He told Lon that he would like to have the sketch of himself that Lon had "doodled" on a bit of paper. And he told the young man that some money had been appropriated for murals for the building. Why didn't Megargee submit some sketches?

After a month of intense effort Lon sent in fifteen which he described as being "God awful." The governor suggested some subjects and Lon set to work again. He had never touched oils nor had he seen an artist in action. He went to Los Angeles to learn to paint. There he met Harry Kraft who was with the *Express*, and he watched Kraft at work. It looked easy and he tried it.

Two months later he received a telegram from Governor Hunt stating that $6,500 had been appropriated for murals in the statehouse. Would Lon like to make some money? Would he! He would have worked on them for $65—for anything at all!

As he ate hot dogs one night with the boys (among them Hernando Villa), he told them of his offer. 'Nando was excited. "Don't turn it down," he pleaded. "I'll help you."

"How?" asked Lon.

"You just wire the old boy that you're at work, and we'll get busy," 'Nando assured him.

They rented the top floor of Blanchard Hall and got busy. Of the governor's suggested subjects, they decided upon three—cowboys, miners, and irrigation. Lon primed the canvas and did the sketching. He cleaned the brushes while 'Nando slapped on the paint.

The design for irrigation they thought stunning. Lon drew a nearly nude woman, astride an irrigation ditch with water pouring from a Grecian urn on her shoulder. It was accepted for the Supreme Court Chamber.

Then he decided to do the painting himself. Why pay 'Nando a hundred dollars for each mural submitted? Lon pitched in and did deadly execution. He painted fifteen and he got $6,500. Lon said they were not worth the powder it would have taken to "blow 'em to hell," except for the water goddess—he thought she'd have made a wonderful ad for a hamburger joint.

During the depression of the thirties Lon begged the state to give him the atrocities and let him replace them with his best work. By that time he had begun to gain recognition for his paintings. (The story that he rode into the statehouse and jumped his horse through a series of canvases he emphatically denied, though the story was universally believed.)

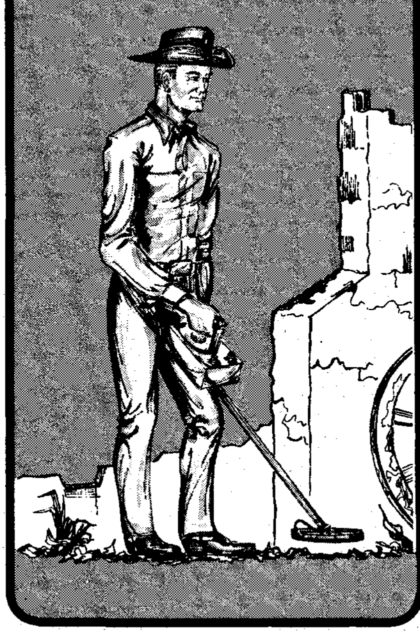
Megargee did covers for western magazines, illustrations for articles, and murals for hotels and dude ranches. He painted the history of medicine for the Grunow Clinic in Phoenix. He painted murals for Porter's; decorations for western houses; he did portraits of Indians and cowboys; and yet he had little recognition until he produced his famous "Home on the Ranch." This canvas depicts a cowboy in a bathtub, his hat on his head, a cigarette in his mouth, and his horse attempting desperately to get in through a window to obtain water from the unlikely vessel from which the cat was drinking. That painting, Lon said, made him "infamous," and brought him purchasers. For a long time he sought humorous subjects and is known for his "Desert Song" "Cowboy and His Lady," and the ads he painted for A-One beer, including his "Black Bart."

WHILE WORKING for Dutch George, breaking horses to ride and to drive, Lon put in his spare time drawing cartoons. He usually finished his work with the horses by ten in the morning, and the rest of the day he drew. Some cartoons were submitted to the Chicago *Tribune* and were promptly returned. Lon saw no reason why they should have been sent back and decided to go and find out. He got side-tracked in Denver and became "special artist" for the Denver *Post*. He accompanied reporters and if a subject refused to be photographed Lon made a sketch of him.

Later Lon became an Indian trader, collecting old baskets, blankets, and good pawn. He knew both bayetta and Germantown yarn weaving. He assembled a big collection and brought it to Phoenix. The tourists, as they usually do, preferred the spurious to the genuine, and Lon was forced to sell his collection to a dealer at a big loss. He received enough, however, to finance a season of painting, and he used his time and energy primarily on portraits. He also painted a few landscapes and the Hubbells have some of his northern Arizona pueblos and landscapes.

Extensive travel led to an interest in architecture. A year in Spain enhanced Lon's interest in unpretentious structures. He leased an old monastery, and while living there became so attached to it that he attempted to buy it. Of course, the offer was refused, but Lon made sketches of both building and furnishings. He was entranced with the honest simplicity of the typical Spanish home. As a family increased in numbers rooms were added to accommodate its members. The Spanish utilized the materials about them, and when completed a house fitted in naturally with its surroundings. It was instinctively well designed.

Lon liked Mexican architecture, too, and for similar reasons. When he returned to Phoenix he made use of a



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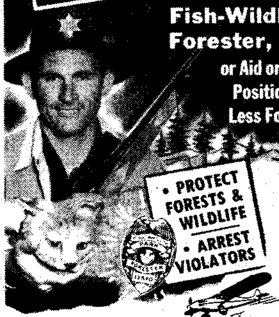

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new medium. And that medium was adobe. For wealthy clients he built less than a dozen houses, but each is recognizable at a glance. Some of the owners had ideas of their own, ideas which Lon was by economic necessity forced to incorporate in the buildings. Consequently some of his creations were much too ornate for his taste. He determined to build a home for himself, one that would be as easy and relaxed as a cat in the sun, and would look as though it had grown from the soil from which it was constructed.

FIVE ACRES of land were selected north of the Grand Canal, approximately a mile east of the Arizona Biltmore. There he camped. And there he brought wetbacks from Mexico to make and lay the adobe bricks by their ancient method. Over a period of months the house of his dreams rose from the desert floor.

There were no blueprints, but Lon Megargee knew what he wanted. He laid out the foundations, and the Mexicans laid the walls which were massive enough to hold the weight of the huge hand-hewn beams Lon salvaged from an abandoned mine. The workmen poured cement floors thirty inches thick. They built corner fireplaces ten feet in diameter with three-fourths of the round structures extending beyond the walls. They constructed deep window seats. They built an interior patio.

In Sonora Lon had met an aged Mexican skillful in designing iron work of exquisite simplicity. This man created the hardware used throughout the hacienda which sprawls over the desert for over 300 feet. When Lon wanted an additional room or wing he drew some lines in the soil with a stick and put his men to work. (Not until he sold his Casa Hermosa did he make a blueprint, and that only to satisfy the prospective purchaser.)

When Oren Arnold visited the Casa he found Lon on the roof pouring buckets of oil mixed with ashes down the exterior walls. They, by the way, are a dusky rose, the exact shade of the surrounding soil. When asked what he was doing Megargee replied that he was "putting three hundred years on a new house."

In later years its new owner painted it what Lon described as a "ghastly" white and he was furious. And Lon could be furious beyond description!

When the house was completed it was the embodiment of masculinity. Not a feminine frill in it. To an incredible degree it reflected the character and temperament of its creator. So do his paintings. They are strong. Some are even brutal, but so was the artist. Lon Megargee had many enemies, many critics. But I doubt that any of them ever denied the virility that permeated the artist and his creations. Oren Arnold said they look as though he might have used his paintbrush like a pistol, and that is not a great exaggeration. Nobody but Lon Megargee could have produced them.

Did he need a subject for a canvas? His years spent on the range, his having lived six years in the Hopi villages, his months among the Navajos, and his association with and contempt for the "dudes" furnished his material, and into it he injected his own peculiar type of humor.

Many Westerners regarded his swagger, his elaborate boots, spurs and cowboy garb as merely a pose which bordered on a caricature of a real cowboy. The ladies, at least, were impressed. His romances were legion if temporary.

Lon died January 24, 1960 and all pretenses—if such they were—died with him. What's left are some examples of great ability in adobe architecture and painting.

Frontier Post

(Continued from page 5)

didn't get the publicity that the early-day lawmen of Kansas got. I'm afraid that the daring deeds they did and the episodes in which they figured will be lost in the mists of time.

The same is true of the cowmen, the miners, the prospectors, the sailors and the nesters I knew. And there were the women. My own grandmother loaded guns for the men when they stood off an attack by Comanches on the frontier of Texas. That was before I was born.

I like the painting on the cover of FRONTIER TIMES by Joe Grandee. I wrangled horses for a cow outfit myself, but I wasn't old enough to have a big black mustache.

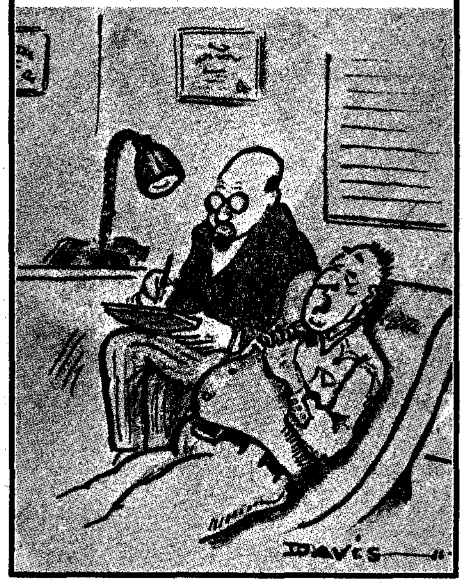
I have heard and read many different stories about Wyatt Earp. He is still a controversial figure, but I am inclined to go along with what Pink Simms says about him.

In my time there were range wars, claim jumping in the mining country, gunsmoke and killing. As I look back now I wonder if anyone really won. But I have no regrets about those days. There were the mountains, the plains, the rivers, the lakes and the deserts, still unspoiled.

And, as always, there were girls. I had crushes on many of them—sometimes the pretty waitress in a town beanery, sometimes the daughter of a ranchman, but they were all very real to me. They are gone now, I know not where. They are only memories, but they are memories I'll always cherish. And, of course, finally I met the right girl. So the story has a happy ending.

I congratulate you on your magazines. —Tom Moss (also known as Tumbleweed Tom), P. O. Box 2004, Gardena, California 90247

". . . then, suddenly, I found I didn't love my horse, either!"



Fort Duchesne

Dear Sir:

I was so happy to read the article on Fort Duchesne in FRONTIER TIMES. I knew the author when she was a little girl but I can't go along with her statement that Wong Sing sold cheap grade china. My sister has some of the china and it is beautiful and compares with the most expensive china made today.

The last of the soldiers left Fort Duchesne in 1909. I went with my father to bid them goodbye. They traveled in a touring car with a sign on it that read BOISE OR BUST. My father was transferred to Fort Apache and we lived there a year or more. But when his health became poor, he transferred from the War Department to the Department of the Interior and went back to Fort Duchesne, which had become the Indian Agency. The happiest days of my life were spent there.—Mrs. H. P. Thompson, 481 Twin View Boulevard, Space 96, Redding, California 96001

"Sherif" Wilson

Dear Sirs:

I have a picture postcard which was mailed from Ozark, Missouri, on July 27, 1908. On the front of the picture this appears:

CHRISTIAN CO JAIL OZARK, MO.
SHERIF WILSON — NIXAMURDERS.
PULLEN PHOTO - 08.

Can anyone tell me anything about it? —Eunice Propp, P. O. Box 173, Purcell, Oklahoma 73080

No Headlight in Sight

(Continued from page 33)

were after money, not blood, and that they did not want to kill anybody if they could help it.

William Zabriskie, the brakeman, said he was in the sleeper when the attack began. Hearing the torpedoes on the track, he attempted to get down to investigate. He was promptly fired upon and ordered back with a profane outburst. One bullet cut close to his head. Zabriskie needed no further urging but got inside as quickly as possible, bumping into Conductor Gillespie at the door. At this instant, two bullets were fired through the door, one entering an empty berth, piercing a pillow and some loose clothing. The spent bullet finally fell in the aisle where it was picked up by a passenger.

The morning after the holdup James P. Kelley, another passenger, said he was the man seen lying on the hillside the night before and that the footprints the peace officers were examining were his. When questioned closely he said he had been in the "smoker" when the fun began and for a better view of what was going on, had left the safety of the car and taken a position outside. He could, he said, have shot any number of the bandits but resisted the temptation through fear of killing innocent bystanders. Considering the circumstances and his curious explanation, Marshal Underwood ordered him placed under arrest. He probably figured that if a man looks like a duck and talks like a duck and goes where the ducks go—chances are he is a duck and no amount of double-talk is going to change the matter.

Later on it developed that Mr. Kelley had boarded the train miles back at Stein's Pass, carrying an emigrant ticket to Los Angeles although just recently discharged as a member of Captain Mason's Troop, 4th U. S. Cavalry. Apparently he was eventually released.

The sheriff's posse took up the trail at 6 o'clock in the morning, everyone on horseback except for a Mexican trailer, on foot. At the request of Underwood, Major Noyes kindly furnished a detail of fifteen cavalrymen from nearby Fort Lowell to aid in the pursuit. Major Noyes offered as many more as was needed, but enough was enough. In the growing entourage that crept into the Rincon foothills were some eight Indian trackers, variously described as Papagos and finally as "two Indians from far-off Yuma." No matter—everyone went along but none ventured too far ahead.

On August 12, 1887 Mr. E. W. Smith and Deputy Kressbaum were destined to utter the immortal words, "2 men did the deed." How they reached this striking conclusion is something to marvel at. Maybe they were counting Yuma Indians only. At any rate, the visible trail led straight north and Sheriff Shibell's posse followed it easily to Mountain Springs House, an abandoned building sitting alongside the old Tucson-Fort Bowie stage road. Examination of the premises revealed that the four bandits had separated in pairs. One team was wearing boots—one man's size #10 was in practically new condition and the other in size #7 had a well-worn left heel. This information slaked their thirst for adventure considerably. Nevertheless, at 8:30 a.m. the sizeable party pressed onward to the cave known to all. Here they found 1,000 Mexican dollars the bandits had discarded, 2 linen dusters, one American $20 gold piece, one silver dollar and one half-dollar American money, all of which went into the custody of Marshal Underwood.

Scientific examination of baloney sandwiches found at the scene convinced the trackers that only two men had started down from the cave the day before. From the cave mouth they could surely have seen the station at Pantano and the entire stretch of track for miles. This pair had gone down Cienega Canyon to the first railroad bridge west of Pantano, cooked their supper there and then had waited at the fill to halt the onrushing train. Here they were met in the darkness by at least two other desperate men.

Unfortunately, it looked like rain and rather than press along the trail, Sheriff Shibell decided to return to the big city. On August 13, Sheriff Mike Nugent, Chris Christenson and two Yuma Indians returned to the rain-soaked trail. The bandits had long since left the cave and had gone straight up the mountain. This posse returned to Mountain Springs House and a further search turned up a number of "giant caps" under the floor. These items, with a new gold ring found in the cave by Detective Harris, were part of the official report to the railroad company. To this the *Arizona Citizen* added a footnote, "The general impression is that the robbers will, as before, escape scot free." They did, although the chase was not yet over.

ON AUGUST 16th, after a lengthy rain, Sheriff Shibell was hot on trail again. This time he had his best trailer, one Jesus M. A. Elias. His posse now included soldiers sent from Fort Lowell, Detective Harris, and Phil Crovat, another excellent trailer. The only newspaper mention was the laconic statement that "a braver bunch of bandit chasers never hunted robbers." The posse went north to the same cave-shelf and dug down one foot. No known results. In this menage was another Harris, this one a lieutenant sent by Major Noyes. He didn't find anything useful either.

On August 18 Lyman H. Smith and two Yuma Indian trackers took up the cold trail. They camped at Mountain Springs too, and then went north to the two cave mouths. This group actually penetrated what is now Colossal Cave to a depth of 300 yards but saw no one. What the two weary Yumas had to say about all this was never recorded, which may be just as well. One final chase was undertaken, this last time under the guidance of the famed Marshal Virgil Earp. He took thirty-one men along, including such well-known personages as Fred Dodge, Charlie Smith and Captain Jack. Virgil Earp wisely headed for the next waterhole north of the mountains, where he camped for two days looking for favorable signs. Finding none, he returned to Benson, Arizona.

The S-P decided to offer even more in the way of rewards and posted this notice:

The following offer of $2,000 Reward per man by the railroad and express companies has been kindly furnished us by Supt. Noble:

To: U. S. Marshals, Sheriffs, Police Officers, Detectives, R. R. Agents & others: Our west-bound passenger train when at a point 4 miles east of Papago, Arizona at 10 o'clock on the night of August 10th was partially wrecked, the engine thrown off the track and Fireman and Engineer injured, the express car blown open and robbed by four men.

The Southern Pacific Company hereby offers a reward of $1,000 for the arrest and conviction of each of said robbers and a like reward offered by Wells-Fargo & Company Express.

J. A. Fillmore-General Superintendent.

It was never learned precisely how much money the robbers filched, but Wells Fargo's somewhat reticent agents did admit to a loss of $3,000 plus the other contents of their safe.

The posses racing about had no immediate effect and the bandits were never cornered.In Tucson the only discernible result was a rash of holdups of the new metropolitan horsedrawn street railway clearly inspired by the goings-on outside of town. In addition, some ambitious prankster tried repeatedly to blow the wheels off the streetcars with dynamite caps. No reward was offered for him!

PEACE reigned supreme for half a year until February 22, 1888 when two holdup men halted the westbound express at Stein's Pass, close to what is now the New Mexico-Arizona border. Stein's Pass, the only break in the desolate Peloncillo Mountains, had a large rock and gravel operation and the bandits chose to loot the express car there. Irritated no end, both the Southern Pacific and Wells Fargo again offered rewards totaling $2,000 per man but still there were no takers.

Cochise County had a motto it practiced: "Cochise County first—The world afterward." Its capable Sheriff Bob Paul took up the chase. He followed a trail down into Old Mexico where he was jailed after killing some bandits, possibly not the right ones.

Seven quiet years crept by before violence again erupted five miles west of Willcox, A. T. This time it was Grant Wheeler and Joe George who halted the train between Willcox and Tucson but they used far too much "giant powder" to open the safe. They blew the entire express car, safe and all. plus $8,000 in Mexican silver, into the sky. Pesos rained down for hundreds of yards, and after the smoke blew away, coins were found embedded in telegraph poles along the right-of-way. Children for years afterward hopefully went looking for lost pesos, with some success. For the first time, an S-P holdup (January 30, 1895) was solved. The bandits were caught through the efforts of William H. Breakridge, a peace officer working for the railroad.

The fifth and final major robbery occurred on September 9, 1899 when the train was forcibly boarded at Cochise Station, twelve miles southwest of Willcox. This isolated stop was long overdue for a holdup as it was standing alone near Willcox Playa, a dry lake in the middle of a deserted landscape. The brazen bandits uncoupled the express and baggage cars before dynamiting the safe, but they did not get their expected reward of $75,000 from the Pearce Mine payroll. Instead, they garnered only two or three thousand dollars.

Bill Downing of Willcox with the help of Burt Alford, Matt Burts and his other crony Billy Stiles, bravely lead the merry chase all over the country. Wells Fargo agents and Sheriff Scott White of nearby Tombstone joined in the pursuit and soon caught up with the bandits. They were Bill Downing, Burt Alford, Matt Burts and his crony Billy Stiles! This holdup even made the front pages of the Tombstone *Epitaph*.

Two other sketchy reports of train holdups refer to 1884 and again to January 28, 1887. In 1884, four men may have held up the S-P at Pantano and they are supposed to have gotten away with $62,000 in gold which they buried in the bottom of Colossal Cave. The loot on January 28 was reported to be "at least" $20,000 and was taken from a train seventeen miles east of Tucson. The holdup industry was good in southern Arizona in the 1880s. When the stagecoach command, "Throw down the box," slipped into oblivion, it was quickly replaced by, "Open the door, or I'll trade you lead for silver." Progress marched on, especially in the great Southwest.

The Man Who Stole the Harness

(Continued from page 37)

were just loafers that he could call any time—besides an under-sheriff. I wasn't under him; I had been appointed as a special agent by the ranchers and farmers of La Plata and the adjoining counties to stop some horse and cattle stealing.

When the sheriff began to count all of his men and said that he would "get enough more to make it ten or twelve, and go up there and surround that cabin and smoke him out," I said, "Don't count on me."

"Why not?' he asked.

"Because I ain't going," I told him. "You take ten or fifteen men up there and start shooting, and somebody is going to get killed. Go up there by yourself and get him and everything will be all right."

Well, he sputtered and fumed for a minute or two, and his face got as red as an old turkey gobbler's snout. Then he sneered at me and said, "You're crazy to think a person can go up there and get that guy by hisself."

"If you will write out a summons for his arrest and give it to me I will go up there and get him," I told him.

Well, it took me two dadgum days of talking to get them to make out a warrant for Fred but they finally did! I stuck it in my pocket and got out of there fast.

Early the next morning I got in my car and went up to the Henry Reynolds ranch. After I had stood talking with the boys for a few minutes, Henry came out to the corrals. I visited with him for a while, and then told him what I was going to do. And I said I would need a horse.

The boys had all gone to work at different things around the barns and corrals, and some of them had ridden off to look after the stock, repair fence, and various other chores that had to be done on the ranch.

Henry called one of the fellows and told him, "Ketch a horse and saddle him." We continued talking.

"I like Fred," Henry said, "and if there is anything I can do to help him, I'll do it. I feel sorry for him and I think he got a raw deal."

He shore didn't like Buck, for he knew that Fred wasn't the first fellow that Buck had postponed paying.

When the horse had been saddled and brought to where Henry and I were standing, I got on and remarked, "I'll bring the horse back this afternoon if I find Fred in time."

After I left Henry that morning, I rode through some of the best ranch land that I have ever seen in Colorado. The valley ground soon gave way to long slopes of hill land that had a thick carpet of late spring grass. After a few miles the timber land began to extend into the valleys along the ridges from the hills above, and soon I was out of the open country except for an occasional glade covered with good grass. The cattle had shed their winter coats and were slick and fat.

WHEN I got up near the old logging cabin I caught sight of Fred through an opening in the trees. He was standing outside of the cabin door with his rifle.

He had heard me coming and had seen me first I was sure, but I kept on riding until I was about forty yards from the cabin and he still hadn't moved.

"Hi, Fred." I called but he never answered or said a word. I rode on up to where he was.

He hadn't shaved since he had been up there and was looking pretty woolly. I couldn't tell if he was going to act as mean as he looked or not.

"Gosh, that coffee shore smells good. How about a cup?" I asked him.

Then he grinned. "Why, fine, Pete," he said. "Get down and help yourself."

I got off my horse, wrapped the reins around the limb of a little bush, and proceeded to pour from an old gallon can that was sitting on a small fire.

"Hope you don't use cream and sugar," Fred apologized.

"Black is fine."

"I've been expecting someone and kinda hoped that it would be you," he told me.

I didn't make any answer to that but pretty soon he began to act his old self and started to talk.

"I found a can of bear grease and tallow in the cabin on a shelf, and decided that I would build this little fire out here in the yard and warm it up to put on my boots. They're getting old and cracked, and beginning to soak up water like an old mop," he explained. "Then after I got the fire going I thought that a cup of coffee would sure go good out here in the open."

"You've got something in the cabin cooking that sure smells good," I said.

"I shore have and it's done. If you're hungry, come on in."

I took him up on the invitation and remarked I hadn't had a bite to eat since four o'clock that morning. As I followed Fred into the cabin, he kept talking like someone wound up. "It's beans and taters, with a little sow belly throwed in for seasoning. I've got a little camp meat hanging out back that I killed the other evening. I'll go out and cut off a couple of steaks if you've got the time."

He looked straight at me as he asked the question.

"Gosh, yes. I haven't had a bite of venison in a month."

Fred stepped out the back door and was back in a very few minutes. After he got the steaks on and cooking, he set the table—taking great pains, arranging each piece as if he enjoyed doing it, and talking all of the time.

He asked questions like he hadn't seen a soul in a year. It was easy to see that he had been real lonesome up there all by hisself and was just dying to talk to anybody.

While he had been cooking I had looked the cabin over. It had been built many years before but was still as sound as a dollar. The roof was made from log slabs, with sod put on top.

"I didn't have very much chinking to do to fill up the cracks and make it liveable," Fred told me when he noticed I was looking the place over.

WELL, after dinner we got up and washed the dishes and put them away. In most of those old mountain and line shack cabins everything that was used for cooking and eating had been left—pots, tin pans, skillets, and such. So, following the unwritten law on the frontier country, I went out and got a big armload of wood and filled the box back of the stove so it would be dry for the next fellow who might happen that way.

While I was out getting the wood, and without saying a word about it, Fred had rolled and tied his blankets in a tight roll, and had them resting on his bunk.

"Well, Fred," I said when I saw them, "I guess you know what I came up here for."

"Yes, Pete, I know you came for me. I hate like hell to go but it's something I've got to do."

I nodded. "Fred, I've got to read this warrant to you. It's the law."

He was silent for a moment and then said, "All right, go ahead and read it. I want to get this over with."

A few minutes later we went out the back door to get his horse. It was in a little stock pasture about a hundred yards from the house. The loggers had built it years ago for their work stock. They would cut small pines in the spring when the sap was just coming up so they could strip the bark off real easy. If they had left the bark on, bugs and moisture would have caused the logs to rot in a few years.

Each pole wasn't more than six inches through and was about thirty feet long. Grown trees were used for posts when possible, and they used wire to tie the poles to the trees.

"You know, Pete, I didn't have very much work to do to put this fence back in good shape when I got here," Fred told me in a low voice.

The pasture covered about three acres, and the grass was ankle high. His horse had stopped grazing and had raised his head as we walked toward the pasture—and before we got there he had started trotting toward us.

"I think he was wanting to see someone as bad as I was," Fred grinned.

I had stopped about ten feet back, but clearly heard Fred say, "Well, Cheyenne, we've got to go for a ride now, and then I won't get to see you for a long time."

He took hold of a wisp of mane and

led him to the shed where the bridle, saddle, and blanket had been put out of the weather.

I had followed them just a few feet behind and waited for Fred to put the bridle on before I walked on up close to them.

"I haven't been riding him very much lately," Fred told me.

As we walked back to the house, Fred was holding the reins but I am sure that the horse would have followed us anyway.

Fred went inside and brought his bed roll out and tied it on his saddle. He then turned and pulled his gun belt off and started to hand both gun and belt to me. "I guess I'd better give this to you," he said. "I forgot to do it when you put me under arrrest a while ago."

"I don't want it—it's yours, you carry it," I told him. Fred looked as silly as a goat as he put his belt back on and stuck his gun back in the holster.

"Do you want the rifle?" he asked.

I shook my head. "I don't need no gun. They're dangerous. You just keep it."

AFTER LOOKING AROUND for a little while to be sure that he wasn't leaving anything, we got on our horses and headed back down the trail for the ranch. I was in the lead and Fred was following.

Before we got there I told Fred what Henry had said that morning while the boy had been catching and saddling my horse.

"I'll look after Fred's horse, saddle, and other things until he is ready for them again," Henry had promised. "And no one will use his stuff until he gets his business taken care of and gets back."

When we got to the Reynolds ranch, we rode to the corral and unsaddled the horses. I guess Henry had been looking for us for he was out there before we finished unsaddling.

He told Fred the same thing that he had told me that morning and added, "Fred, you can have a job here anytime that you want one, that's how guilty I think you are."

"Thanks, Mister Reynolds, thanks a lot. I may take you up on that when I get back."

They shook hands, and as I turned the car around and headed for town, Henry called out, "Good luck, Fred, take care of yourself."

"Gosh, that sure makes a fellow feel good, huh?" this was half to himself but I answered by saying, "You've got lots of friends, partner, and Henry is the kind of man to tie to."

Fred was pretty quiet for the rest of the ride into town. I guess we were both pretty busy with our own thoughts. Anyhow we didn't talk much.

It was about five o'clock when we pulled up in front of the courthouse in Durango. Before we got out of the car I told Fred to keep his gun on and follow me into the sheriff's office, then pull it off and hand it to him.

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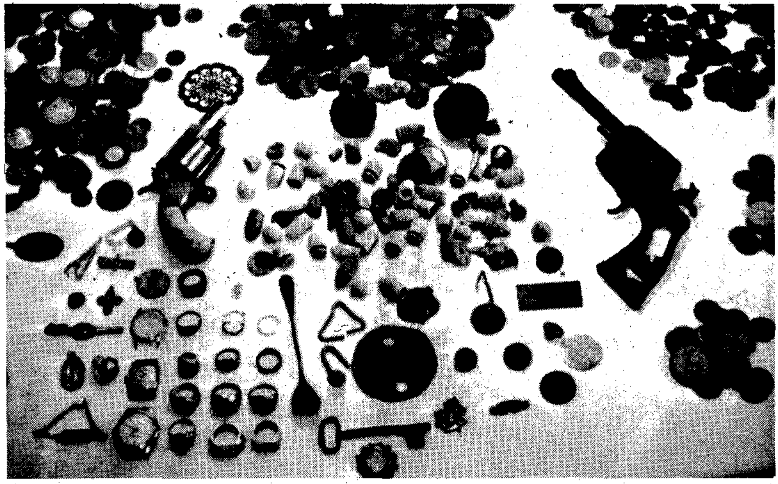

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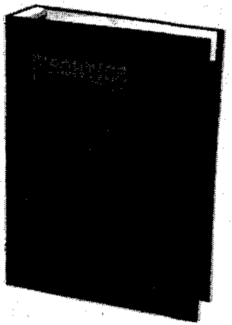

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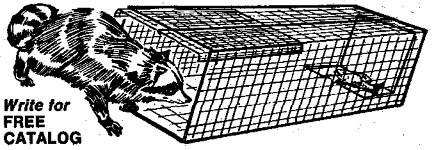

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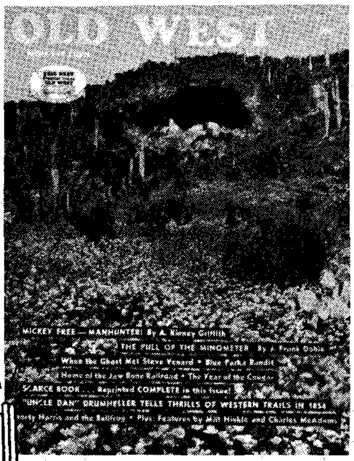
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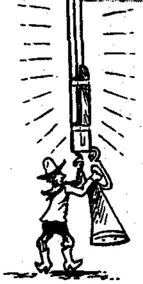

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building there was a hallway with rooms on both sides, and near the back door was a stairway that led to the basement. That is where the jail was, and the sheriff's office was the first door on the left.

When I pushed open the door to enter and they saw Fred following me, I guess it scared them, for all four of them dirty pukes jumped up and pulled their guns. It scared me because I thought, My God! have I brought this young fellow in here to be shot down in cold blood? After a minute it made me madder than thunder.

"What in hell are you planning on doing—shooting things up or what?" I yelled at them but right away I saw they weren't going to start firing, so I walked over and sat down.

Fred unbuckled his gun belt, wrapped it around his holster with his gun still in it, laid it with his rifle on the desk in front of the sheriff and said, "There they are."

The sheriff was still standing there holding his gun, he was that surprised, but stuck it back in his holster when he realized what he was doing, and signed Fred in.

"Lock him up down in number four," he turned to me and said.

Fred didn't utter a word as he followed me down the stairway and to the door of his cell. I opened it and he walked in.

"Fred, I ain't going to lock this door and if I can get the jailor to agree, it won't be locked," I told him.

About that time the jailor came out of his little room and walked to where I was.

"Hello, Pete, I didn't expect you back today." He then spoke to Fred. "Hi! Have you come to live with us for a while?"

"Hi, Bert," Fred answered but didn't reply to the jailor's question.

"Bert, I've got a favor to ask of you," I said quietly.

"Okay, shoot. I'll do it if I can."

"You know the circumstances of Fred's case, and that he ain't no criminal. I want to show that dang sheriff something and I've left Fred's cell door open. I want you to leave it open if you can."

Bert's eyes lit up and he winked at me, but he didn't say that he would or that he wouldn't.

"Fred is the only person that's down here and I will be responsible if anything happens," I coaxed.

Fred had heard every word and when I left, he said, "Many thanks."

WELL, HE was in there for six days before the sheriff knew that the door had never been locked. When he did find it out he was fit to be tied. He ordered the door be locked at once, and kept locked.

I was down there that afternoon and Fred called out as I went down the stairs, "Pete, have you come to see a bad man that's got to be locked up?" then he laughed big and loud. If the sheriff had heard him, he would have fumed some more.

After Fred's trial I only saw him once, and that was the day before he left. We talked for a while, then as I started to go he said, "I'll see you in about a year, Pete." He stuck out his hand through the bars of his cell and we shook hands.

"It won't be a year, Fred," I consoled him, but I got out fast for I hated to see a man's life wasted but didn't want to show it.

I later wrote to the warden and told him that he had a young fellow up there by the name of Fred Cooper who didn't belong in there and if there was anything that he could do to make it as easy for him as he could, I would sure appreciate it. I also told him why Fred was up there in the first place.

I don't know if writing that letter did any good or not but I always like to think that it did, for after Fred got out he told me, "I didn't have to spend the customary thirty days locked up. They were never mean to me, and on the fifth day Tom Hicks who was in charge of the teams out on the farms, asked me if I knew anything about horses, and I told him that I should for I was raised with them."

"Do you like horses?" Hicks asked next.

"I love them better than most men," Fred answered.

"Well, we will go out to the corral and you can pick you out a team."

Fred said when they got out there, there were five teams to choose from. He picked out a span of beautiful bays and started to work, trimming mane, foretop, tail, and fetlock, then ending with currycomb and brush.

"They were both four-year-olds," Fred said, "and in good shape, just ragged and dirty. They were about fourteen hands high and weighed about twelve hundred pounds each, and when I got through with them they were shining like new money."

I didn't ask any questions—just listened to what he had to say.

"I was just like a free man out there on the farm—honestly, it wasn't half bad!" Fred admitted.

Fred was a trusty and got ninety days off for good behavior. I knew through the office when he was getting out, so I went up to the ranch to see Henry. I hadn't much more than got out of my car when he inquired if I'd heard from Fred lately.

"That's the main reason that I came up here, Henry. Fred is getting out pretty soon now and I wanted to ask you if you still would have a job for him when he gets back."

"I sure have. Tell him that his horse is as fat and frisky as a kitten, his saddle is still in the tack room and ain't been sat in since he's been gone."

I went back to town feeling good.

When Fred got out, he headed straight for Henry Reynolds' place and worked for him several years. When Fred got married Henry helped him get started farming for hisself. He is still in that part of the country, or was the last time that I heard of him, and was doing fine.

I have heard Fred say several times, "I wanted my money and I got it," and then he would add with a grin, "and I got nine months of free board besides."

WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

ATTENTION

We do not handle the books reviewed below. If interested in purchasing, please check your local bookstore, or address your order to the individual publisher in care of this office and we will be glad to forward.

RANGE LIFE

Cow Dust and Saddle Leather (University of Oklahoma Press, $6.95) is Ben W. (Benny) Kemp's biography of his father, Ben E. Kemp. Old Bookaroo Jeff Dykes wrote a brief foreword and provided some editorial assistance to Benny, a former forest ranger and later the sheriff of Catron County, New Mexico. Benny was Ben E.'s first son and was a participant in many of the happenings related. He heard the story of Ben's early life from his father and other members of the family. Ben Kemp started his career as a cowboy-for-wages at fourteen and earned the reputation of being "the best all-round cowhand in the Big Bend." He served two hitches with the Texas Rangers under Captain George W. Baylor and took part in the last Indian fight in Texas. He was a close associate of Jim Gillett in the Rangers and later served as his deputy when Gillett was sheriff of Brewster County. Ben ran cattle in the Big Bend and later in southwest New Mexico. He supplemented his earnings as a cowman and peace officer in many ways—probably the most profitable being the operation of a well drilling rig, the first in his section of New Mexico. Just moving the rig from ranch to ranch over what passed for roads in those days led to many exciting adventures. Ben never became a "Cattle King"—he was an open range man—a top hand, a good father, citizen and neighbor. His story is worthwhile and there are some interesting sidelights on the Apache Kid and the Lost Adams' Diggings. The book is illustrated with photos from the family albums and the Rose Collection and there is an index. Strongly recommended.

BAT'S FRIENDS

In 1957 Ed Bartholomew issued the 1907 series of articles in *Human Life Magazine* by Bat Masterson in book form for the first time. That edition is now OP and *Famous Gunfighters of the Western Frontier* (Frontier, $3.00) has just been reissued in wraps. The new material in this printing has to do with Masterson's given name—the publisher offers convincing evidence that it was "Bartholomew" not "Barclay"—the matter of the "William" is not discussed and it must be assumed that it was added by Bat. The five gunfighters covered in the book were well known personally by Bat—Luke Short, Bill Tilghman, Ben Thompson, Doc Holliday and Wyatt Earp. The book is illustrated with a number of photos from the famed Rose Collection and there is one drawing, "An Oldtime Cowboy" (also from the Rose Collection), attributed to "Pink Simms (an old time cowboy)" that is after Charles M. Russell; 1,000 copies of this second book edition were printed—at $3.00 they shouldn't last long.

PIONEERING IN OREGON

Umpqua Valley, Oregon (Binfords and and Mort, $5.00) by Harold Avery Minter "brings to mind the pioneers who took part in the settling of old Umpqua County, and in founding the commonwealth of Douglas County. . . ." The book roughly covers the period from 1850 to 1950. The author, intimately acquainted with the first generation descendents of the original Umpque Valley pioneers, did many years of research in local and state archives. He also spent a great deal of time interviewing the surviving old-timers of the area. The result is a detailed and charming history. The author's familiarity with the valley and his affection for its people bring them to the reader with warmth and humor. The book is greatly enhanced by numerous photographs, a list of sources, and an index.

THE MYSTERIOUS DESERT

Desert Solitaire (McGraw Hill, $5.95) is a clarion call to wilderness lovers to rise up against industrial tourism. Abbey spent several seasons as a ranger with the National Park Service at Arches National Monument near Moab, Utah. He worked with tourists but had an opportunity to reflect on the natural beauty of the area and the danger to it and to all National Parks from "over-development"—namely, too many roads, too many cars, and too many concessionaires. Abbey's writing ranges from beautifully poetic descriptions of the grandeur of the desert to occasional profane out-bursts against stupidity, waste, and tourist laziness. Yet, he is no hermit. As he said, "There is nothing better than solitude—except the society of good friends." In addition to his experiences at The Arches, Abbey shares a magnificent trip down the Colorado River through the area now being inundated by Glen Canyon Dam. His solitary sojourn of several weeks near the Havasupi Village

(Continued on page 80)

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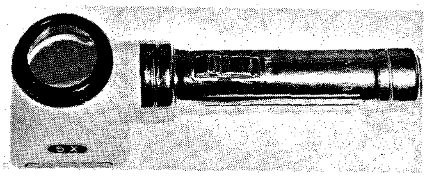

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Entitled to Kill

(*Continued from page 47*)

the space of a silver dollar at eight paces, and commented, "Jackson's heart is not larger than that!"

Jackson's party proceeded with dignity. Along the way from Nashville, both parties stopped for refreshments and rest at wayside inns. Jackson's party reached Andrew Miller's Tavern on Red River about eight in the evening. Later on, Dickinson's party arrived, but was told that all the rooms were occupied, so they rode down the river two miles and stopped at the home of William Harrison and spent the night there.

The duel was set to take place at seven o'clock the following morning. Both parties arrived at the appointed place ahead of time. According to custom, the contestants saluted each other in a formal manner. Jackson's representative was General Thomas Overton, and his physician was Dr. Francis May. Dickinson was represented by Dr. Hanson Catlett.

Since Dickinson did not own a pair of dueling pistols, it had been mutually decided to use a pair owned by General Overton. The weapons were brought out and inspected, then the seconds paced off twenty-four feet and drove small pegs into the ground. Separated by such a short distance, the duelists could virtually count each other's eyelashes. There was just no way to miss.

Jackson had given this much thought and decided not to compete with his opponent, but to take the fire of Dickinson and to reserve his own. About this, he said later in effect, "I should have hit him even if he had shot me through the brain."

A coin was tossed, and Dr. Catlett won the choice of position for his man, while General Overton won that of giving the command. Any misstep by either adversary would mean his death at the hands of the opposite second.

After each contestant had announced that he was ready, General Overton called out, "Fire!"

DICKINSON fired almost instantly but Jackson remained erect, with his left hand tightly drawn across his chest. "My God! Have I missed him?" cried Dickinson, stepping back two paces.

"Back on your mark, sir," warned Overton, raising the pistol in his hand.

The best pistol-shot in the Mississippi Valley, who had missed his man at only twenty-four feet, stepped up to the mark again. Jackson took deliberate aim and pulled the trigger, but no report followed. The seconds looked at his pistol and found that the hammer had stopped at half-cock. It was not a shot, and he could try again. Once more he lifted the weapon; this time it fired. Dickinson fell backward before his second could ease him to the ground.

General Overton, after consulting Dr. Catlett and the wounded man, told Jackson that Dickinson would "want nothing more from you" and together with Dr. May they left the spot. After walking a short distance, May noticed that one of Jackson's shoes was bloody. "Good God, General, have you been hit?"

"Just pinked me a trifle," replied Jackson, "but say nothing about it to anyone."

Upon examination it was found that Dickinson's bullet had just missed the heart, breaking a rib and grazing the breastbone instead. Despite this, Jackson mounted his horse and rode back to Miller's Tavern.

Approaching the springhouse, he saw a Negro woman working a churn, and asked her if the butter had come. She said, "No, but it's about to." He drank a quart of the buttermilk.

After Jackson's wound had been dressed, he sent one of his party to offer the services of Dr. May to Dr. Catlett, who had taken Dickinson back to the Harrison house. "Tell General Jackson that my patient is beyond surgery," was the reply. Jackson returned his man with a bottle of wine to ease Dickinson's pain.

Dickinson suffered great agony from his wound, but his loss of pride hurt him more than the .70 calibre ball. At eight paces he had missed hitting the body of a man! He had cut a string at twenty-five paces but missed a six-foot target at twenty-four feet!

Jackson's revenge was complete, his secret inviolate. All day long Dickinson screamed curses at him and the fatal bullet. At five minutes past nine that night he died, still believing he had missed. He was only twenty-five years old, while Jackson was thirty-nine. He was buried at Peach Blossom Plantation, the home of Joseph Erwin, several miles from the place his opponent lay convalescing.

Mass protests were held in Nashville over the outcome of the duel and Dickinson's friends and relatives were wild with fury. None knew that Jackson had been hit and they argued it would have been more honorable had the General fired into the air and allowed the young man to live. But Andrew Jackson–Old Hickory – knew he had been hit. The wound never healed properly, and was a contributing cause of his death nearly forty years later. Dickinson had shot to kill; Jackson was entitled to do likewise. And he did.

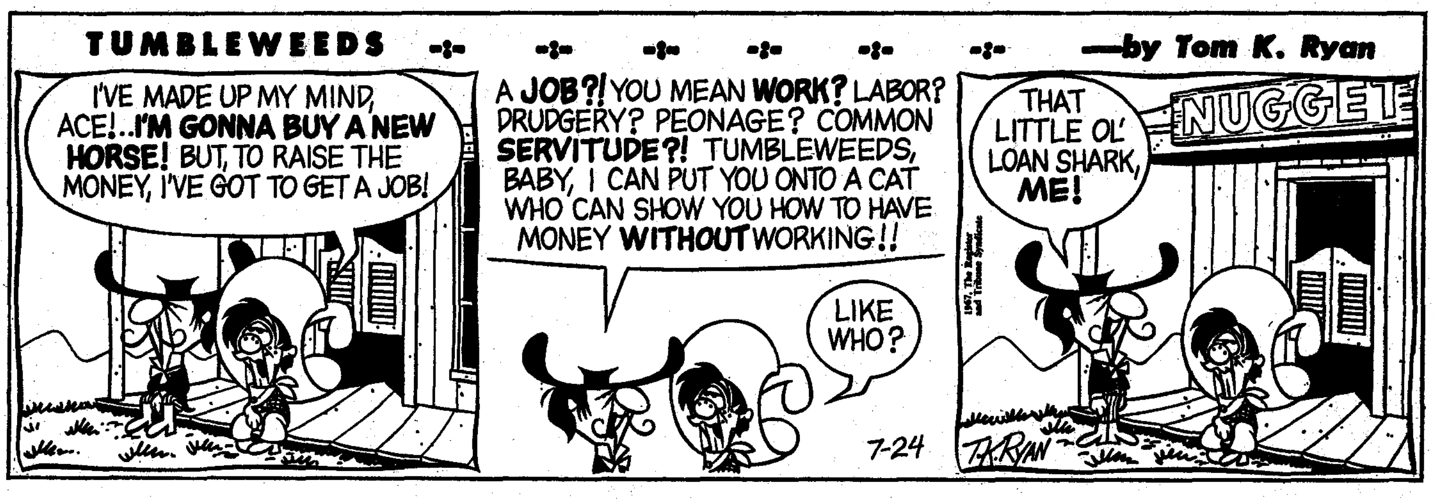
Western Book Roundup

(*Continued from page 77*)

in Grand Canyon was broken only by a few brief visits with the Indians—at their invitation. He tells of the peoples of the desert—prospectors, cowboys, Indians and ranchers. He writes some about the Mormons and their ability to cope with the desert environment. Above all, he writes of the desert. The desert says nothing, is mysterious and predictable. It is both beautiful and terrifying. To respect it is to enjoy it and loss of respect may end in tragedy. Abbey's book is a poignant tribute to the desert and a forceful objection to the forces changing it. Hopefully, enough people feel as Abbey does and will help dam the tide of industrial tourism before our natural wilderness is destroyed. His book is a compelling message pleading for wilderness as a necessary part of civilization. All Westerners will want to read it.

I LOVE ALASKA

Alaskamo (Franklin Press, $4.95) by Edith Cooney relates the author's true experiences fishing for salmon in Alaskan waters. Alaskamo means, "I love Alaska," and Edith Cooney's feelings show clearly in her writing. If Alaskan winters are hard and long, one simply appreciates spring the more. And May brings the opening of the salmon season. Fishing for salmon with a gillnet and skiff and taking numerous large fish per person per day hardly seems sporting. Yet the author kept house aboard their thirty-four-foot boat, and also managed to compete with her husband for the day's largest catch. Edith Cooney's love for Alaska and her enthusiastic nature radiate from her first full-length book.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—by Tom K. Ryan
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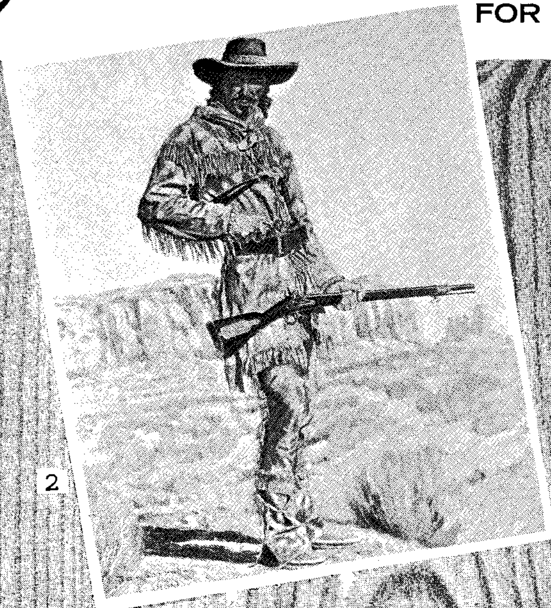
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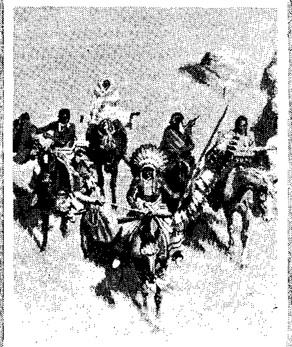
THIS IS THE TRUE WEST! 1. Nez Percé On Appaloosa, 2. The Scout, 3. Branding Time, 4. Ceremonial Dance, 5. Sam Tilden In Tribal Costume, 6. Pointing Toward Trouble, 7. Brisk Causes Frisk, 8. Gold On Padre Island, 9. Stay Out Of My Territory!, 10. The Captive, 11. Stampede, 12. No Time To Lose. All printed on heavy stock, 10½" by 14", no mat required. These are works by America's outstanding Western illustrators and photographers. The originals hang in important galleries and private collections throughout the country.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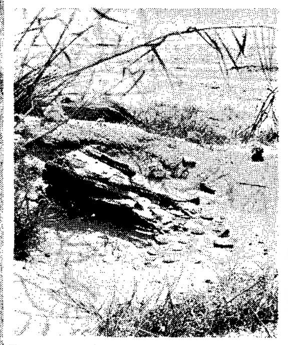
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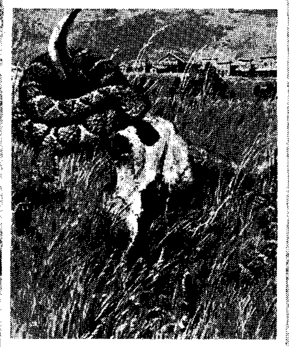
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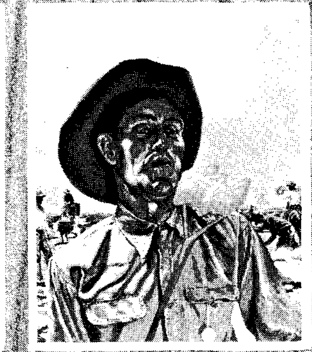
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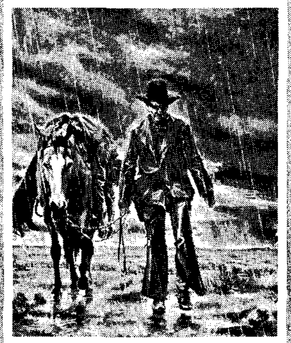
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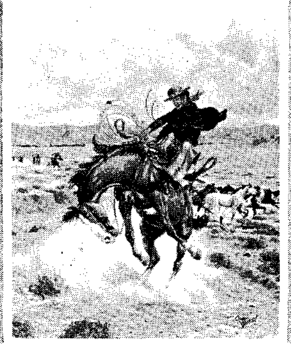
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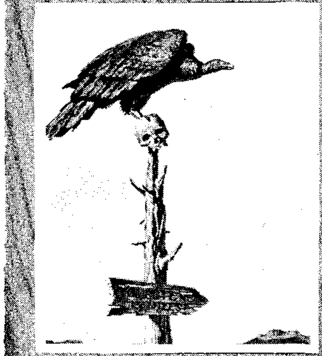
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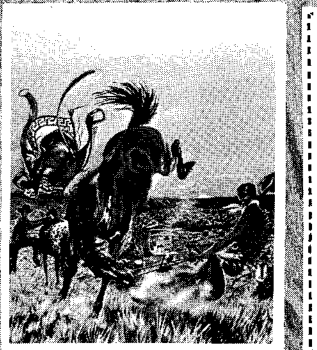
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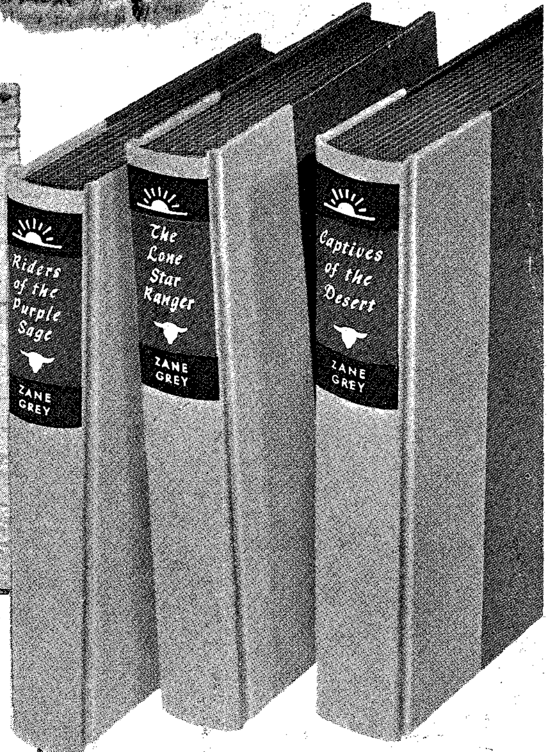

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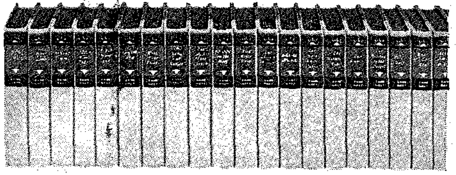

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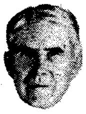

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